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THE MUSICAL COURIER, 107 AVENUE HENRI MARTIN, PARIS, December 7, 1897.

QUIET AND VALUABLE MUSICAL WORKERS.

PARIS is full of them. That is one of the beautiful qualities of Paris and is of the greatest importance to foreigners. Hermits born, bred and become, it is next to an impossibility to unearth them. Foreigners do not have the privilege of coming in contact with them, which is a great loss to the foreigners. Their work is enormous, but their spirit is still larger. Life is to them but an opportunity to work. Counting but little on remuneration for the direct work in which they are engaged, two or three labors of the heart are usually carried on at the same time, each one of them a life's work in itself. Sacrifice, industry, honesty, frugality are their watchwords and perfection their only idea of future or of fortune. They would any of them renounce sleep to do anybody a service. It will be a great loss to the wealth of life when this unique class of human beings—a race by itself—becomes extinct.

One of the youngest of these here is M. Badouin-la-Londre, a man scarcely thirty, whose definite position is librarian in the Mazarin or Institut Library.

In Paris there are four big libraries belonging to the State, the National Library, Rue Richelieu, containing so many volumes in such compressed space that there is no possibility of knowing the number, which is estimated at a million or over; the Mazarin, situated in the actual Mazarin Palace, which is itself in the immediate building of the Institute of France; the Arsenal Library, in the old Henri IV. quarter in the home of Sully, and the Ste. Geneviève, close by the Panthéon. The Panthéon Library is devoted chiefly to science, contains some 800,000 volumes and has twenty librarians, or two sets of ten men each, being the only one as yet which is open in the evening. There are sixty librarians in the National and ten each in the Arsenal and Mazarin. Of these two the former is consecrated chiefly to poetry and literature, the latter to history.

M. Badouin-la-Londre, in his capacity as librarian of the Mazarin, came across valuable works on musical history scattered about the building and, being an ardent musician, collected and classified them. Following out their suggestions, by patient and persistent labor, he has gathered from other libraries, from other cities and from other countries an entire musical library of the most unique and valuable description. Over five years of this interesting toil has made one of the happiest and most interesting of men and a mine of musical research—books, papers, documents, photographs, miniatures, histories, biographies, manuscripts, &c.

And, better still, everything is classified, indexed and arranged in the most modern and practical manner, in epochs or centuries, as the case may be. The collector's intention now is to have his volumes reprinted in serial form and then bound. As an outgrowth of this work, M. Badouin-la-Londre has already founded a *Journal Musical*, whose distinctive feature is a review of all the musical journals in all countries. This is giving an international horizon to his occupation and no telling now to what his endeavors may lead. An artists' annuaire, holding photographs, sketches, addresses and careers of artists, is a coming outgrowth. The endeavor throughout to make of music an international art and musicians a family is most praiseworthy. The young collector's sympathy is strongly enlisted in American musical progress and nothing but the imperative demands of his duties keeps him from making our country a visit. He is a trained musician, with a sound knowledge of harmony, counterpoint and writes and plays much "as a pastime." As if to make

the harmony of his life complete, his home is on Rue Gounod.

Everybody knows the name Arthur Pougin as one of the most eminent musical critics of France. None but his friends have any conception of the fevered activity and enormous productivity of his life. None but his intimate friends know how he manages it and remains alive.

To be a music critic alone in Paris, a city of moyen age facilities for action, means a full and difficult life. So much time is wasted doing nothing through lack of the commonest means of modern progress that sleeping and eating are put out of the question in the presence of the smallest effort. The results of M. Pougin's work are all the more miraculous for this.

His familiar figure, slight and dark, in velvet jacket, his long, thin face lighted by two great eyes, are seen at every première concert and musical gathering; his signature forms a point for attention on several printed pages per week; lectures by him are constantly being spoken for, and his name is found among the toast givers in musical centres. Yet he manages to do it all and remains alert, well, bright, full of hope, ambition, optimism; to care for a nice family, observe their little fêtes and watch over their educations, and he fairly unrolls work in parenthesis, as though all the rest were done while people slept. His modest home on the old Faubourg Poissonnière is a literal book factory. Here are some of the works he has been doing lately:

"Viotti and Modern Violin School," "Verdi: Anecdotic History of His Life and Works," "Historic and Picturesque Dictionary of the Theatre," "The Opéra Comique During the Revolution," "Actors and Actresses Ancient and Modern," "The Theatre and the Exposition of '89," "Mehul: His Life Works and Genius," "Historic Essay on Music in Russia," "The Youth of Madame Desbordes-Valmore." The simple list of anteriorly written works by him covers three pages of close print in a large sized volume. And what works! "Review and Gazette Musical," with the origin of the scale, &c.; collaboration in formation of the Grand Larousse Universal Dictionary, in which all that is historic, technic, encyclopædic and didactic is his "Bibliographie Universale," "Creators of French Opera," "French Musicians of the Eighteenth Century," "French Theatres During the Revolution," notes and notices, biographies, commentaries, essays, studies on all possible musical topics and persons. With this he has formed a budget of writings political in all the prominent papers and reviews, has played in several orchestras, has helped in all the big musical movements, and has written much music!

And now comes a recent announcement of another monument from his hands, namely, a new edition of the "Lyric Dictionary," by Clement and Larousse, entirely worked over by him with scrupulous care, and increased by 4,000 new notices of all the new operas of the last fifteen years and of the entire world.

Were this sort of work superficially done, with bluster and inaccuracy, it would still be wonderful as evidence of effortful activity. But M. Pougin is one of the most conscientious and careful of writers. When approached as to the financial result of his prodigious labors, the most puzzled and puzzling expression creeps over his strong face. Evidently that feature of the case is not very distinctly worked out in his mind. M. Pougin was the son of provincial comedians. He knows music through technically, and plays the violin.

The efforts of M. Hugues Imbert, the amiable and distinguished contributor to the *Guide Musical*, &c., have recently been mentioned. M. Alfred Ernst, whose profound studies of language in relation to music have culminated in the late Wagnerian translations, has his definite position as librarian at the Panthéon Library and lives, modest and simple as a schoolboy, in a droll stone house next door.

The name Chas. Malherbe has reached America typifying collection of some kind. His specialty is autograph collection—that is, autograph MSS. His collection exposed at the Palais de l'Industrie here caused universal surprise and pleasure. Bach's is his oldest MSS. He is also a young man. His work has been wholly spontaneous and a labor of love. The idea of people making money as a result of research is incomprehensible to him. The accounts of voyagers selling their books, curiosities and lectures strike him as the most incongruous of actions. To get as much treasure as possible in proper shape to leave to France seems to be his one ambition. He also lives almost a retired life in the Pigalle quarter.

The name of the gentle and courteous archivist of the Opéra Library, Chas. Nutter, is a household word with all who know music. Yet it is not his name, but a nom de plume. His precious and valuable work has also been traced here.

Jean Bernard corresponds by syndicate with twenty newspapers and reviews in France and abroad—China,

New Caledonia, South America, India—and he manages to get much of music in his writings. As though this were in parenthesis, the shelves of his book room contain a small library as the work of his hands. One of the most important of these is "The History of the French Revolution," a work teeming with anecdote and detail before unknown and is said by able writers to hold the flavor of the epoch better than any work ever published on the subject. He, too, has lectured much, founded the "Victor Hugo," with the consent of the poet, who was his friend and admirer, has pleaded remarkable cases as a lawyer and has written several plays. He is just now finishing one. "General Hoche" is the subject. He is young, dark, quick as lightning, vivid, enthusiastic and electrical. He has a handsome wife, two nice children and all live happy and simple as doves back of the old church Notre Dame de Lorette.

The exquisite simplicity, lack of pose, mannerism or bombast, their real modesty, their courtesy to each other and to everybody, the frugality of their lives, their readiness to drop their engrossing labors at any call upon their sympathy or courtesy, and their unalloyed ardency in pursuit of their almost unrequited labors, make sweeter, stronger and more honest the lives of everybody who has the privilege of coming in contact with this type, as good as there is of human nature—the Frenchman artist.

The librarians of all the national libraries here are appointed for life, with pension. They may be changed from one to the other of buildings, but they remain always in the service of the State and they are at liberty in a sense to follow their instincts in the library work, as in the case of M. Badouin-la-Londre.

M. Eugene Gigout, the organist, who has been sorely prostrated by the death of his nephew, the gifted Léon Boëllmann, is again installed at his manifold labors, notably in connection with his organ school, Rue Jouffroy. Just previous to his affliction he had passed a most successful season of organ concert work in Switzerland. He everywhere excited the greatest enthusiasm, not only for his skillful playing of the ancient and modern schools, but for his wonderful improvisations. The latter in his hands are veritable poems, whether followed from a given theme or from a motive created by the player. He is always rewarded by frantic applause.

M. Gigout has refused various propositions to go to America up to now, but gives the hope that perhaps next year his visit to our country may be among the possibilities.

A type of musician of rare earnestness and sincerity in Paris is he who occupies himself with the care of sacred and classic music, to weed out errors of translation, printing, &c., and keep out the sentiment mondain and profane. M. Guilmant is the head centre of this strife for musical purity. With him is M. Chas. Bordes, to whom musical error is crime. M. Joseph Audan is an ardent mind in the same work, though not always of the same convictions as the others, and M. G. de Boisjolin has been of infinite service by his patience in research and skill in ancient musical notation.

A few words of M. de Boisjolin on the subject of the word classic in music:

"The word classic in music is frequently a misnomer. Even as used by musicians of instruction it signifies that which is ancient. But the 'Trovatore' duo will never be classic; that of 'Samson and Dalila,' written twenty years later, was classic the day it was written.

"At a recent pupils' audition the program was composed of 'classic' and 'modern' compositions. Among the classics was 'l'Etoile du Nord.' On remonstrating with the professor he innocently replied that having been written in 1854 of course he classed it with the classics, and he said it seriously.

"Classic art does not depend upon age, but on quality; intrinsic, inherent qualities of worth in the work; predominance of idea, value intrinsic of the phrasing, purity of writing, sobriety of style; in a word, complete harmony in thought form and expression.

These qualities are found in supreme degree in the writings of Bach, Beethoven, Händel, Glück, Mozart, Méhul, Berlioz, Franck, Saint-Saëns, Wagner, &c. There is no trace of them in Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Auber or Verdi. But these latter are the compositions which predominate in modern vocal culture; it is to this fact that may be attributed the marked decadence of vocal art.

"I name Wagner among the classics because he was imbued with the sentiment of the antique. (So was Glück.) He took for his poems the mythologies, and sought to re-establish lyric tragedy after the principles of the Greek theatre. The unity of poem and music realized by Wagner was the base of the theory of the author of 'Alceste.'

"Music is comparatively a modern art compared with poetry and sculpture, all antiquity; or with painting, rich in chefs d'œuvre of the sixteenth century. The archives of lyric art consist of some ten volumes. What prevents

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MR. SHERWOOD created a furore by his wonderful playing at the meeting of the M. T. N. A. in New York City last June. His playing in other large cities this season has aroused the utmost enthusiasm. He has been acknowledged by critics, the public and musicians to be the greatest American pianist. Mr. Sherwood can be engaged for recitals and concerts. He is receiving many requests from musical clubs. For particulars address, MAX ADLER, Manager, 390 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

the extension of this field of art action? The 'Prise de Troie,' 'Damnation de Faust' and 'The Beatitudes' offer excellent models. The religious music is full of chefs d'œuvre for vocal study. I am convinced that an air from 'The Messiah' or 'Judas Maccabeus' would show off the value of a vocal pupil equally with one from the 'Sicilian Vespers.' The art effect on the singer, of the study of the former over the latter, is not to be compared. Modern writers who follow the traditions of Beethoven and Glück are more classic than the oldest writers of the low art Italian school."

M. Jules Algier, one of the most serious reasoning and progressive of the vocal professors at Paris, has in the magazine *La Voix* for December a most savant and conscientiously written article on the placing of the voice, which indicates in a slight measure the earnest tenor of his work as teacher. Lines from it will be reproduced later on. As student of both Italian and French schools, as chef d'orchestre, and as a student of physiology M. Algier speaks with authority. FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

ERRATA.

In the Paris letter of last week the reference to Henri Falcke's playing in Germany included a mention of Bee-

thoven's "Eroica," which should have been "Emperor." Try as we will, such errors are sure to ensue in the bulky mass of matter poured into this paper every week.

Van Yox at Binghamton.

The young tenor sang with success last week with the Binghamton Choral Society. Here are some press notices: W. Theodore Van Yox, whose sweet, mellow and powerful voice furnished one of the treats of the evening, and whose affability and generosity in responding to encores intensified the favorable impression he created, sang for his first number the "Prize Song" from the "Meistersingers." That he was able to interpret the difficult production satisfactorily and that he had a thorough knowledge of the technicalities was at once evident. In this selection, as in "Mona," by Adams; "She Is So Innocent," by La Coque, and Harris' "Madrigal," the sweetness of Mr. Van Yox's voice was very suggestive of Mr. Rieger's singing.—Binghamton Leader.

Mr. Van Yox, in the "Prize Song," by Wagner, exploited a delightfully smooth and clear tenor voice. It has been seldom that a Binghamton audience has been favored with a more finished artist.—Binghamton Herald.

Mr. Van Yox sang the "Prize Song," from Wagner's "Meistersingers." His voice is a rich tenor, and he sings

with fine expression in all his work. He seems to enter into the spirit of his songs and make them his own. He answered to an encore with "Songs of Araby," by Clay. Mr. Van Yox's other selections were "Mona," by Adams; "She Is So Innocent," by La Coque, and Harris' "Madrigal." The latter was excellently given, the quick, flowing movement being presented in a decidedly pleasing manner. Mr. Van Yox did not answer to the recalls which were heartily given after his second and third solos.—Binghamton Republican.

Forrest D. Carr, Basso.

Forrest D. Carr, formerly of this city, but who went to New York to cultivate his fine bass voice, was back last week visiting old friends. He sang at two or three places while here, and all who heard him were charmed with the quality and power of his voice, as well as the artistic method he had acquired. Mr. Carr has been studying with George Sweet, and those who have been fortunate enough to have heard this great artist can understand why we expect great results from Mr. Carr.—Washington Evening Star.

George Fergusson, Baritone.

The baritone George Fergusson returns to America the middle of February for a concert tour. He will sing in Milwaukee April 18 and 19 with the Musikverein, which will give Stehle's "Frithjof's Heimkehr."



ROME, November 26, 1897.

THE Eternal City is rousing herself once more after her long summer sleep.

One by one her residents, as well as the usual army of visitors, are dropping in from the country and the North, so that one begins to meet familiar faces once more in the salons and on the streets.

Musically everyone is hoping for a season such as the one gone by—a season which was a veritable awakening for the Romans.

The advent, this past year, of such artists as Paderewski and Ysaye, to say nothing of a score of lesser lights, has had an effect on the musically inclined public here that is hard to overestimate. These two masters, with such other artists as Fanny Davies, the Halir Quartet, from Berlin; the Rose Quartet, from Vienna, &c., have given a sudden stimulus to the usually half dormant musical public of this city.

Operatically, too, this past season has been an influential and important one as having witnessed the first performance in Rome of Richard Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," which was given for many consecutive nights, both at the Argentina and Costanzi theatres, scoring a perfect triumph. All in all, the Roman people have been awakening to the fact that there are other composers than Rossini, Verdi and Mascagni in their own favorite field of opera, and also that the opera is not necessarily the only or the highest form of the divine art.

Franz Liszt was virtually the first to bring the music of the North to the Papal City, and since then a little band of devotees, including such men as Sgambati, Pinelli, the younger Gulli, &c., have labored untiringly to carry on the work.

It has been a hard and up-hill fight, but success seems to be crowning their efforts at last, thanks to the visits during recent years of some of the world's greatest musicians, such as Joachim and Ysaye, who have done much, to say nothing of Siegfried Wagner and many others.

A few years ago it would have been a rare thing to find such names as Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Tchaikowsky in concert programs here; now it is no unusual circumstance and we come across them constantly repeated on the lists.

Time was when a Wagner opera would have been hissed off the stage—when a symphony by Brahms would have been an impossibility, when a sonata by Beethoven would have required a courageous pianist to play it; but now these composers have begun to win the day—have already won it, I may safely say. In the case of Wagner it has been a glorious victory! So it is that Rome is slowly but surely beginning to earn the right to be considered as one of the really musical centres of Italy, and certain of her artists to earn a title to consideration in the musical world at large. It is to be hoped that the readers of this letter will excuse this rather trite preamble, but I feel it only in justice to the earnest set of artists who have done so much to advance the taste of the public in this city to write the words I have. Most of our more

fortunate brethren in Germany, France and America are in the habit of cynically sneering when the subject of music in Italy is mentioned in their august presence. Though we cannot as yet defend ourselves against some of their many accusations, I must say here that the majority of them are based upon absolute ignorance of the real facts and that, musically, certain cities of Italy are not so very far below notice as they fondly imagine.

The Italians are slowly, very slowly, but none the less surely, feeling their way toward the formation of a new Italian school of music—based, it is true on that of Germany and France, but with an individuality of its own that is hard to find in the Teutonic school of to-day—and I feel confident that before many years have passed Italian music and Italian capability will begin to assert themselves more and more strongly, and will acquire no defense.

It is not within the scope of my correspondence to enter into any discussion on the state of music in Italy, but someone would do a good work in setting the minds of certain critics and writers a little straighter as to this subject, so that the exaggerated prejudices against all Italian music and all Italian musicians might be tempered with a certain amount of justice.

The season has been opened at the roomy and comfortable Costanzi Theatre by a series of performances, with a double cast, of Verdi's masterpiece, "Aida." I went to hear it the other night, with Antonio Ceppi as Rhadames, and Theodolinda Micucci as Aida. The result was a splendid performance, such as would have done credit to any stage.

Irma de Spagny sang the role of Amneris, Borruccia that of Ramfis, Pessina that of Amonasro—all three doing credit to their parts.

Ceppi might have made a little more of the third act, but his singing and acting were both so excellent on the whole that it was hard to criticise. Signorina Micucci is gifted with an unusually strong voice, which she knows how to use well. She is a valuable addition to the company, and will doubtless be heard in other works this winter. Borruccia made a very dignified Ramfis, and showed himself to be the possessor of a good voice. The same can be said of Pessina. The opera was splendidly staged; in fact I have never seen it better put on in any part of Europe. The orchestra, under Conti, was quite up to the mark.

There have been several performances of "Il Trovatore," but with an inferior cast, and they have been rather poor representations compared with the fine way in which the Italian master's latter work has been given. However, "Il Trovatore" is as popular as ever, and the house has been well filled every night.

The death of Verdi's wife at Busseto a few days ago has cast quite a sad pall over musical circles here, and it is feared that the grand old composer will never really survive the great blow. Through all his later years his wife has been the one great object of his affections, and has tended and cared for him with unremitting love; has been his guardian angel—the great joy of his later life. And now the great sorrow of her death has come to the aged master. He is said to be completely broken down by it. It is safe to say that his pen is now laid aside forever, and that it is merely a matter of, perhaps, a year or two before his great soul will have passed away from the earthly scenes of his long and glorious career. Telegrams have been pouring in from his friends and admirers in every part of the world, bearing words of sympathy and kindness for him in his great grief.

While his popularity is undiminished here, as can be clearly seen by the fact that out of the nine or ten operas on the program for this winter four are by him, i. e., "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Otello" and "Falstaff." Among

the other works promised are "Lohengrin," at the Costanzi, and "William Tell," "Mefistofele" and "Tannhäuser" at the Argentina. As was the case last year, we are to have two of Wagner's works, which goes to show that Wagner has come to stay in Rome.

The concert season begins in a few days with the first of a series of concerts to be given by Teresina Tua (Countess Valetta), with the assistance of the pianist Bajardi. Her triumphal tour in the North last winter has decided this highly talented artist not to withhold the enjoyment of her great gifts from the public here any longer, and she has sent out most interesting programs for four concerts to be given during this coming month.

I know of no other woman violinist who possesses a charm in her playing such as does Teresina Tua. Charming alike as a woman and as an artist, no wonder she is so idolized by her countless friends and admirers.

Luigi Gulli, one of Rome's most talented pianists, who has won many laurels lately in his concerts, both here and abroad, is expected back soon from Norway, where he has been making an extensive tour with his quartet. He will give his usual series of chamber music concerts during the month of January, assisted by Messrs. Fattorini, Zampetti, Marengo and Bedetti.

These concerts have become deservedly popular, and have done much to raise the taste of the public here. There are such names as Brahms, Grieg, Sgambati, Rubinstein, Widor, Franck, Metzendorff, &c., on the programs, which promises a most interesting set of performances. It is to be hoped that we may hear Gulli also as a soloist again this year, and we probably will.

Sgambati is giving his usual chamber music concerts with his Court Quartet, and will probably direct the series of concerts under the auspices of the lately formed Orchestral Society, as well as some of the performances at the Santa Cecilia.

There are to be five or six orchestral concerts of the Philharmonic Society under Pinelli at the Sala Dante also, so that the outlook for performances of the higher forms of orchestral music is by no means bad.

In the way of choral music we have the concerts of the Bach Society—for we have even a Bach Society here, and a very good one, too—at the Sala Costanzi. By the way, I have never heard any better choral singing than I have enjoyed sometimes in Rome. This branch of the art is really very fine here, outside of what one hears in the churches.

Add to this long list the usual number of private concerts, musicales, recitals, &c., and you will see that we are not so badly off as some people imagine.

We are to have quite a number of musical visitors this season, I hear. Victor von Fielitz, who is fast becoming popular through his songs, has more or less adopted Rome as his home and is hard at work on an opera, the libretto of which is by a celebrated Viennese. The work will probably be given in Germany next year. Emmanuel Moore, the Hungarian composer, is here also, working on a new symphony at present.

Last, but not least, there is Courtlandt Palmer, who is spending the winter here with his sister. He has been heard already in several of the Roman salons and has created quite a sensation by his beautiful playing. It is to be hoped that he will be prevailed upon to give one or two concerts before he leaves.

Enrico Bossi, the celebrated organist and director of the Liceo at Venice, is staying here for a few days and was tendered a reception the other evening, at which he played a lengthy group of his latest compositions, some of which were very interesting works. Those that pleased me most were a scherzo, a fugue and a slow movement from a new organ concerto. All of his work shows a



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most admirable command over contrapuntal difficulties and his organ compositions form a most desirable acquisition to the literature of that kind among instruments. Bossi leaves soon for Vienna, where he has been specially invited to perform the piano part in some of his chamber music.

I met Siegfried Wagner several times last month in Florence and he may spend a part of the winter in Rome, as he did last year.

The list of foreign artists who have been invited to play at this year's Santa Cecilia concerts is not yet out, but all Rome is hoping for visits from a galaxy of great ones, such as favored us with their presence last winter. In the meantime things are just getting started, but before many weeks I hope to give you some short reports on the many concerts, &c., that have been promised us.

F. M. P.

Leontine Gaertner.

The great 'cellist Leontine Gaertner played Davidoff's "Fantaisie on Russian Airs" at the Women's String Orchestra Society's first concert, which was given at Mendelssohn Hall last Thursday evening. She was received with great enthusiasm, and was compelled after several recalls to play an encore. She has also been engaged as soloist for the University Glee Club's next concert, which takes place in Madison Square Garden on January 27.

Gerard-Thiers Song Recital.

The first of a series of song recitals was given in Memorial Hall, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, December 7, by the well-known tenor Albert Gerard-Thiers. An excellent program was almost faultlessly performed, with the assistance of Ludwig Harms, violinist, and Kate Stella Burr, pianist. Here is one of his press notices:

Students of vocal music will find it highly beneficial to hear Mr. Thiers sing. He uses his voice according to the method of those old Italian masters who knew the art of singing better than any one since their day. After his twelve songs and encores Mr. Thiers did not manifest the slightest fatigue. In this respect his recitals will prove helpful to young students. He produces his tones without any noticeable effort. He gave songs by Schumann, Tosti, Goring-Thomas, Guy d'Hardelot, and three old classics. The first, "O, Cessati," by Scarlatti; the second, "Lasciar di Amati," by Gasparini, and "Sally in Our Alley," the score harmonized by Beethoven. Before singing the last he explained how Beethoven came to harmonize some of the English and Scotch songs, written in the last century for Black, an Edinburgh publisher.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

Grace Gregory's At Home.

A reception was given by Miss Grace Gregory at her studio and the art studio of her sister, in which the guests were entertained between viewing the paintings and listening to some enjoyable musical numbers. Most of the songs were compositions of the talented young composer, Harvey Worthington Loomis, from whose pen many graceful and clever things have fallen. Miss Gregory's beautiful contralto voice was heard to charming advantage in the informality of the occasion.

As nearly as could be obtained, this was the program:

L'Esclave.....	Lalo
Grüßen.....	Lassen
Music, When Soft Voices Die.....	Harris
Frühlingsnacht.....	Loomis
Piunkety Plink Plank.....	Loomis
Duet from Le Roi d'Ys.....	Lalo
There's Nae Lark.....	Loomis
Orpheus With His Lute.....	Manney
The Little Old Woman.....	Kelley
Katrina (Musical Background).....	Loomis
Liza's My Sweetness.....	Charles Harvey
John Anderson.....	Loomis
Song.....	Somervell

Mr. Loomis at the piano.



BERLIN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, (BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, December 4, 1897.)

THE announcement of the performance of a new piano concerto has always had a drawing influence upon me. Somehow or other I am always expecting to hear a good one, and every time I am doomed to severest disappointment. The one exception of late years has been the Stenhammer concerto; all others, including the last Saint-Saëns concerto, were not worth the study and effort necessary for a good performance. The posthumous piano concerto of Tchaikowsky I can of course not speak of, as it has never yet been performed here, and I have not seen it in print.

You can imagine that I was at the Singakademie in time for the first number of the concert of Miss Wilhelm Wnuczek a week ago to-day, for the program opened with a new piano concerto in D minor, op. 23, by Albert Eibenschütz. The work is still in manuscript, and let me say right here that after this first performance I expect it will ever remain unpublished. The composer is a fair pianist himself and a musician of good equipment, who on occasion orchestrates quite well; but all this routine did not suffice to enable him to write an only half-way interesting piano concerto. He starts off quite promisingly with a sort of *grande phrase* theme of a Liszt character, but there the inspiration ceases, and the second theme in F is already very weak. Still weaker is the slow movement in B flat, and absolutely tedious was the almost endless finale.

It seems to me cruel, unwise and very egotistical to bring out a young pupil, appearing for the first time before a public and the critics, with a work of this character. It was a self-sacrifice, an immolation on the part of Miss Wnuczek to undertake such a task. But then the pretty, young Polish girl was Eibenschütz's pupil from her twelfth year up until now at the age of sweet seventeen, and of course she had to obey her master's wishes. Besides, through the inane of the work itself she was thus handicapped with its ineffectiveness. The piano part is very ungrateful, and aside from a little discourse with the solo violin, offers only a continuous struggle against the much too powerfully scored orchestra. The passage work is very difficult, but it is meaningless, and not at all brilliant. It must have been a hard task to commit that stuff to memory, and last, but not least, to play it with such an accompaniment without getting entirely knocked out. The composer himself wielded the baton over the Philharmonic Orchestra, and as he did so with more excitement than routine, the effect was at moments a very disastrous and at no time a very happy one.

I make up my mind not to judge Miss Wnuczek's playing from this first effort, but the second one did not reveal her as a great pianist either. This was Bach's gigantic Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, which was neatly performed, but in point of conception, as well as breadth and power of tone, was unequal to the demands of the composition. The giving out of the theme of the fugue was such as if the young lady meant to play a Chopin nocturne, and the phrasing and pedaling were of the same nature all through the work. Miss Wnuczek has a very promising purely pianistic talent, but I doubt whether she will ever become a big artist.

Karl Scheidemantel, the popular baritone of the Dresden court opera, gave a Sunday song recital. He was not in as good voice as when he sang here the last time before in Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night." Nor did I like him as well in his Lieder singing as I thought I would from his recent operatic representations. Scheidemantel, who formerly sang very unaffectedly and with purest artistic intentions, is now infected with the Wuellner declamatory disease and the Von Zur Muehlen hyper-affectation. This took away much from the pleasure his otherwise always enjoyable song recitals gave to the audience. On the program were, besides the standard Schubert, Brahms and Schumann Lieder, two Gesänge by Richard Strauss, entitled "Hymnus" and "Pilgers Morgenlied," which suffered some from the piano accompaniment and that dreadfully bombastic, almost sacrilegiously vulgar setting of the Lord's Prayer by Bungert.

Emil Kronke, from Dresden, was a fair accompanist, but his intervalistic piano solo performances smacked very much of provincial virtuosodom.

The most important concert I have to write about was, as usual, the Philharmonic, under Nikisch's direction.

The program opened with Volkmann's well written but rather tame "Richard III." overture. How this work used to *imponir* me when I was a boy! And now "The Campbells Are Coming" sounds quite trite and the whole overture a superficial, shallow piece of musical facture. Even Litolf's "Robespierre" overture, a work laid out on the same plan, looms up in mental comparison like a big conception and a very descriptive piece of program music. Nor was the lack of musical inspiration which pervades Volkmann's "Richard III." counteracted through the superabundant spirit of the performance. Quite on the contrary, Nikisch's reading of this work, carefully thought out as it was, had little inspiring.

What Nikisch missed in this respect in the overture he tried to make up for in the first movement of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony. This allegro vivace was taken much faster than I have ever yet heard it, though I have heard it performed under many different conductors. It was so fast that it took your breath away and also the breath of the woodwind, which could not do the repetitions in the accompaniment to the first theme in the tempo demanded by the conductor. In the third movement, which is designated by the composer with *con moto moderato*, Herr Nikisch fell into the opposite mistake and took it throughout so slowly that one almost lost the sense of its rhythm. The finale, again, a very nervous movement in itself, was overhurried, and hence, despite a very careful preparation, did not make the effect it otherwise might have produced.

Nevertheless, the symphony was received with a good deal of applause, in which even Joachim, who sat in a box and had come probably only because a Mendelssohn symphony was put on the program, joined in most heartily. I said in a previous budget, when speaking of the "Walpurgis Night" performance, that Mendelssohn is unduly neglected nowadays, and the A major symphony, therefore, was as welcome and seemed as fresh and interesting as if we had not all heard it dozens of times.

The only other purely orchestral number on the program was the fourteenth Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt, the first orchestrated one, and with the reproduction of this piece of instrumental virtuoso music Nikisch gained one of his old time thundering and rousing triumphs. It was performed with a brilliancy and dash, with a rhythmic abandon and precision withal, which were perfectly dazzling as well as electrifying. Only a real Hungarian, one "to the manner born," can conduct this rhapsody in such a style. The audience was enraptured and applauded like mad. Nikisch, cool and collected, thanked with that graceful little bow of the head and his pleasing, amused smile.

The soloist of this concert was Edouard Risler, the Parisian pianist. He is a born Alsatian and his mother was a German lady, hence his predilection for Germany and its music. In Bayreuth he has done lots and most valuable service as chorusmaster, and in the recent suc-

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successful first production of "Die Meistersinger" at the Paris Grand Opéra Risler has been largely concerned in that he had studied their parts with all the principals in the cast.

His name, however, did not appear on the program, as Risler is just as modest and unassuming as he is a fine artist and excellent musician. From all this and from the fact that last year Risler had played here some Beethoven sonatas in a commanding and masterly style, I and with me all other critics had expected that the Beethoven E flat concerto, as interpreted by Risler, would prove a markstone and a model performance. In this expectation, however, we were all doomed to more or less disappointment. The work proved too big for the artist, who performed it fluently and with nice tone and many refined nuances, but in the first movement greatness was wanting, the adagio was much too sweet, and in the final rondo Risler's technic was not as reliable as it might have been. To this must be added that the accompaniment of the Philharmonic Orchestra was not above reproach. It was the first time that I heard Nikisch not accurately follow the soloist he was accompanying.

Risler, however, immediately, redeemed himself, and so did the orchestra and Nikisch, in the brilliant reproduction of César Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra. I had heard this highly interesting work from Risler at Mannheim last summer during the Tonkünstler meeting. My impression then was a very favorable one, both of the work and the artist, and I have spoken of them at length. It is only necessary, therefore, for me to repeat that my favorable opinions have been enhanced after this second hearing and that I consider Risler one of the finest and most scholarly pianists of our day and generation.

I have no doubt that he will prove this again at the next concert of the Royal Orchestra, where he will be the soloist and will interpret Beethoven's G major concerto, which is much more in his vein than the "Emperor" concerto.

The program for the next Philharmonic concert, on December 13, will be devoted exclusively to Beethoven. The orchestra will perform the "Leonore" No. 2 overture and the fifth symphony. Miss Betty Schwabe will perform the Beethoven violin concerto and Herr von Zur Muehlen will sing the lieder cycle "To the Distant Beloved."

The remainder of the week brought a good deal of chamber music. There was first the Bohemian String Quartet, which paid us its annual visit and which, undisturbed by the great Czech fracas at Prague, met with its accustomed hospitable reception and wanted success. This is as it should be. There is no place for chauvinism in art.

The Bohemians gave us two works which they had played here before, viz., Dvorák's moody E flat quartet, with the two G minor middle movements, and the big Beethoven A minor quartet, op. 132, with that exquisite adagio in the Lydian mode. Of the performance I don't need to speak, as I have praised the Bohemians in all tunes, keys and modes before.

Between the two string quartets was placed a novelty, a piano quintet by Frederick Gernsheim, who personally performed the piano part. The work of the Jewish-Rhenish composer, op. 63, in B minor, is not an overwhelmingly important one, and yet it is quite interesting, and, like everything from the same pen, finished in work-

manship and perfectly modeled in classical form. Of the invention not so much can be said that is favorable. The only really big theme is the first one of the first movement, but that one is taken bodily from Saint-Saëns' piano quartet, only that it is transposed from the major into minor.

The adagio in B major is really very weak; the scherzo in G is quite clever, but not at all original. It was effectively played and hence was redemanded. In the final movement the composer grows commonplace, and at moments really vulgar. You do not lose much if you never hear Gernsheim's piano quintet.

Immediately upon the Austria-Bohemians followed the Austria-Germans, the Fitzner Quartet of Vienna. I spoke of their first soirée in my last week's budget. They cannot be organized very long, for I remember that the second violin of this quartet, Jaroslav Czerny, was among the first fiddlers of the Thomas Chicago orchestra. Their playing is very finished, however, which was especially noticeable in Mozart's difficult quartet in B flat, from the set he wrote by order of King Frederick William II. of Prussia. Also the novelty of the evening, a string quartet in D minor, by H. Graedener, was performed with excellent ensemble and beautiful tone. The work itself did not materially raise my estimation of the Hamburg-Viennese composer. It is well written, and above all it sounds well, but that is all that can be said in its favor. No originality of ideas and no big thoughts of any sort occur in any of the four movements, of which the slow one is the least unimportant. In it there are some nice, but also not startlingly new, harmonic effects.

On the same evening I heard a very amateurish singer, with a rather pleasing alto voice, Miss Margarethe Schroeder, and in conjunction with her a pianist named Theodor Prusse, who is also not without talent, but whose selection of the original version of the Schubert "Wanderer" fantasia and the Beethoven A flat sonata, op. 110, was a trifle over-ambitious. Neither the technic nor the physical forces of the performer are as yet adequate to the demands of such works.

More chamber music on Thursday night. It was the evening of Professors Barth, Wirth and Hausmann's second "popular" Kammermusik Abend and the Philharmonic was crowded to its very last seating capacity.

The performers were in great shape and I enjoyed hugely the spirited as well as finished reproduction of Beethoven's second E flat piano trio from op. 70, a work which belongs among the most happily inspired of all the master's many works and is really a delight even to musically surfeited ears. I cannot say the same for Brahms' C major piano trio, op. 87, of which, anyhow, I had to miss the greater portion, as well as the Schubert B flat trio, which made up the remainder of the program.

I hastened over to Bechstein Saal, where Petschnikoff was giving his third and last sonata evening with Mlle. Panthès. I found the artists at their best in a work which was entirely new and very interesting to me. This was Gabriel Fauré's A major sonata, op. 13, for violin and piano. The Frenchman has a pronounced gift for distinguishing and novel harmonization. The first movement is very fresh and spirited in invention; the adagio in D

minor beautiful and suggestive and the scherzo of delightful crispness and vivacity. The only weak movement is the finale, and even that is made interesting through the rapid and at moments startling changes in the harmonic progressions. The sonata was played with spirit and abandon.

Miss Panthès rose to the highest point of her abilities, which lie more in the direction of modern romantic music than in the staid interpretation of classics. Petschnikoff's beautiful and sweet tone was entrancing in the slow movement by Fauré and the romanza from the third Grieg sonata. His technic, although not as brilliant as Burmester's, is smooth and all sufficient.

Last night I heard Josef Hofmann play the opening portion of his third and well attended piano recital in the Bechstein Hall. This consisted first of a very intricate fantasia and fugue in D minor-major by Raff and my favorite sonata by Schumann, the one in F sharp minor. The latter is a test work and Hofmann performed it nobly. The aria might have been given with a little more feeling, but the rhythmically difficult finale was played with rare precision and clearness. It was a masterly and almost exciting reading.

The remainder of the program, which I could not stay to listen to, was as follows:

Fantasia, F minor.....Chopin
Preludes, G flat, B flat, E flat.....Chopin
Polonaise, A flat.....Chopin
Impromptu, A flat.....Schubert
Chor der Derwische.....Beethoven-Saint-Saëns
Melodie.....Rubinstein
Overture, Tannhäuser.....Wagner-Liszt

From Bechstein Hall I rushed down to the Singakademie, where a young English violoncello virtuoso was taking his first step in the public arena. As his name is Percy Such, and I had before made the not over delightful acquaintance of a violinist named Henry Such, a brother of the débutant, I was at first not predisposed in his favor. Percy Such's playing, however, soon convinced me that he was made of better stuff than his brother.

The Schumann piano sonata had made me miss the Schumann violoncello concerto, for which, however, I was not sorry, for it is not a good concerto for the instrument it was written for, no matter what might be its merits as absolute music. I was in time, however, for a concerto in A minor by Davidoff, which was a pleasant surprise to me. Of course it is well written and very effective for the solo instrument, for it was penned by the greatest violoncello virtuoso of the century. It is, however, also a work of great musical beauties, whose value is hardly much affected by a couple of close reminiscences from Mendelssohn's violin concerto.

Percy Such played the by no means easy work with a technic which was short of virtuosity, and with great finish and brilliancy. His tone is sound and hearty on all four strings, but it is also a trifle dry, like that of his master, Professor Hausmann. From him he has also acquired that high elbow style of bowing, which is anything but graceful or effective. The i-tonation, even in difficult double stoppings, is quite true, and the conception virile and musical. Altogether young Mr. Such is a feather in the cap of the Hochschule, which royal institution was



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Pollini's Thalia Theatre will henceforth be managed by his former subdirector, Bachur, in conjunction with Dr. Donnenberg, the lawyer of the deceased. The Hamburg City Theatre has been intrusted to Dr. Loewe, of Breslau, certainly one of Germany's most prominent theatrical and operatic managers.

The funeral of Pollini, despite the bad state of the weather, was a very impressive affair. From Berlin many of his old friends, foremost among them Henry Pierson, director of the Berlin Royal Intendancy, had run over to do the deceased the last honors. Count Hochberg sent a lengthy and very sympathetic telegram of condolence to the widow. So did Sonzogno, who telegraphed from Milan:

"Extrêmement désolé de la terrible nouvelle, laquelle je ne voulais pas croire, je partage le deuil artistique des Théâtres à Hambourg, vous prie de présenter à Mad. Pollini mes profondes condoléances, pleurant avec elle la perte irréparable de mon excellent ami."

Among the enormous number of wreaths deposited at the bier was one from THE MUSICAL COURIER.

The second of manager Wolff's Philharmonic subscription concerts at Hamburg was conducted by Nikisch and was a great success, the enthusiasm being described as something unprecedented in the rather cold Hansa city. The third concert was to have been conducted by Colonne, of Paris, who, on account of illness, was unable to undertake the trip from Paris to Hamburg and who sent from his invalid bed a very charming telegram of regrets, composed in German language, to manager Wolff.

The fourth Philharmonic dinner took place at the hospitable home of Herr and Frau Director S. Landeker on Sunday last. The participants were nearly the same as on former occasions. The tasteful menu was gotten up in a witty and amusing style:

Prof. Carl Halir has made a great success at Cologne with my old Boston friend, Chas. M. Loeffler's new divertimento for violin and orchestra. Neitzel, in the Cologne Gazette, writes an eulogistic criticism upon this novelty, which seems to have pleased one of the world's most musical audiences, that of the Cologne Guerzenich concerts, immensely. Halir had played the work for the first time at Breslau and there scored a fiasco with it, both with the public and with the press. Not dismayed, Halir, who is enraptured with Loeffler's composition, tried it again at Cologne, and there it took. Part of the cause of the first failure, Halir told me, must be attributed to the orchestra, the Breslau one being vastly inferior to the Cologne Guerzenich orchestra under Prof. Dr. Wuellner's celebrated direction, and it takes a good orchestra to perform the very difficult accompaniment in Loeffler's work well. The divertimento will also be played by Professor Halir in Berlin during the present season.

Franz Rummel, the eminent pianist, celebrated on the 26th ult. the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first public appearance as an artist. The *Anhaltisches Tageblatt* on this occasion devotes a very interesting article to the description of the career of the favorite pupil of Louis Brassin, the celebrated pianist and teacher of the Brussels Conservatory. At this institute Franz Rummel, on November 26, 1872, competed for the first prize and gained it, despite the fact that one of his principal opponents

was no less a musician than Edgar Tinel, the composer of "St. Francis of Assisi."

The *Independence Belge* of that date wrote: "Two piano pieces, a forest fantasia and the all conquering polonaise of Liszt, were played by Herr Franz Rummel, of London, a pupil of Brassin, a pupil who is already a young master of the piano, a virtuoso who knows all the secrets of his instrument, who knows how to skilfully vary and multiply its tone shadings and whose brilliant technic, tenderly and powerfully changing touch, are enhanced through the nobility of his conception." This is a fine criticism for a first public appearance of a young and unknown pianist. How many times these and similar things have been written about Franz Rummel during the twenty-five years which have intervened and during more than twenty of which you have all known him in the United States. And yet I predict with confidence that still bigger things will be written about him when you hear him the next time, which will be only a few months hence. Rummel has ripened and grown as few artists outside of him have done and he stands to-day upon the summit of his pianistic powers.

A very painful thing occurred the other day at Elberfeld during a performance of "Lohengrin." Emil Goetze appeared there as guest in the title role and our old friend Antonia Mielke was the portentous Elsa of the occasion. In order to make the scene after Lohengrin's defeat of Telramund in the first act more effective and as a new feature of the performance, the director of the Elberfeld opera house ordered that both Lohengrin and Elsa be lifted upon shields and thus be carried off in triumph as the curtain falls upon the closing scene of the first act. Emil Goetze objected on account of his own and Frau Mielke's heavy weight, but the director insisted and at the rehearsal the scene was successfully carried through according to the latter's intentions. On the evening of the performance, however, some of the choristers, either through excitement or on account of the really big weight which they were unable to uphold, dropped their shields and Lohengrin and Elsa came down upon the stage with a big thud. Goetze, although in great pain, was up again in a moment, but Frau Mielke had to be carried off the stage. It was found that she had sprained both her legs and her right wrist. She is now at the hospital in a pretty bad state. The part of Elsa was taken by a novice from the chorus, who, without a rehearsal, is said to have done quite well in the second act and thus saved the performance.

The celebrated Artaria collection of musical autographs at Vienna has been bought by the well-known collector and millionaire Dr. Erich Prieger, of Bonn, on the Rhine. The price paid is said to be in the neighborhood of 100,000 Austrian florins, viz., about \$45,000. This is much money, but the purchase is a very cheap one, if the imposing number of autographs be considered. For the most part they belonged to the residue of Beethoven and Haydn, which were bought by the late Dominik Artaria. Among the 3,000 leaves of the autograph collection not less than about 2,000 are from the hand of Beethoven, about 600 are by Haydn, twenty each by Mozart and Schubert, and the remainder is contributed by twenty-three composers of less renown and importance.

What makes the acquisition of this collection especially important for Germany is the fact that now the manuscripts of the Ninth Symphony and of the Missa Solemnis are now here complete, although not as yet in the possession of one and the same party. The Berlin Royal Library owns the first parts only of both these works, Dr. Prieger acquired with the Artaria collection the final portions of them. A way of uniting them will sooner or later

be found. Anyhow, both parts combined are now at the disposal of German musical research.

Very little is heard from Weingartner, who is spending a pleasant winter at Sicily. Meanwhile his colleagues are doing his share of the work here. To-night will begin at the Royal Opera House the Mozart cycle, of which I made a previous preliminary announcement in one of my former letters. The cycle will be conducted by Dr. Muck. Weingartner is not expected back here until the end of January, and whether or not he will then be gracious enough or well enough to consent to conduct is a question which only he and the future can decide. Perhaps if he knew all that is going on during his absence, he might find it more to his advantage to hurry up and get well. Everybody can be replaced upon this mundane sphere, even a conductor who does not care to conduct, even a Weingartner.

The news cabled to the American papers to the effect that Weingartner had gone razy is not true. He is no more crazy than you or I. On the contrary, he is a very brainy and level headed young man. Only he is of the sort of people who are never satisfied, and who, as soon as they have attained what they want, scheme for something else. Sometimes this class of schemers, however, overreach themselves, and then they get "beautifully left," which is just what they deserve to be.

M. S. Langs, M.D., his wife, and son John, of California, have arrived in Berlin. Young Mr. Langs has been studying the piano at home and intends to develop his musical abilities further under the guidance of Mr. Leonard Liebling.

Among the callers at the Berlin offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER during the past week were Mlle. Germaine Pollack, a young Parisian pianist, who will be heard here in the near future; Miss Clara Krause, pianist and piano teacher; Prof. Reinhold L. Herman, Samuel A. Ritter Brown and Edward F. Schneider, two California musicians, the former of whom will soon make his public appearance here as a conductor. Then there was Mrs. Luisa Sobrino, the gifted wife of the pianist, Carlos Sobrino. The lady has just sung with much success in a concert at Dresden and brings me from the Saxonian capital the following flattering criticisms upon her concert appearance:

First of all, as an artist (Künstlererscheinung) heretofore unknown to the Dresden public, Madame Sobrino, from Denver, Col., made her first appearance here. She sang the great aria from "La Traviata," accompanied by orchestra, with brilliant technical execution, pure and pearly (perlend) in the coloratura passages and with beautiful and effective treatment of the cantilene. Her flexible voice, to which every modulation seems easily accessible, reached with sureness and ease even the highest tones of the part, the D flat and E flat, which responded without effort and with faultless intonation. To the delivery of this number, as well as to that of songs by Franz, Schumann and Caracciolo, which followed later on the program, was devoted an unvarying artistic painstaking and care.—Dresden Nachrichten.

Madame Sobrino, of Denver, Col., was the next to appear on the platform and to show in the great "Traviata" aria her artistic ability as a singer (ihre Gesangskunst). The artist mastered this number with a finish that showed excellent training and decided talent. Not only were the coloratura passages and complicated figures, thanks to brilliant vocal resources and a finished technic, rendered with ease and grace, but also in the cantilene she showed a depth and feeling that caused Verdi's music, in its artistic and finely nuanced rendering by this singer's beautiful (wohlklingend) soprano voice, to make a great impression. In songs, also, by Franz, Schumann and Caracciolo and in her encore did this artist display her right to hold a high position in this direction as well. Sincerity of deliv-

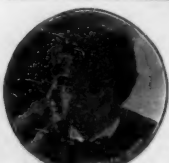


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ery, depth of feeling and a manner of singing characterized by beauty of tone and fullness of expression, unite to render her performance of high artistic value.—Dresdner Anzeiger. O. F.

BERLIN MUSIC NOTES.

The hearts of Messrs. Hale and Hunker will undoubtedly be gladdened by the appended list, comprising the orchestral compositions of Alexander Glazounow:

- Op. 3—First overture on three Greek themes.
- Op. 5—First symphony.
- Op. 6—Second overture on Greek themes.
- Op. 7—Serenade.
- Op. 8—"In Memory of a Hero."
- Op. 9—Characteristic suite:
 - I. (a) Introduction (b) Rustic Dance.
 - II. Intermezzo scherzando.
 - III. Carnaval.
 - IV. Pastorale.
 - V. Oriental Dance.
 - VI. (a) Elegy, (b) Procession.
- Op. 11—Second serenade (for small orchestra).
- Op. 12—Poème Grique.
- Op. 13—Stenka Rasine, symphonic poem.
- Op. 14—Two morceaux (Idyll, Oriental reverie).
- Op. 16—Second symphony.
- Op. 18—Mazurka.
- Op. 19—The Forest, fantasia.
- Op. 21—Wedding March.
- Op. 26—"A Slavish Festival" (excerpt from Slavish quartet), symphonic sketch.
- Op. 28—The Sea, fantasia.
- Op. 29—Oriental rhapsodie.
- Op. 30—The Kremlin, symphonic tableaux in three parts.
- Op. 33—Third symphony.
- Op. 34—Spring, musical tableaux.
- Op. 40—Triumphal March, on the occasion of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. With chorus (ad libitum).
- Op. 45—Carnaval, overture with organ (ad libitum).
- Op. 46—Chopiniana, compositions by Chopin, orchestrated by Glazounow, viz.:
 - I. Polonaise, op. 40.
 - II. Nocturne, op. 15.
 - III. Mazurka, op. 50.
 - IV. Tarantelle, op. 43.
- Op. 47—Valse de Concert.
- Op. 48—Fourth symphony.
- Op. 50—Cortège Solennelle.
- Op. 51—Second Valse de Concert.
- Op. 52—Scènes de Ballet, suite.
 - I. Prelude.
 - II. Marionettes.
 - III. Mazurka.
 - IV. Scherzino.
 - V. Pas d'action.
 - VI. Oriental Dance.
 - VII. Valse.
 - VIII. Polonaise.
- Op. 53—Fantasia.
- Op. 55—Fifth symphony.

I have dabbled in all these scores at the piano and found them a veritable mine of opulent Oriental color and striking orchestral characterization. Modern French influences are plainly discernible when Glazounow makes music of a lighter vein, but in his symphonies the restless, surging rhythms, the bold, sensuous hues and tints, are all his own.

I wonder whether Mr. Hale knows Balakireff's "Thamara," symphonic poem, and his "Overture sur trois thèmes russes"?

At the second public recital given by the students of Stern's Conservatory the only feature worthy of special mention was the playing of little Mieczyslaw Natrowski (who formerly delighted in the inartistic family name of Nathanblut), a violin prodigy of utmost promise. So

soon as his technic is more polished and accurate he will be able to tour the world as a worthy rival of Huberman, Argiewicz, Hartman, Przemysler and other members of that band of infantile wonders.

Will some charitable person of a literary turn of mind furnish us with the English equivalent of "Klaviermässigkeit"?

Hedwig Bernhardt (song) and Clara Böhm (piano) gave a joint concert in the Saal Bechstein. Miss Bernhardt, from Breslau, is an immensely tall woman, with a voice in no proportion to her size. In Schubert's "Sulejka" and "Der Lindenbaum" the singer seemed afflicted with shortness of breath, which rendered the phrasing choppy and illogical. Schumann's "Soldatenbraut" made a better impression, but was not up to concert standard. Miss Böhm, the pianist, affected most annoying mannerisms in attack, and thus distorted what might otherwise have been a fairly creditable performance. She commands a neat technic, and a sensitive ear for tonal effects.

Margarethe Keidel-La Roche and her husband entertained a fair sized audience at their song recital in the Hotel de Rome. The nature of the entertainment dispensed may be gathered from the fact that the Berlin critics maintained an eloquent silence the morning after the concert.

An artist of far different calibre is Marie Born, well known in the South of the United States as a competent vocal teacher and concert singer. Mrs. Born's recital at the Hotel de Rome attracted many Americans, and our accomplished countrywoman was accorded an enthusiastic reception, which resulted in an encore at the end of the regular program. The singer's linguistic and musical versatility had ample scope in French, German and English songs by Spohr, Schubert, Weber, Rubinstein, Denza, Wallace, Delibes, Madame de Rothschild and Ch. Spolleder. The difficult aria from Spohr's "Jessonda," "Als in Mitternacht'ger Stunde," was Mrs. Born's pièce de résistance. She gave it with becoming breadth and dignity. The singer told me her interpretation of this same aria had won the commendation of no less a personage than the widow of Spohr. Mrs. Born intends to return to America very soon, where she has a number of profitable engagements in view.

Eduard Fessler's song and ballad evening in the Singakademie brought little that was interesting. Fessler sang Beethoven, Schubert and Loewe compositions with a well trained voice of some power, and the conventional interpretation created by the elder Gura, modified by inappropriate operatic effects that seemed the singer's own. A ballad, "Der Schelen von Bergen," by Eugenio Pirani, the prolific millionaire (?) composer and critic, is distinguished by dramatic intensity and characteristic musical diction. Otto Bake, the well-known accompanist, scrambled over the keys in a most ineffectual manner. He seemed to be reading the pieces at sight.

A concert at the Singakademie by Ida Seeger (singing) and Natalie von Ziegler (piano) demonstrated that the singer has sung too much and the pianist has not played enough. The public appearance of the latter was premature by two or three years.

Lucia Engelke displayed few musical but a multitude of physical charms at her recital in Saal Bechstein. She is an unusually beautiful woman, who can boast of a most economical dressmaker that believes in making a robe with the least possible use of material. To this discreet (or would indiscreet be better?) modiste Miss En-

gelke owes such success as she achieved at her concert. The front rows, occupied by Hochschule students, were particularly tumultuous in asking for an encore at the end. Two young gentlemen attempted a chorale for piano and harmonium, but were much hampered by the difficult rhythm of 4-4, which induced Josef Weisz, the eminent Brahms player (the sly dog was seated in the front row), to shout in an audible voice, "Grösslich!" "Scheusslich!" "Furchtbar!"

What is the matter with classical old Leipsic? Frederick Lamond, the eminent Scotch pianist, recently gave a Beethoven recital there (sonatas, op. 53, 57, 106, 110, 111) which was attended by some thirty odd persons.

Anton Wittek, the great concertmeister of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, was very angry last week. He had been promised the coveted position of soloist at the next Nikisch concert, and at almost the last moment it was decided to engage Betty Schwabe in his place. I do not understand how there can be any question of choice between the two. Miss Schwabe is a very talented girl, who has yet to win her place in the highest rank of violinists, while Wittek is a matured artist, who stands on a level with Titans like Sarasate, Berber, Halir and (to my mind) Petschnikoff and Burmester. Wittek, who was down for the Beethoven concerto, became reconciled only after he had received an invitation to play the Brahms concerto at a Nikisch concert in January.

Anton Hekking, the violoncellist, has been very ill with influenza, but he is on the road to rapid recovery.

Mr. Bassett, from Brooklyn, is at present composing a romanza for violin. It promises to be a fine work, unusually rich in harmonic coloring, and of paramount melodic interest.

Miss Bertha Visanska, of whose pianistic gifts I have often made mention, has definitely decided on a public appearance in Berlin. The date fixed is March 10.

Here's welcome news for pianists: A new concerto, by A. R. Skrijabin (pupil of Safanow) met with brilliant success last week in Odessa.

Miss Céleste Groenevelt, the very talented young pianist, has been engaged to play in St. Petersburg. Massenet's "Werther" was very well received in Breslau. The Paris *Ménestrel* says: "Our composers did well to cross the frontier."

In Triest female composers are coming to the fore. Two new operas, both by women, are to be produced there very shortly. The first, "Il Sogno di Alice," by Virginia Mariani, is from the pen of a hitherto unknown composer, while the second, "Phryne," by Giselda delle Grazie, marks the latter's second operatic effort. She underwent the baptism of critical fire with her musical drama, "Atala," and came forth unscathed.

Richard Strauss met with frenzied appreciation in Barcelona, where, at a symphony concert, he had to repeat the "Tannhäuser" overture and his own symphonic poem, "Don Juan."

Little Paula Szalit is at present startling the staid Leipsicers.

LEONARD LIEBLING.

Katherine Bloodgood in Demand.

The distinguished contralto Bloodgood was busy last week. She sang at Allentown December 7 and appeared on the 9th and 10th at the Norwich Musical Festival. She leaves this morning for Chicago, where she is to sing on Wednesday evening.

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CINCINNATI, December 11, 1897.

THE first Apollo Club concert of the season, on the evening of December 9 in Music Hall, offered the following program:

Stabat Mater.....Dvorák
The Swan and the Skylark.....Goring Thomas

The club has taken a decided and considerable step forward in its art endeavor. It proved beyond a doubt that it can reach out for an ambitious undertaking and accomplish it successfully. The two chorus works contrasted well with each other—the one, solemn, religious, often sad in character, filled with sublime thought; the other, full of melody, richness and sweetness. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra assisted the chorus of 120 voices, under the direction of Bush W. Foley.

Mr. Foley has every reason to be congratulated upon the result. It was something worthy of his ambition. Never before did the chorus sing with so much concentration of effort and unanimity of purpose. The "Stabat Mater" is a difficult composition from a chorus standpoint. Its intervals are strange and uncommon. A deep religious spirit pervades it. To give it interpretation means much more than mere outward finish—it calls for the expression of poetic thought. The work of the chorus showed up excellently under these requirements. Some lack of finish and a little uncertainty were noticed in a few places, but such imperfections dwindled in sight of the general character of the performances. The proportion in the voice divisions was noteworthy. The proverbial weakness of tenors was absent and they covered their full measure of dignity and strength. The only disproportion noticed was in the altos, who in forte and dramatic passages showed some weakness.

The opening chorus of the "Stabat Mater" pointed the success of the entire work. The shading was on artistic lines. There was a crescendo and genuine forte, making a dramatic effect on the closing line, "Dum pendebat Filius," which recurs several times by way of emphasis. The "Eia Mater" showed the basses to good advantage—in tone, volume and contrasts. The crescendo on the line "Poenas mecum divide" was admirable. The fresh tone quality in the voices and their precision of attack were particularly noted in the singing of the "Virgo, virginum praeclara." It made up altogether a strong tone picture. The final "Amen" fugue, with its difficult phrasing and repetitions, was given with splendid rhythmic effect, and a genuine climax was wrought on the closing words "Paradisi gloria."

The chorus had perhaps a more grateful and pleasing task in "The Swan and the Skylark." This composition left a fine impression at the last May Festival, and while the chorus was much smaller than on that occasion, its success was repeated. The work was given with enthusiasm, energy and poetic purpose. There was some uncertainty in the attack of the female chorus, beginning "Filled with that sound." Very impressively was the final chorus given, as also the "Farewell" chorus.

Excellent was the orchestral support of both chorus works. Such support would have been impossible in this

city a few years ago. The orchestra in some of the climaxes seemed to be too powerful for the chorus. In "The Swan and the Skylark" the mellow quality of the woodwind was worthy of note.

The club was assisted by the following quartet of soloists: Miss Antoinette Trebelli, soprano; Mrs. Ida Smith-Lemmon, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor, and Dr. Carl E. Duff, bass.

Trebelli showed extraordinary coloratura capacity in "The Swan and the Skylark." Her upper notes have a penetrating clearness, and all her singing leaves the impression of artistic value. In the "Stabat Mater" she lacked fervor and the spirit of the music.

Mr. Hamlin has a sweet, lyric tenor, under the most artistic control and capable of expressing intense emotion. He uses his voice after the manner of a poet. He grew upon the audience until he became the recipient of the most enthusiastic applause. His singing of the solo and recitative in "The Swan and the Skylark" was a tribute to genuine art.

Carl Duff sustained his reputation as a thorough artist in both chorus works. He sings with noble simplicity and without affectation. His voice is thoroughly reliable and under the best control.

But, weighing all the soloists in the balance; none deserves a higher meed of artistic recognition than Mrs. Ida Smith-Lemmon. In the "Quis est Homo" her singing was that of the matured artist, one who has brought voice and conception to her own demands. It was prayerful and full of repose. Her enunciation was beautifully distinct. She sang the "Inflammatu" solo with dignity, simplicity and fervor. The alto solo in "The Swan and the Skylark" she gave with an exquisite tenderness.

The first concert of the College Orchestra and Chorus took place in the Odeon, Friday evening, December 10, under the direction of Mr. Frank Van der Stucken.

The arrangement of the program was:

Suite in B minor.....Bach
Overture. Rondo. Sarabande. Bourrée.
College Orchestra.

Chorus from the opera *Blanche of Provence*....Cherubini
The Dragonflies (orchestrated for the College
Orchestra by F. Van der Stucken).....Bargiel
College Orchestra and Chorus.

Rhapsodie d'Auvergne, piano and orchestra....Saint-Saëns
Miss Martha Frank and College Orchestra.
Arioso, Jeanne d'Arc (orchestrated for the College
Orchestra by F. Van der Stucken).....Bemberg
Miss Agnes Cain and College Orchestra.

Serenade.....Haydn
Rondo all'Ongarese.....Haydn
College Orchestra.

The Nymphs of the Woods (orchestrated for the
College Orchestra by F. Van der Stucken)....Delibes
College Chorus and Orchestra.

The concert was distinctly a record of what can be accomplished by honest, persistent effort, backed by talent and determination. Two years ago the college orchestra was an exhibition of crude material, without system or discipline. Ambitious programs were attempted and proved to be dismal failures—harrowing to the ear and distressing to the aesthetic sense. This outcome was not so much the fault of the admirable teacher at the head of the department as the result of loose methods then prevailing at the college. The methods of Mr. Van der Stucken are being vindicated. The orchestra played with a good sense of rhythm, with precision of attack and musical grasp. The Bach suite was given a clean cut reading, with the rhythmic antitheses well brought out. The Haydn numbers—"Serenade" and "Rondo"—were delightfully played, the "Serenade" with good shading and the "Rondo" with fine animation.

In the chorus work Mr. Van der Stucken proved his particular aptitude. With much difficulty he succeeded in bringing together available material. Their singing of the chorus from the opera "Blanche of Provence" by Cheru-

bini, was indeed a creditable piece of work—with light and shade and musical quality in the voices. The chorus "The Dragonflies," by Bargiel, was well punctuated. More contrast and shading would have improved the last chorus, "The Nymphs of the Woods," by Delibes. The orchestra and chorus showed close sympathy with each other in the ensemble numbers. Miss Frank played the "Rhapsodie d'Auvergne" with velvety touch and good execution, although not always equal to its dramatic requirements. Miss Cain sang the "Arioso" well. Her voice asserted itself to the task and displayed a vigor and well sustained maturity remarkable in one so young. There is a future for Miss Cain. Two of the numbers, the "Arioso" and "The Nymphs of the Woods," had been effectively orchestrated by Mr. Van der Stucken.

The first Andre-Hahn concert, on the evening of December 9, in Levassor Hall, was a delightful affair. The program had musical value and was well constructed, beginning with a Bach prelude and fugue, played with a delightful ensemble and unity of purpose by H. C. Andre and Mrs. Cecilia Molengraf. Mr. Andre's solos were the Schubert sonata, A minor, a canzone by Liszt, and a caprice of his own composition. In all these Mr. Andre showed himself the versatile, well-balanced artist. Delicate, yet imbued with much strength, he aims for that which is truly refined in music. The classic predominates in his nature, and what he presents has poetry in its interpretation. Mr. Hahn, violinist, played the Wilhelmj transcription of Wagner's "Preislied." It was a reading worthy of a thorough musician—noble, broad and intelligent. Mr. Hahn's execution is that of an artist, and back of it lies the power of musical thought. Mr. Lewis was the vocal soloist and was heard to advantage in two numbers—"Because of Thee," by Tanus, and "Softly Fall the Shadows," by Wickede. The concert was brought to a close with the "Danse Cosaque," by Tchaikowsky, for two pianos, played with splendid rhythm, fire and brilliancy by H. C. Andre and Louis E. Levassor. The latter is to be congratulated upon his success.

J. A. HOMAN.

Madame Blauvelt on the American Voice.

MADAME BLAUVELT is a singer who is on the best of terms with the representatives of the press, and she never refuses a reasonable request for an interview or a merely personal chat. To a Minneapolis *Journal* woman, who called on her in the wings at the Lyceum recently, she gave a most cordial greeting. In the course of a long interview the subject of America and Americans was brought up, when Madame Blauvelt said:

"I am an American and was received here first, and shall never forget that nor cease to be grateful for it. I am particularly attached to the West, for, outside of New York, no other locality has treated me so kindly or welcomed me so readily. Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul are favorite cities of mine, and will always continue to be."

Having studied both in America and Europe and being herself an American, Madame Blauvelt was asked her opinion of the respective advantage of study here and in Europe. She replied unhesitatingly: "I know nothing from personal experience of the present American teachers, but I know they must be good from the results which they achieve, and whatever the conditions are at present, I am certain of one thing, this country is to be the home of future vocal study. The advantages must come to us, for the best material is here—Americans have the best voices in the world." This last statement was made with a positiveness that admitted of no doubt of the singer's strong convictions on this point. About methods she said: "There is no empirical method in singing, no matter what teachers and others say; the best in singing all leads to one result, the natural method, and that is not the invention of any teacher; it is God-given."



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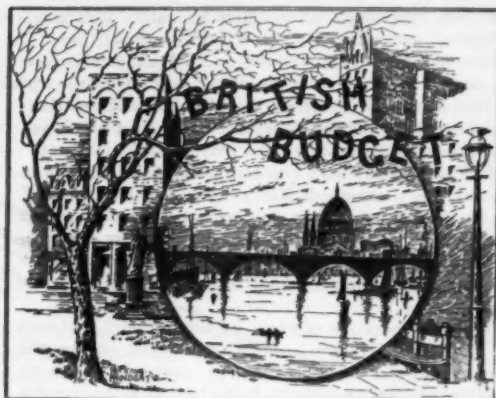
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LONDON, W., December 4, 1897.

MADAME BURMEISTER-PETERSON, who has just returned from the Continent, has been the victim of a misadventure, by which she was nearly drowned. The laws of England now are very strict in the matter of permitting people to bring dogs into the country, and when Madame Petersen arrived with her pet she was told she must leave him at the dock until she could get special license, which she had to come to London to procure. This necessitated a journey back to Queensborough. The pier, which I understand takes something the form of a jetty, had been inundated where the boats land from the force of the recent storm, and as she was proceeding to the end in search of the animal a heavy wave swept over, and she was precipitated into the water above her waist. Had it not been for the kindly assistance of a gentleman present she would have been drowned. As it was, she caught a severe cold, and was much worried less she could not fulfill her engagement to-day for the Patti concert at the Albert Hall. Madame Petersen afterward makes a tour of some fifteen days in the provinces.

George Grossmith, whom my readers will remember as the most interesting of entertainers, has closed a very successful provincial tour, to be supplemented by two appearances in London.

At Mme. Bertha Moore's concert last night in Steinway

Hall a musical idyll, entitled "Good Night, Babette," by Austin Dobson, set to music by Liza Lehmann, was performed for the first time. Our critic says it is one of her most charming works, and will undoubtedly become as popular, if not more so, than the "Persian Garden."

By command of the Queen, Mlle. Chaminade, accompanied by her manager, Mr. Adlington, played a selection of her own compositions at Windsor Friday evening. After the performance she was presented with the Jubilee medal.

The new version of Offenbach's comic opera, the "Grand Duchess," for which Charles Brookfield has written the dialogue and Adrian Ross the lyrics, will be produced at the reopening of the Savoy this evening.

Chevalier Emil Bach's opera, "The Lady of Longford," produced at Covent Garden two years ago, is to be played at Breslau, December 11. The libretto and score of the work have been revised, Sir Augustus Harris having made some alterations in the story (of which he was the author) only a fortnight before his death. In addition the composer has rewritten the greater part of the music and added an extended symphonic prelude.

Messrs. Heinemann have recently published a translation from the French of Gaston Vuillier's "History of Dancing." The book is beautifully illustrated with twenty photogravures and over 400 illustrations in the text, and traces the development of the art from the early Egyptian dances through the Hebrew, Greek, Roman, early Christian, &c., up to the modern skirt dance. The subject is fascinating, and being closely allied to music should interest musicians.

A testimonial, signed by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, with a check for 250 guineas, has been presented to George Mount on his retirement from the conductorship of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, in recognition of his services for the last twenty-five years. This is the right kind of appreciation and is something for serious workers in the cause of music to look forward to in England.

Messrs. Dent & Co. are publishing a translation from the German, by Miss Margaret Amour, of the "Fall of the Nibelungen." The book will be illustrated by W. B. Macdougall.

Mrs. Granville Ellis, whose pseudonym in the Boston Herald of "Max Elliot," has become so widely known in America, gave one of her charming "at homes" Monday evening, when a large number of distinguished people were present. Georg Liebling contributed two piano

solos with much charm, receiving loud applause and having to give encores. Miss Amy Hare played her own arrangements for the piano of the fire music from "Die Walküre" and the "Tannhäuser" overture very effectively. Among the singers were Mme. Clara Poole, Madame Vanderveer-Green, Whitney Mockridge, Geo. W. Ferguson, Miss Esme Beringer; and Miss Kate Phillips gave several recitations. Among the guests were Mrs. Geo. Liebling, Mrs. Paul Blouet (Mrs. Max O'Rell) and Miss Paul Blouet, Mlle. Zelig de Lussan, Mrs. Da Costa Ricci, Miss Julia Gordon, of Boston; Mrs. H. C. Chamberlain, Colonel Craig, Reginald Little, the young American pianist and composer, and Mrs. Little, Mrs. Arthur Jules Goodman, Mrs. Joplin-Rowe, Miss Violet Crispe, Mrs. Wenlop Rollins and others.

Stanford's Requiem, produced at the recent Birmingham Festival, will be performed for the first time in London by the students of the Royal Academy of Music Thursday next.

Miss Evangeline Florence, who has been studying on the Continent for some months, will make her re-entrée in London at her own concert in St. James' Hall February 4.

Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander" was produced at Madrid on Sunday, and, according to a telegram, was enthusiastically received.

Richard Strauss is expected in London this morning, and will conduct Alfred Schults-Curtius' concert next Tuesday evening. It is also hoped that Frau Strauss will come, to appear as a vocalist in some of her husband's songs.

It is announced that David Bispham has been re-engaged for Covent Garden next season, and also Signor Campanari, the baritone, who enjoys such a distinguished reputation in the United States.

Young Bruno Steindel, who has had great success in London as a "prodigy," makes his last appearance in public the 14th inst. After this, with the money he has made, he retires with his parents to Vienna, where he will study for some years under Leschetizky.

The Wagner craze has taken such dimensions in London that even the National Sunday League, which is patronized by a purely popular musical element, have had to fall into line, and give Wagner concerts. Up to the present most of them have been choral, a large choir having been organized by Dr. Churchill Sibley and good artists having been secured. Most of the oratorios have been

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given. At times, however, some orchestral numbers, drawn from the old familiar favorites, interspersed with vocal and instrumental solos, have answered the purpose, but now the outcry is for Wagner, and Carl Armbruster has been retained as conductor of the performances. The program to-morrow evening will be made up entirely of Wagner's music.

That distinguished authority on organ music, Dr. Hopkins, of the Temple, has promised to take part in the singing of Tallis' four-part song at the meeting of the Incorporated Society of Musicians in January. Dr. Hopkins took part in this very same song sixty years ago. He will be eighty years old next June. It would appear that the climate of England is conducive to the health of singers, judging from this example and that of Sims Reeves.

Madame Patti sang at Oxford for the first time on Thursday. The hall was crowded, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Her selections included the "Jewel Song," with "Batti, Batti" as an encore; "Voi che Sapete," with Tosti's "Serenata" as an encore, and the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

Mr. Schultz-Curtius, in conjunction with the Covent Garden syndicate, is arranging two series of performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Covent Garden next season. The plans sketched out are that the operas will be given in their entirety, opening Monday night with "Das Rheingold," to be followed Tuesday with "Die Walküre," Thursday with "Siegfried," and Saturday "Die Götterdämmerung." The performance is to commence at such an hour in the afternoon or evening as will allow of an hour and a half's intermission, and terminate at 11 o'clock. It is hoped that this plan will be accorded sufficient subscription to insure its being carried out. In the longer operas it is intended to commence at 5 o'clock, and have the intermission take place at about 7. An hour and a half's intermission will make it necessary for the theatre to be cleared. Mr. Schultz-Curtius thinks this will be much more satisfactory all round. Herr Seidl will probably be the conductor of both the Rings.

CONCERTS.

The third Lamoureux concert was of no great interest so far as program is concerned, but as regards interpretation it was of the greatest value to students of music. It showed how a great conductor (or any great interpretative artist) can lend an interest to compositions that from repeated hearing have lost their power to charm. Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony was the most important work of the evening. This score was written to commemorate the Reformation of Martin Luther, not as a reformation in the art of symphony building. Edgar F. Jacques, in his admirable analysis of the symphony, does not know what to make of the second movement. He says, "The dramatic significance of the lovely scherzo and trio is not very clear, and the hearer will do well not to trouble his head about the matter." I cannot even find anything lovely in the music; it is pretty, perhaps, but it is also tawdry and trivial. If it must be labeled, why not call it "Chorus of Bridesmaids at the Marriage of Luther and Catharina von Bora." This scherzo and trio are by no means equal in value to the rest of the symphony, but are of that easily imitated character which Costa and other Mendelssohnian disciples have used so extensively. The performance under the baton of M. Lamoureux was superb, abounding in points of excellence, dignity, power, variety of color and expression.

Händel's concerto for two oboes and strings has a certain historic significance, but not enough intrinsic value to merit a place on such a program. It was admirably performed by Messrs. D. Lalande and E. Davies, but the strings were occasionally rough. I wonder what Händel's orchestra would do with some of our modern concertos—say, for instance, Pitt's Clarinet Concerto? César Franck's symphonic poem, "La Chasse Maudite," is cleverly constructed and admirably scored, but no more: it

was not quickened into life under the soaring wings of genius, but was hatched in a scientific incubator. Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," which depicts Hercules rejecting pleasure for virtue, is more to my liking. Some critics think that this work would gain by curtailment, and it certainly is in some places a little spun out. Saint-Saëns has developed the pleasure theme more than the virtue, as if Hercules entered on the ascetic life with reluctance, turning often to look again on Venus. An Elegia of Tchaikowsky also figured on the program. A magnificent performance of the ever fresh and exhilarating "Der Freischütz" overture ended the concert.

The Queen's Hall symphony concert of Saturday afternoon last was the best attended of the series this season. The program opened with the popular "Peer Gynt" suite of Grieg, followed by the prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin" and Saint-Saëns' delightful symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale." For delicacy and perfection of detail I do not think that Mr. Wood has ever surpassed this reading of the Saint-Saëns' number. It was a wise choice on his part, moreover, to place the dainty score immediately before the colossal choral symphony of Beethoven. No greater test of a conductor's versatility could be found than in the violent contrast offered by these two compositions; yet Mr. Wood was equal to the task. The symphony was interpreted with a breadth, power and nervous grip worthy of the highest praise, and his efforts were well rewarded by one of the finest performances of the work which it has ever been my pleasure to hear. There were here and there passages not quite as the conductor would have wished, perhaps, but the performance on the whole was magnificent. The chorus, which did such lifeless work at the "Samson and Delilah" concert, in this far more difficult composition was surprising good. Seldom does one hear Beethoven's choral work sung in such a passable manner, but on this occasion the attack and spirit of the chorus were military in their precision and invariably in tune. The solo parts were also excellently rendered by Mme. Lucile Hill, Mme. Marian Mackenzie, Lloyd Chandos and Watkin-Mills. Of these four the first and the last mentioned were more remarked on account of the more telling qualities of their voices.

An acceptable contrast to the heavier orchestral numbers was afforded by the masterly cello playing of David Popper. He is recognized as one of the world's greatest cellists, and his presence had, no doubt, a great deal to do with the increased attendance last Sunday. His principal number was two movements from a concerto of his own composition, in which he proved that he is far greater as an executant than as a composer. His concerto, while full of themes of much musical interest, is more a series of romances connected by recitatives than an organically whole symphonic movement. This great artist was also heard in two smaller works for cello, with piano accompaniment, adding a third in response to the implacable demand for more.

Saturday last at the Crystal Palace brought a new symphonic sketch, "La Mer," by Paul Gilson, whose strict sense of the exigencies of form has prevented him from calling his work a symphony. It is in four movements, which afford a pleasing contrast to each other. The first is an allegretto, and depicts sunrise on the sea; the second the dances and songs of sailors; the third is a calm movement suggestive of twilight, and the fourth illustrates a storm on the water. The composer is original throughout, and develops his themes in an interesting manner. The last movement is especially picturesque, with its clever suggestion of the tempest laden atmosphere which heralds the coming storm. The orchestra was very successful with Sullivan's "Macbeth" overture and "William Tell." Gabrilowitsch made a most favorable impression—it was not his first appearance—in Liszt's E flat concerto, which he played with great vigor and abandon. Miss Esther Palliser was the vocalist, and sang to orchestral accom-

paniment "Träume," "Dors, Mon Enfant," "L'Attente" (Wagner), and Mozart's "Deh Vieni."

The Highbury Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Betjemann, at the concert on the 23d revived Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride," with Madame Henson, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Pierpoint in the chief parts; and also produced Miss Millard's scena, entitled "Daybreak" (which has already been heard at the Guildhall School of Music), and a setting of Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale," by R. H. Walthew. This short cantata should become a favorite with choral societies, as it only requires one soloist, a baritone, although the choral and orchestral work is of more than average importance, and is besides full of interest.

The crowded concert given by the splendid orchestra of the Royal Artillery in the Queen's Hall on the 26th inst. brought forward as the most important work an exceedingly taking serenade in B flat by Jadassohn, consisting of four short movements of excellent workmanship, and marked throughout by grace, ingenuity and refinement. This was preceded by Mr. Elgar's effective "Imperial March," and followed by a miscellaneous second part, in which the bright introduction to the second act of Humperdinck's "Königskinder," the melodious "Rêverie" from Saint-Saëns' Algerian Suite, and the latter composer's "Rouet d'Omphale" were given, besides an extract from "Lohengrin" and Weber's overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits." All were as admirably played as usual under Cavaliere Zavertai's able direction.

The Saturday Popular concert was too heavy and too long. Brahms' Quartet in C minor, with which it began, is one of those works which demand the most concentrated attention; indeed I know of no other work of Brahms which makes him appear so crabbed and hard to understand. It needs Joachim's Quartet to play it, if it is to become generally popular. Schumann's interminable Fantaisie, op. 17, was hardly the right work to follow it, however well this may have been played by Mr. Lamond. The gentle amiability of Brahms' A major sonata, for piano and violin, sometimes called the "Perished," from the resemblance of its opening bar to that of Wagner's famous song, came as a relief after the stress of quartet and fantasia, but the concert had lasted nearly two hours when Beethoven's great B flat Trio had still to be heard, so that a thinning of the already meagre audience was not to be altogether wondered at.

The constant performance of Brahms' works this season is much commented upon. One cannot well have too much Brahms, but if the price to be paid for the privilege is that we are to be deluged with the weaker vocal productions of the French school it is altogether too dearly bought. Massenet at his best is charming, but his "Pensée d'Automne" is as uninspired as a London fog, and M. Vidal's music to "Les Toutes Petites" is worthy of the doggerel to which it is set. Miss Pulvermacher's choice of these exasperating fatuities is the more remarkable because she had the good taste to introduce a really artistic and therefore charming song, "Mädchenberg," by Clarence Lucas, instinct with grace and refined sentiment. She has a fine voice, which she may injure if she sings too many songs with such a high tessitura as that of Massenet's.

On Monday a familiar program was gone through, and if there was not much to praise, there was no special censure. The playing was correct, if somewhat dull. Mozart's Quintet in C major lacked finish, and Brahms' Quartet in G minor lacked animation; but Madame Soldat, who was less satisfactory as leader than she had been on Saturday, gave an intelligent reading of Beethoven's Romance in F, and Mr. Lamond offered a coldly classical one of his "Pathetic" sonata, op. 110. To an imaginative mind there is an interrogative accent in this most beautiful work. And there is no answer. Beethoven might have been questioning himself about the future, not with harassed

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anxiety, only with contemplative curiosity, and at the same time casting a retrospective glance at what he had already accomplished. The tranquillity of the music suggests that he is content to leave the answer till the day shall declare it. That Mr. Lamond played the sonata with a subdued expression is certainly to his credit, but he did not precisely invest it with the charm I expected. Miss Louise Phillips sang, and was more successful with two of Stanford's Irish songs than with Bach.

Georg Liebling's piano recital on the 2d inst. in St. James' Hall, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, was a big success. This artist of the very first rank aroused the greatest enthusiasm from a large audience, who insisted on his giving three encores. The opening number of an exceedingly interesting program, Beethoven's "Andante Favorsi," proved Herr Liebling to be highly artistic in his reading of Beethoven's scores, and gave abundant evidence of his classical playing of classical music. Chopin's "Andante Spianato e Polonaise," I have never heard given in more perfect style, the andante being displayed with all the sweetness and charm that Chopin himself could have wished, Herr Liebling's exquisitely delicate touch bringing out to perfection all the dainty cadenzas.

The Polonaise requires the greatest elegance, crispness, delicacy, sentiment, poetry, and last, but not least, technic—but technic in the best sense—all of which qualities Herr Liebling possesses. That enormously difficult piece, Schubert's "Wanderer Fantaisie," op. 15, seemed to be the pièce de résistance of the afternoon. Herr Liebling played the first movement in monumental style. The song of that celebrated melody in the second movement flowed from this artist's fingers as though sung by a beautiful voice. In the third movement his original phrasing and pedal effects delighted the hearer by their artistic delivery. In the last movement he was like a lion, and, displaying all the force and vigor born of a deep temperament, awoke immense enthusiasm on the part of the public, who would not cease the applause until Herr Liebling—who seemed as fresh at the end as at the beginning—returned to give as an encore Schubert-Liszt's "Hark, Hark, the Lark." In the first transcription of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges," by Liszt, the Schumann-Liszt "Widmung," Schubert's "Leise Flehen Meine Lieder" and Chopin's "Madchen's Wunsch," the player showed the different styles of these composers to the best advantage, again arousing hearty applause, which resulted in a most poetic rendering of Chopin's Valse in C sharp minor. Herr Liebling closed the program with Liszt's "Hexameron"—a remarkable piece of its kind. It was composed for an occasion when the Princess Belgiozoz arranged a charity concert, and Liszt asked five of his best colleagues to write a variation on Bellini's "March of the Puritans." Liszt himself composed the introduction, one of the variations and the finale, and these, together with the others, he arranged into one whole. This piece is one of the most difficult ever written for the piano. I doubt if it could have been better played than by Herr Liebling, who surpassed himself and proved his extraordinary executive skill and power. After repeated recalls

he gave Brassin's Nocturne. The audience must have left the hall with the impression that they had assisted at the concert of a great pianist.

Decidedly the most promising of our embryo English pianist is Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, who has been studying at the Royal College of Music for some time, and who displayed distinct promise at her recital on Thursday. Her execution has not only fluency, but charm. Her touch is clear, sympathetic, and her musical feeling is altogether remarkable in one so young. A tendency to make her bass too powerful and a mannered way of lifting her hands, which to most people looks affected, are faults to be carefully guarded against, and her staccato needs a great deal of attention. Time, experience and devoted study of the great composers—not always at the piano—abstention from playing publicly for several years and the systematic pursuit of general culture ought to make this fortunate young lady an honor to British music. I hope, too, she will avoid any waste of time on composers of the firework order, sticking to her Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and in ten years' time her playing will be as moving as to-day it is pleasing. Her best efforts were Brahms' Rhapsody in B minor, Schumann's "Abends" and a most effective study by Zaremisky.

Signor Busoni gave his fourth recital Friday, the program being for the most part unhackneyed, and the interpretation excellent. No distortions of Bach were presented, and I need not have stayed to hear Liszt's "Don Juan," a piece which ought never to have been composed, and which should never be played, except privately, as an exercise of agility. I do not expect ever to hear Brahms-Händel variations better played. They bristle with points where a second-rate pianist would strive to make "effects," and Busoni played them as if he had no one listening except the composer. Chopin's B flat minor sonata was after the Rubinstein model, but he failed, as all others have failed, to give the whirling rush to the scales in sixths that I have vainly listened for since Rubinstein died. Beethoven's delicious "Eccossaises," Schubert's Fourth Impromptu and Schumann's Allegro Variations and his toccata, each played to perfection, completed this admirable exhibition of thought and skill.

An audience very similar to that which attends the ballad concerts, and finds such satisfaction in hand clapping and umbrella thumping, thronged St. James' Hall at Messrs. Ross and Moore's second concert on the 18th inst., when there was a happy absence of such horrors as the travesties of Chopin's preludes and studies, which were brought out by these accomplished pianists on a former occasion. It is true that Rubinstein's staccato study, tortured as to be almost unrecognizable, again disfigured the program; but a beautiful Mozart sonata, Brahms' Walzer, arranged by himself years ago for Frau Tausig, and an effective duet by Sinding showed that Messrs. Ross and Moore could play worthy music quite as well as the ridiculous arrangements which I deplore. Their precision is certainly astonishing, and their light, nimble fingers produce pianissimo akin to those which M. Lamoureux beguiles from the Queen's Hall orchestra.

Prodigies, like the poor, are always with us. The latest

of these is Miss Muriel Mustard, who does not look more than six or seven years old. Perhaps "prodigy" is not the word for her, but she is certainly precocious, and may do well hereafter if wisely guided.

Frederic Lamond and Hugo Heinz gave a piano and vocal recital in Queen's (small) Hall. Perhaps the best item of the former was Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, op. 53, and of the latter Richard Strauss' "Standchen."

Mme. Teresa Tosti, assisted by Herr Rudolf Panzer, made her first appearance in Steinway Hall on Wednesday, the 17th inst.

She has a pleasant contralto, which she uses after the French style, but with an Italian smoothness of production. Her selection of songs was for the most part admirable, including a delicious air from Glück's "Pilgrims of Mecca," and a Swedish song that reminded one of Nilsson's days. "Il Segreto" and Proch's Variations seemed a little incongruous after Jensen, Schubert and Brahms. Herr Panzer is less sympathetic as a pianist than brilliant, and he was rather deafening at times on his magnificent Steinway.

St. Andrew's Day was celebrated as usual with great enthusiasm in many parts of London, and the patron saint of Scotland had certainly nothing to complain of in the matter of attention. In Albert Hall the concert opened with the "Cock of the North," played by the pipers of the Scots Guards, in honor of the "gallant Gordons." The band also played the "Montrose" of Sir H. Bishop, "Scotia" fantasia, by Wilson, and accompanied the chorus "Duncan Gray" and "Auld Lang Syne," with which the concert closed. The artists included Miss Grace Oakley, who has a sweet and pure soprano, though she sang sharp now and then in "Ye Banks and Braes," probably owing to nervousness; Mme. Clara Samuël, who sang "Auld Robin Gray" with much taste, and Mme. Belle Cole, who gave a most sympathetic reading both of "Annie Laurie" and "Loch Lomond." Mme. Alice Gomez sang an old Scottish melody, "Down the Burn, Davie," and Miss Lucy Clarke was recalled five times after singing "Angus Macdonald." The other artists were Watkin-Mills, Ivor McKay and Dalgety Henderson. W. Carter's choir acquitted themselves well in the part songs and choruses.

In St. James' Hall and Queen's Hall enthusiasm ran high, the chief attraction at the latter being the Glasgow Select Choir, which came specially from Scotland. Miss Macdougall and Andrew Black were the principal vocalists. Mr. Santley appeared at St. James' Hall, and a young mezzo-soprano from Glasgow, Miss Helen Mainds, made her London debut. The Crystal Palace program included Sir A. C. Mackenzie's First Scotch Rhapsodie, Oakley's "Edinburgh" and the Intermezzo from Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony. In honor of the day, humorous and sentimental Scotch songs found a place in the program of the Moore & Burgess Minstrels.

Old World music, presented by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and those associated with him, was the principal attraction at the London ballad concert last Wednesday. The performers were dressed in Louis XV. costumes, which undoubtedly heightened the effect, and rendered their num-

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bers more popular; but Queen's Hall is too large for the virginal, the viol da gamba, and the harpsichord, none of the old instruments having sufficient volume of tone to satisfy our ears, accustomed as we are to the modern piano. The earnestness and skill of the performers, however, enabled them to charm the large audience. Miss Dolmetsch played two pieces for the viol da gamba by Christopher Simpson (1659), and his French rival, Marin Marais, who was performer to King Louis XIV. The former composition, "Divisions on a Ground Bass," is very quaint. The variations (called "divisions") are given on the principal instrument, while the accompanying harpsichord constantly repeats the original phrase; an elaborate fugue-like effect is thus cleverly achieved. It is interesting to observe how much more careful of form the olden-time musicians were, and how little freedom was allowed for the expression of the passions. Mr. Jack Robertson sang a charming setting, by an anonymous composer (1600), to Shakespeare's words, "Oh, Mistress Mine," accompanied by the viola and virginal. A pastoral dialogue between a nymph and shepherd (John Jenkins, 1659), sung by Mrs. Bertha Moore and Charles Copland, was also pretty. The composition by King Henry VIII. for three voices, accompanied by two violas and virginal, was quaint and full of interest, reflecting the musical capabilities of the royal composer. The manuscript of this part song is in the British Museum. Arnold Dolmetsch has done a useful work for musicians in bringing the music of the past so favorably to our knowledge.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi's recital might more appropriately have been announced as Mr. Kruse's violin recital, for that gentleman spent more time on the platform, I think, than the lady. Of course he played Spohr's Adagio, which some people think is the only piece he knows, so invariably does he play it; equally, of course, he sought to damp the spirits of the audience with Tchaikovsky's "Melancholy Serenade," and wound up with Joachim's "Romance" and Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo." While Mr. Kruse was resting Madame Marchesi sang, Henry Bird alone being granted no respite from his delightful labors. Clever and successful as Madame Marchesi is she naturally has her detractors, who accuse her of almost every vocal crime. So many times have I defended her against the attacks of the envious or the hypercritical, that it is with something like a shock that I observed in her on Tuesday certain tendencies toward artificiality and a suspicion of shallowness. Hitherto I must have been so fortunate as to hear her always at her best, and this perhaps she was not the other day. Brahms' "Der Tod dast ist die Kühle Nacht" and "Am Sonntag Morgen" were not sung with absolute sincerity, and Scarlatti's "Rudiadose" needs other qualities besides fluency and archness. Madame Marchesi was much happier with her group of French songs, Massenet's "Vierge Marie," Saint-Saëns' "Le Cloche," and Bemberg's "Venetian Song." New to me was Blumenthal's setting of Mrs. Browning's "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep." The composer of "The Requitel" would have done better had he not left Miss Adelaide Proctor, her genius being of nearer kin to his own than Mrs. Browning's. It is needless to say that a large audience was present. As I left the hall it was clamoring for an encore after the "Erking." So great is our delight in an anti-climax. F. V. ATWATER.

Sam Franko's Engagement.

Sam Franko is not only at present the conductor of the orchestra of the Lyceum Theatre, but also conducts the chorus at the Ethical Culture Society's Sunday exercises. The American Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Franko's direction, will probably give performances this season.



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The Heinrich Meyn Recital.

THE musical appetite bade fair to be surfeited with excess of melody on Tuesday last. So many concert-givers seemed to have selected that evening for recitals, instrumental and vocal, that every available hall in New York was in use, although even the smallest was not filled, for only ardent music lovers braved the downpour of rain, which amounted to a deluge.

The Assembly Hall of the Presbyterian Building boasted a discriminating and very fashionable audience at the song recital given by Heinrich Meyn, the well-known baritone. The following program was given:

Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves.....	Händel
Love Me or Not.....	Secchi (1617)
My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose.....	Frank S. Hastings
(Written for Mr. Meyn.)	
Ashes of Roses.....	Knight-Wood
Hast Thou Forgotten.....	Bartlett
(Written for Mr. Meyn.)	
Heinrich Meyn.	
Prélude.....	Bachmaninoff
Impromptu.....	Chopin
Novelette.....	Schumann
Howard F. Peirce.	
Todessehnen.....	Brahms
Willkommen mein Wald.....	Franz
Stille Thränen.....	Schumann
Geheimniss.....	Schubert
Heinrich der Vogler.....	Löwe
Heinrich Meyn.	
L'Alouette.....	Glinka-Balakireff
Tarantella, Napoli.....	Liszt
Howard F. Peirce.	
Marine.....	Lalo
Pauvre fous.....	Tagliafico
Marquise.....	Massenet
O tu Palermo, from Vesper Siciliani.....	Verdi
Heinrich Meyn.	

Mr. Meyn was in splendid form. His voice is resonant and of brilliant timbre. Of the first group of English songs, "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," by Händel, and "Love Me or Not," by Secchi (1617), were undoubtedly the best. He gave them with classic breadth and excellent phrasing. "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose," by Frank S. Hastings, a charming little ballad, itself as sweet and dainty as a rose, was vigorously handled. With the exception of the Brahms "Todessehnen," the German group was the most satisfactory. These he sings in the right spirit, with perfect comprehension of their requirements.

The last group consisted of three songs in French and one in Italian. "Marquise," by Massenet, replete with French color, and as dainty as a Gruze picture, is supposed to be sung while a minuet is being danced.

The pianist, Howard Forrer Peirce, played his several selections very correctly and with brilliancy of technic, but his interpretations are rather colorless. The "Tarantella" (Napoli), by Liszt, was his best number. His personality is very pleasing, and he is certainly an excellent pianist.

An Ogden-Crane Pupil.

The *Society Times*, of recent date, has a handsome picture of Miss Madeline Burdett, as a frontispiece, with this comment:

Miss Madeline Burdett, whose portrait graces the first page of my present number, is a prize pupil of Mme. Ogden-Crane, with whom she studied three years. She has a well-placed soprano voice, of good power and particular sweetness, and her method of singing is the Italian—a method to which Mme. Ogden-Crane traces her own success as a teacher, and that of her pupils as singers. Miss Burdett, who is a native of Canada, has been decidedly successful as a singer in a semi-professional way, having filled numerous engagements during the past twelve-month, especially with the Irving Company; however, she will make what she considers her professional debut at Keith's on December 20th, and continue over the circuit. She will make use of three songs, "Sweetest Dream of Old," dedicated to her; "Happy Old School Days," and Patti's waltz song.

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Again the Vocal Art.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

I READ with great satisfaction in a recent issue of THE COURIER an article on "The Vocal Art" by Edmund J. Myer, which, according to my opinion, is undoubtedly the most true article on the subject which appeared in your columns so far.

It was quite a relief, after the tiresome "Babylonian Theory Guesswork," to read an article on the above mentioned subject which breathes common sense and good judgment, based on practical experience. Mr. Myer is perfectly right in his statement that there is nowadays less difference of opinion among the better teachers in regard to fundamental principles than ever before.

I go still further, that among the better teachers could never exist any difference of opinion in regard to fundamental principles. Our modern so-called scientists, with their misleading theory, could never cause them to part from the fundamental principles which the old masters have outlined.

Dr. Muckey treats the vocal art from a throat specialist's standpoint, while Mr. Myer represents the practical experienced vocalist's view. I refer all those who are interested on this subject to our present artists, who are the most competent living proofs, to pass their opinion, whether they agree with the modern scientists or with Mr. Myer's statement. Mr. Myer deals with simple facts, and appeals to common sense and good judgment with more positiveness than a foolish mass of writing (as Dr. Muckey says in THE COURIER of the 24th ult.). Mr. Myer's book doesn't need to be advertised, because it advertises itself.

If I want to have my throat treated I will go to the throat specialist, but when I want to improve my voice I shall go to a practical vocal teacher. MAX DECEL.

Circulars and Pamphlets.

THE artistic cuts, half-tones and reproductions of the photographs and portraits published in this paper are known to the whole musical profession. These are printed, together with this paper, by the Blumenberg Press, 214 William street, which is prepared to print the most artistic kind of circulars and pamphlets and catalogues for musicians or others.

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At the meeting in Delaware, Ohio, of the Ohio Music Teachers during the holidays, Mr. Peirce, the rising young pianist, will play a program of modern Russian compositions. During the same week he will give a concert in Dayton, in conjunction with Signor Tirindelli, the well-known violinist, and Miss Marie Schwill, the gifted contralto. He is also engaged by the Oxford Female College for a recital on January 8.

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BUFFALO, N. Y., December 7, 1897.

BUFFALO has just had a gala week musically. Madame Sembrich was here Tuesday, November 30; the Orpheus gave the first of this season's concerts, Monday, November 29; the second of the Symphony Orchestra concerts was given Thursday, December 2. Of Madame Sembrich's singing there is but one opinion, and that of course is corroborative of the pronounced opinion of musicians elsewhere. Such absolutely beautiful singing I had never heard before. I regret to add that the size of the audience was disgracefully small.

The enthusiasm for this wonderful singer, however, was unbounded enough for an audience of thousands.

Of Madame Sembrich's company, Gogorza, the baritone, made a favorable impression, as did also Mr. Lavin. Signor Bevignani, as accompanist, commanded the admiration of all.

The Orpheus, John Lund director, presented the following program, with the assistance of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, soloist:

Overture, Ruy Blas.....Seyffardt
Aria, from Samson and Delila.....Saint-Saëns
Mrs. Wyman.

Aragonaire.....
Aubade..... } from Le Cid.....Massenet
Navarraise.....
Rudolf von Werdenberg.....Hegar
Am Bach.....Lund
Orchestra.

Sontagsmorgen.....Attenhofer
Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald.....Strauss
Ständchen.....Leu
Lieder I, Romanze.....Holmes
Rosenlied.....
Wienlied..... } Jessie L. Gaynor
Lied der Rose.....
Bon Soir Mignonne.....Lacome
Dein Name.....Mary Knight Wood
Mrs. Wyman.

Sailors' Chorus, from The Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
Miss Marie F. McConnell, accompanist.

The concert was excellent. The Orpheus, under Mr. Lund's direction, has attained such a degree of proficiency that we simply expect the best kind of a concert, and get it, although we often listen amazed at the remarkable results obtained from a body of singers recruited in the same way as other societies, but showing such superior artistic possibilities. All the orchestral numbers were pleasing. Mr. Lund's "Am Bach," played by request, received anew the heartiest indications of the audience's favor and pleasure.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, the soloist, is not altogether unknown in Buffalo. She sang here a few seasons ago, and each time she made new friends and charmed again her old ones. At this concert she was in excellent form and sang better than ever. Her voice is very lovely, and her interpretations all that the most exacting could desire.

I understand that the Twentieth Century Club has been very desirous of engaging Mrs. Wyman for the next of its

musicales. Unfortunately for the club, she had another engagement for the date. But it is probable that she will sing again here later in the season.

The second of our orchestra concerts was given December 2 in Music Hall, under the direction of John Lund. Antoinette Trebelli was the soloist. The program read:

Overture, William Tell.....Rossini
Aria from Semiramide, Bel Raggio.....
Miss Trebelli.

Indian Suite.....MacDowell
Symphonic poem, Les Preludes.....Liszt
Polonaise from Mignon.....Thomas
Miss Trebelli.

Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Weingartner

MacDowell's Indian Suite was the novelty. The opinion of the musicale was unanimous as to its beauty, originality and artistic treatment. It was beautifully played, and its interpretation would, I believe, have thoroughly satisfied the composer had he been present.

Mr. Lund has an admirable quality which all conductors should possess, but which is his to a special extent—that of entering heartily into the spirit of the composition he is directing. He is sufficiently versatile to be able to do this with entire satisfaction to those who are most critical of his readings.

The "William Tell" overture was the nearest approach to the "popular" that we have had on a symphony program. It delighted the audience, who insisted on a repetition. Equally well pleased was everyone with the playing of the Liszt "Les Preludes," however.

Miss Trebelli, the soloist, was received with decided favor at both the matinee and evening performance. She was recalled many times and obliged to sing two encores. The beautiful quality of her voice, its flexibility in coloratura passages, and her pleasing, unaffected personality could hardly fall to impress favorably.

The Buffalo Saengerbund, directed by Mr. Henry Jacobsen, gave its first concert for the season Monday, December 6, at German-American Hall. I was not present, but I have heard many flattering comments on Mr. Jacobsen's work for the evening.

The program read:

Hymn to Music.....Bieleter
Chorus and orchestra.
Walther's Prize Song.....Wagner
Mr. Elliott.

Spottlied aus Finland.....Spicker
Singe, du Vöglein, singe.....Baldamus
Male chorus.

Herzwunden.....Schubert
Der Frühling.....Grieg
String orchestra.

Im Freien.....Kollner
Male chorus.

The Violet.....Jacobsen
Spring.....Weill
Mr. Elliott.

Hast soll'n a Glockert wer'n.....Isenmann
Frau Wirthin Schenk ein.....Jacobsen
Male chorus and orchestra.

In Erinnerung an L. R.....Jacobsen
Du Mühle.....Raff
String orchestra.

Das Lied.....Baldamus
Mr. Elliott, male chorus and orchestra.

George Whelpton has resigned his position as director of Lafayette Church, a position he has held fifteen years.

Miss Harriet Hibbard has been engaged as music critic of the Buffalo Commercial.

Miss Alice Whelpton, Mr. Otto Malm and Mr. Richard Fricke will give four chamber music concerts this season. The first will be given at Mrs. Curtiss' home on West Ferry street.

An artistic performance was given here recently at the Holy Angels' Academy under the direction of Miss Cronyn.

The program was presented by a number of young women who possess good voices and sing musically. They are fortunate in being under the musical direction of Miss Cronyn, who is a genuine artist.

DECEMBER 17, 1897.

Louis Adolf Coerne, formerly director of the Liedertafel and the Church of the Messiah, was married last Tuesday evening to Miss Adele Thurton. The service was performed in Ascension Church with a full choral service. Mr. Coerne composed all the music sung and played, thus making the service doubly interesting. Congratulations and best wishes are extended.

The Banda Rossa gave three concerts here last Tuesday and Wednesday. The Italian contingent turned out in force to do honor to their compatriots. The band gave fine concerts, and the excellence of its performance was duly appreciated. Little Miss Stubenrauch was a great favorite. The band will come here again next Sunday evening, and I am sure the success of Tuesday will be repeated.

The third of the symphony concerts was given yesterday under John Lund's direction, with this program:

Symphony No. 4, in G major.....Dvorák
Le Captive.....Berlioz
Bolero.....Thomé

Miss Marguerite Hall.
From Suite Nour et Anitra.....Iljensky
Gnomes. Berceuse.
Dance of the Fairies. Orgies.

Dreams.....Wagner
Who is Sylvia?.....Schubert
The Erlking.....

Miss Hall.

Overture, Robespierre.....Litoff

The Iljensky suite was the novelty, and its playing was so pleasing that two of the numbers were redemanded. I have only praise to give for the performance of the entire program. There is so much progress evident at each successive concert that patrons are more than delighted with the Buffalo orchestra. They are proud of it. Where each number was so well played, it is needless to go into detail, but I must make an exception in favor of "Dreams," which received an ideal interpretation. I do not remember ever hearing a more beautiful performance of it, although it has appeared as a program number for several visiting orchestras.

Miss Hall was the soloist. She has sung here before, and she has many friends and admirers. Particularly admirable was her singing of Berlioz's "Le Captive." She is a sincere artist, and one whose singing appeals to the discriminating musician. Her voice has grown much larger since her last appearance here, while it retains its mellow smooth qualities.

It is reported that Seidl is to come here again later in the season, also that Madame Sembrich will be brought here for a return engagement.

Mrs. Robbins, violinist, Miss Tyrrell, soprano, and Mrs. Mickle, pianist, gave a pleasant entertainment in North Church parlors a week ago.

The soloists at the concert given in St. Paul's Church, last week were, Miss Bernhardt, Miss Krause, Miss Fernow, Federlein Kilhoffer, Raymond O. Riester.

The Permanent Opera Club, of which W. J. Sheahan is the director, will give three performances of "The Chimes of Normandy" in January. Report says the club is doing excellent work.

OBSERVER.

Rome.

Preparations are being made to celebrate on January 13, 1898, the bi-centenary of the birth of Pietro Metastasio. Metastasio, as poet for the stage, played an important part in the development of opera.

"Mme. Beumer confirmed the impression of her artistic powers gained at her previous appearance; namely, that she is a brilliant and accomplished coloratura singer."—*New York Tribune*, Nov. 10, 1897.



"Mme. Beumer is undoubtedly a well schooled and experienced singer, and she was heartily applauded and recalled."—*New York Herald*, Nov. 10, 1897.

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This feature of operatic instruction, which does not exist elsewhere in Paris, will be of inestimable value to American students, as it will, besides giving them the necessary practice so essential, bring them directly in contact with the French dramatic spirit and action so indispensable in the art.

Even pupils of teachers who already unite acting with their vocal instruction will be materially aided by constant acting with people out of their immediate circle. Many well prepared débutants fail ignominiously on this account. Not accustomed to strangers in the caste, they become frightened, action is paralyzed and they can do themselves no sort of justice.

There need be no fear among professors that harm shall be done their pupils in this supplemental department, as persons of authority and position are engaged as professors. M. Fournets, of the Grand Opéra, has consented to be director-general of the school. M. Jules Algier, an Italian of artistic distinction, who has been educated in the Milan and Paris conservatories and has had much experience as chef d'orchestre and as teacher, has charge of the musical direction. M. Davrigny, of the Comédie Française, has charge of the department of comedy and theatre and of the diction. There will be also a master of operatic mise-en-scène in addition.

This gives to Americans the opportunity so long desired. It is for them now to make the most of it. Members of the acting class are surrounded by the very best elements to be found in the city of Paris, the Institut Polytechnique being the elite centre of refinement, taste, culture, and being essentially French.

Lectures on various interesting subjects are daily given at the Institut by the best French authorities. Philosophy, art decorative, literature, ancient and modern, physical education, music, painting, &c., are among the subjects. Languages are practically taught. Special classes or private lessons for strangers, if desired. Constant public performances. See address card, page 3.

Shannah Cummings.

The oratorio soprano Shannah Cummings sings at Mendelssohn Hall on January 13.

Grace Preston in Denver.

The charming young contralto Miss Grace Preston, who is en route with the Madame Nordica Concert Company, sang last week in Denver. Following are some criticisms:

The remainder of the company are all first-class artists. Most prominent among them is Miss Grace Preston, a young contralto of great promise. She sang "Amour Vienus Aider," by Saint-Saëns. "Loch Lomond," a Scotch ballad, and "Love Me or Not," Secchi. Her voice is very sympathetic, and her tones in the lower register are full, rich and pure, with a freshness not as yet marred by too constant use of her vocal organ.—Denver Times.

Next there appeared Grace Preston, a contralto singer with a wonderful voice, liquid, reverberating and of unusual power, who sang Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" in such splendid fashion that the people assembled forgot about the coming of the queen of song and demanded an encore.—Denver Republican.

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Notice.

MESSRS. LANGE & MINTON, Burlington, Ia., piano dealers, notify us that one Frank Slade Olver, a pianist, organist and teacher, has been doing things in their vicinity that demand condemnation. Parties interested should inquire of Lange & Minton. Our own experiences with Olver seem to confirm the opinions expressed by the Burlington piano men.

Musical Art Society Concert.

SUGGESTIONS of Christmas pervaded the concert of the Musical Art Society. Trees to the back of them, trees to the left of them, trees to the right of them, wreaths and festoons and a star behind them and suspended in front, above them, a big ball of roses—such were some of the decorations amid which stood the fifty or more men and women who compose this recent addition to private musical enterprises. There was a timely Christmas suggestion in the opening numbers of the program, too—three songs of worship of the Virgin Mary by composers of the sixteenth century, and in the songs of Herzogenberg and Praetorius. Of the first group, the third song, by Arcadelt, a pure and unaffected composition, charming even to modern taste, was well sung, with fine shading, and was repeated in answer to enthusiastic demand.

Brahms' "Liebeslied Waltzer," though, deserved the highest commendation. These gems of modern musical art were worthily presented. It is probable that many in the audience not familiar with them may have wondered, in hearing the melodious nature of these songs, the varied but not too intricate harmonies and the definite waltz form in which they are set, why Brahms can be ever condemned as dry and austere. Brahms, so musical America begins to realize, does not always stand upon unattainable heights. In many other compositions besides these he shows the lightness of touch which is "crowning test of power." The piano part of these waltzes were played by Victor Beiel and Henry Waller, and the ensemble, though leaning toward a little too much delicacy, showed the result of careful rehearsing. "Die Nachtigall" and "Schloffer auf" were specially well interpreted.

Ysaye, perhaps inspired by his surroundings and the appreciation of a truly musical as well as fashionable audience, played divinely—from the simplicity and classic restraint of the old-time Handel sonata to the fiery freedom of the Wieniawski "Scherzo Tarantelle" and the brilliant encore afterward, a mazurka by Zaretsky, played in answer to six recalls. He also played two other solos in the group ending with the "Tarantelle"—his own arrangement of a composition by Rode and an aria from the Vieuxtemps suite. His encore after the Handel sonata was a romance by Beethoven. The two Russian songs which closed the program, by Gretschimoff, a little known young composer, displayed characteristics with which we have become familiar in Russian music, but no marked originality. The second was of interest as an example of the Russian dance or pantomime song.

Oratorio Society Performance.

The annual Christmas performance of "The Messiah" by the Oratorio Society of New York will take place Wednesday afternoon, December 29, and Thursday evening, December 30. Clementine De Vere, Mrs. Carl Alves, Messrs. Van Hoose and Raines are the soloists. Mr. Raines sings "The Messiah" in Boston with the Handel and Haydn Society prior to his New York debut.

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Federation of Women's Musical Clubs.

Editor The Musical Courier:

WILL you kindly permit a few words more on the subject of Federation of Women's Musical Clubs? The entire absence of capital letters in speaking of the Amateur Club in an article on the federation in your Chicago columns some weeks ago must be responsible for calling forth a defense of the movement. Had the writer of that article shown plainly "The Amateur Club of Chicago" was its subject and not amateur clubs as components parts of the Federation, the grave error of attempting to interfere among musicians in a far away city would never have been committed.

It was far from the intention to arouse animosity or expose deplorable conditions, if such exist, but only to defend a worthy movement against grievous charges, which might act as too early frost to nip the bud ere sufficient strength is gained to withstand the blight.

The Amateur Club of Chicago may have its faults; the leaders may make mistakes. The same faults may be seen and recognized in other clubs. But do not let the women's clubs severely alone, rather give them wise and sympathetic criticism, which will act as a stimulus toward establishing a spirit of courtesy 'twixt artist and club.

The aim of the Federation is too noble to permit of its being used to any great extent for ignoble purpose, such as the advertisement of "a method, a mechanical contrivance, or any other catchpenny claptrap." Composed, as it must be, of clubs whose members have survived petty difficulties of all descriptions known to the musical mind, and still able to look back upon a steady progress through ten, twenty, yes, twenty-eight years, the federation is bound to rise above such situations and find its level.

Made up undoubtedly of women of musical temperaments, its first movements may seem a trifle smoky and a spray of cold water may do it good, but the fog will clear and the dawn seem brighter for the early obscurity.

One final word is imperative. The Chicago correspondent confuses her position as critic from that city with the entire staff of your paper in her zeal to release herself from the accusation of professional jealousy. The defense is not necessary, since it was not the intention to convey such meaning, but to deplore the fact that contentions of this nature within club limits often cause doubts as to the usefulness of musical clubs. It would require courage, indeed, to make such accusation against THE MUSICAL COURIER, a recognized authority among musical publications, especially in its own columns.

Thanking you for your kindness in bringing the subject of the Federation before your readers, I am,

Sincerely, MRS. CHARLES VIRGIL.

The Barber Musicals.

The second of the series of Monday afternoon musicals at the Majestic Hotel was given on December 13 by William H. Barber, assisted by Henri Ern, violinist. It was anything but enjoyable—in fact it was a distinct disappointment. Three of the artists announced on the program, Madame Giulia Valda, Henry Schradieck and Signor de Macchi, were unable to appear, and as a consequence apologies were in order. A large number of the fashionable people who were present left after the first number, and those who remained wished they had been wise enough to have followed. With the exception of the piano selections of Mr. Barber, there was nothing of musical worth to record.

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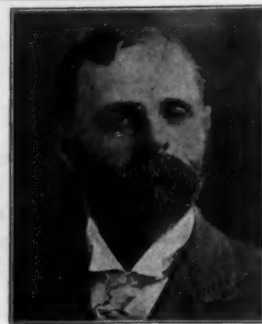
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Manuscript Society Concert.

THOSE who value the development of musical interests in America will appreciate the fact that the concert on Wednesday evening last at Chickering Hall was one of the most interesting and successful yet given by the Manuscript Society. The atmosphere of encouragement which the society throws about the young composers is not a mantle of charity used to cloak a multitude of musical sins, but a mantle of protection to keep away that chill of non-sympathy which checks and discourages many a young composer and often retards the progress of one who is older. At the public and private concerts there is plenty of criticism, since many of the ablest musicians are members and they are not false to their colors. To quote what THE MUSICAL COURIER has said before: "The Manuscript Society is not a kindergarten for beginners."

No question seemed to arise on Thursday evening as to the general merit of H. K. Hadley's symphony in F. By his bold grasp of leading motives and the harmonious treatment of them so as to express the governing impulses of humanity the young composer shows vitality which promises well for the future. His faults are those natural to lack of experience in composition. He has chosen to construct his symphony upon heroic lines. He calls it a symphony of youth and life.

To his ambitious scheme of construction the motto taken by George Gray Barnard, the young sculptor, for that statue of heroic size now awaiting the city's decision as to a site, might well apply: "I feel two natures struggling within me." Mr. Hadley, too, presents the warring of Good and Evil in humanity. The Evil motive appears in the first movement, given out firmly by the trombones, and after a few bars of instrumentation it is interrupted by the cheerful theme of the allegro, the Good motive. The two main subjects alternate and clash throughout the symphony, fragments of them being treated expressively here and there to indicate varying passions. One good effect is in the second movement. After an andante expressing despair and ending with a death knell, the notes of the angelus ring out beneath the muted strings and from here on to the ending of the movement the orchestration is excellent, a Wagnerian treatment of the 'cello passages adding a touch of elegance to the close. Some crudity in transitional passages was evident in the third movement and in the management of irregular rhythms, but as a whole the movement was instinct with joyous life and well expressed youthful abandon and light heartedness. The allegro con moto in sonata form indicated Mr. Hadley's present limitations. One beautiful passage may be noted; it is given to the strings and about it circle charming woodwind arabesques. It is evidently intended (without consultation with the composer it is not safe to assert positively what is intended) for the entrance of love into the midst of new thoughts and aspirations. The young composer was recalled several times at the end. Spontaneous applause also followed the second movement.

Platon Brounoff's overture, "Russia," however, was decidedly the most interesting number on the program. Musically speaking Mr. Hadley's symphony was valuable for its promise, Mr. Brounoff's overture for its fulfilment of the composer's intention. The overture depicts, so the composer explains, the transition from slavery to freedom in Russia in the time of Alexander II., who freed the serfs in 1861. This gives opportunity for use of contrasting themes, an opportunity which the composer takes advantage of harmonically and rhythmically. The orchestration is very modern, reminding of Berlioz and Rubinstein, toward whose coloring Brounoff strongly inclines. The suppressed energy of the first portion, the fine sombre chords of the Russian chant or hymn, opening out into delightful harmonic clearness, the lively dance, the expressions of wonder and the gradual admixture of joy, dominating finally even the last fragment of the sombre opening theme, are some of the distinct characteristics

that leave an impression of musical pleasure. The orchestral devices by which the local color is preserved belong to another story, which musicians who hear can read for themselves.

Another composition of more than passing interest was that of Ad. M. Foerster, of Pittsburg, "Hero and Leander," an aria. It was sung by Miss Amanda Vierheller. Knowledge of vocal requirements and dramatic effects were displayed in the composition, but were not brought out so well as they might have been by the singer, who seemed to suffer from nervousness in the first part. Even when she recovered self control her voice was not equal to the full demands of the composition. But from the words "No Western odors wander" to the climax of passionate intreaty, "Go not yet," the music was sufficiently beautiful and the interpretation sufficiently worthy to hush severe criticism. Two other compositions were given: a dreamy rhapsodie for string orchestra, harp and horn, by Ernest Lent, of Washington, which belongs to the formless, sensuous type of modern music, and in which fluency could not conceal the lack of originality, and a "Sardanapalus" overture by E. K. Kroeger, of St. Louis, in which the composer missed some of his chances, and was equal to embracing others. It was divided into four scenes, and was suggested by Byron's tragedy. It began with a good strong theme, and showed in the fourth scene some vigorous modulation. In the final "fire scene" some reminiscences of "Loki" were apparent. The repetition of the main motive, however, against a tremulous background and the reversion of the theme and the interruptions were well managed.

As a whole the concert added testimony to the general worthiness of American composers. The society was assisted by the Seidl Orchestra.

New Russian Music.

"Russkija Pjesni" is the title of a newly published volume of piano music comprising Russian popular and national airs. The Russian people possess a very great treasure of melodies, which are scattered among their serious songs, or, more often, in their merry, dance-like *Lieder*. They are melodies of a peculiar stamp, original and charming in intonation and rhythm. Richard Kleinmichel, the editor of the volume in question, has strung together these pearls of melody, which often consist of only a few bars, and issued them in the form of characteristic piano pieces. He has done this so skillfully that his pieces make the impression of having been written directly for the piano. The volume will be as popular as his previous collections of Spanish, Italian and Hungarian airs.

King Frederick and the Abbot.

Frederick the Great, in the Seven Years' War, was hotly pursued by some Austrian Pandours, but succeeded in reaching a convent, where the abbot concealed him. The king never forgot the abbot, and whenever he passed the convent the abbot came out and gave him a cup of welcome. As he handed the cup back Frederick used to ask, "Have you any wish?" "None," replied the abbot, "but to retain your majesty's favor."

The old abbot died, and his successor followed his example and offered him a cup of welcome as he passed. "Have you any wish?" said the king. "Please your majesty," was the reply, "one of the brethren, our tenor, is just dead. Will your majesty graciously send us another?" "Yes, yes," said the king, "I'll send you one from Landshut." Landshut was the stud farm where mules for the army were bred. The abbot, unaware of this fact, replied, "Your majesty is very gracious, and to perpetuate the memory of your majesty's kindness we shall call the new tenor *Friedericus Secundus*." The king stared at him speechlessly, and cried out, "Coachman, drive on!" but he was heard muttering, "This comes of making stupid jokes."

The Jeanne Franko Trio Concert.

THE following program was presented by the Jeanne Franko Trio, at its third chamber music concert in Chickering Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 14, to a small but appreciative audience.

Trio, C minor, op. 8. Foote
The Jeanne Franko Trio.

Les Saisons. Massé
Miss Mae Cressy.

Trio, A minor, op. 45. Scharwenka
Jeanne Franko, Hans Kronold, and the composer.

The most important number was the Trio in A minor (op. 45) by Xavier Scharwenka, the composer himself presiding at the piano. In this work Madame Franko and Hans Kronold surpassed all previous effort, especially in the adagio and in the molto allegro, which were both excellent. The composition is masterly in conception and is strong, masculine and full of variety in its construction.

Scharwenka's personality is magnetic, and this is reflected in his work. The Trio in C minor (op. 8) by Arthur Foote was in striking contrast to the Scharwenka composition, and suffered somewhat by comparison. It is, however, the work of a good musician, and is very melodious. In this number Miss Schiller distinguished herself. The individual playing of Madame Franko and Hans Kronold is better than their ensemble, which sometimes becomes rasy in an effort to attain a climax.

The vocalist of the concert was Mae Cressy, a young contralto, who was heard in "Les Saisons," by Massé (a rather unfortunate selection). Her voice is pretty and warm in quality, and she sings with ease and expression. She graciously responded to an encore, which was enthusiastically given.

Bosendorfer.

The well-known piano manufacturer of Vienna, Ludwig Bosendorfer, has "in grateful recollection of Hans von Bülow, who opened my concert hall twenty-five years ago" offered the sum of 4,000 crowns, divided into three prizes, for new piano concertos, with orchestra. Competitors may be of any nationality, and the works will remain the property of the composers.

Copenhagen.

Enna's musical tale "The Match Girl," based on Andersen's tale, has been produced at Copenhagen. It reminds one somewhat of Hauptmann's "Hannele," as it represents the dream fancies of a poor girl freezing in the streets on Christmas Eve. The concluding scene of the procession to church was struck out in this performance. The text is poetic, but not very dramatic, and Enna's music did not receive much applause, as it seemed too operatic and grandiloquent for the simple text.

Brahms and Schumann.

In 1874, when Schumann's "Genoveva" was about to be studied at Hanover, Clara Schumann informed Stagemann (at present director of the Leipsic Theatre) that the conclusion for the song of Siegfried was written by Brahms, and that she thought it important for the interest of the effect. Stagemann communicated with Bronsart and Jahns, and desired to obtain Brahms' part. The score was sent by Capellmeister Levy to Hanover, with the remark that it was just as Schumann had left it after the first Leipsic performance in 1850. This score, at the place in question, agrees (Act III., No. 14) with the piano arrangement by Clara Schumann, and the Brahms' conclusion is transcribed and placed as an inlay in the score. As Brahms did not know Schumann till 1853 it is evidently an after composition. It begins three bars later, after Siegfried has sung the words "Nun trennt keine Macht mich mehr von dir," and comprises fourteen bars, with a repetition of the same words and an addition of "Nein, keine Macht, mein theures Weib." The piece was given with this conclusion by Stagemann at Hanover November 14, 1874.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1897.

The London *MUSICAL COURIER* is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,

New York City.

IT is a sign of the times that a 'cellist, Van Biene, can be robbed of \$600 in cold cash. Fancy a musician, even a composer like Max Bruch, being robbed of such a little fortune! America is a bonanza.

THE Town Council of Mankato, Kan., has legislated against "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." Since Dr. Dvorák unearthed the native beauty of the African melody there has been a craze for "coon" songs. May Irwin did the rest.

A MAN known as Pat Connolly, and former mayor of Poverty Hollow, was arrested for playing on a flute made of gas pipe, a flute that he incidentally used on the head of one Moscovitz, who objected to Pat cooking pork.

Pat should apply with his flute to the Philharmonic Society directors. Such a virtuoso should have a chance!

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Herald* last week:

Young man (24) as first class cook or pianist; best references. P. N., 314 East 46th st.

Why pianist, we should like to know? A tenth-rate cook is of more use in the world than a second-rate pianist. This P. N. is altogether too modest. He should call himself virtuoso of the cuisine, and let Czerny and Chopin go. A first-class cook—heavens, what a boon in these days of dyspepsia and piano recitals!

ASIDE from all other aspects of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts and their effect on musical culture wherever this organization of instrumental artists performs the intellectual work of the conductor, Emil Paur must be recognized with the stamp of unanimous approval on the part of all healthy minded critics. No man in the musical field has grown so rapidly and has embraced a more versatile comprehension of the demands of the hour than Paur. He is equally liberal to all schools and tendencies, and the result of his activities have made his orchestra one of the few great instrumental bodies on the globe.

A CORRESPONDENT from Toledo and another from a city near to Toledo, Detroit, both ask us regarding the statements published in these columns in reference to Mr. Oscar Saenger, the vocal teacher. In addition to our direct mail replies, we desire to say that the pupils of Mr. Saenger, as mentioned here, are real Saenger pupils whenever this paper mentions them as such, and are not, as suggested, Saenger pupils of recent acquisition. All of them studied with Saenger for years. They represent Saenger and his method and his earnestness and his enthusiasm and his sincerity. They are Saenger pupils in truth and in fact.

EVERYBODY in Brooklyn will be delighted to learn that the Brooklyn Institute is about to lease the Academy of Music of that city. This will put the entire control of opera and concerts in that city in the hands of Professor Hooper, who is the guiding spirit of the Institute, and who has deflected it from its prosaic tendency as a mere lecture bureau and unsympathetic scientific school into a musical establishment, controlling several hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business. Ah, we cannot disregard commerce; even Richard Wagner could not, and if Richard Wagner was compelled to look at the commercial ends of his schemes with particular and, at times, exasperating attention, who can blame Professor Hooper for putting in his great work in the financial direction where the important results must first be obtained.

DO fine feathers make fine birds? Songs birds too often find it so from the young canary to the full fledged stage nightingale. At the recent exhibition of the New York Ornithology Society the Hartz Mountain canaries showered floods of melody about, yet were little noticed, while the brilliant yellow and orange and mottled canaries, recent evolutions in the bird world, remained mute, yet were encircled by admirers. The former were bred for

song, the latter for plumage. Bird fanciers preferred the latter.

The same tendency to look for fine feathers has been apparent for some time among theatrical managers, and—more's the pity—the same tendency is strongly manifested among concert managers. Is a singer handsome and well dressed, faults of voice and style are apt to be overlooked. Has a singer an exquisite voice and unimpeachable method and yet is unattractive, merits are apt to be ignored. Does this speak well for our musical standard? Is the manager's point of view based on a correct theory? Are we retrograding in thus allowing the smaller points of value to overbalance the larger. Desirable as attractive appearance and manner may be, music is music and merit is merit. A pure voice and pure method should be placed above fine plumage whether in bird or singer.

A MILD repartee craze seems to have been started by the publication of Tennyson's biography. Of those that have been going the round of the papers two, by far the best, are found in Bacon's collection of jests, who assigns the first to a Devonshire worthy, Carew, and Francis I. The others are from Joe Miller. It may be said that all good repartees are ancient and the new ones feeble. They seem easy to make, but as a maker of repartee confessed that they were not things to be dashed off in a moment, and Sheridan preferred to always make his impromptus over night. Abraham Hayward, whose repartees blasted for him an entrance into all London society, used to derive his best impromptus from Barton's "Ancestry of Melancholy," and so did Theodore Hook.

But when a poor fellow has made a bit of reputation by repeating ancient jests, based on midnight studies, how can he keep it up? Really there is no formula for producing flashes of wit. You cannot press a button and turn on the aforesaid flash. Then when you have concocted your repartee, how are you to find or create an opportunity to fire it off? You may be loaded to the muzzle with impromptus, but the obstinate company will not afford an opening. Too often when the chance comes you have mislaid the appropriate jest and cannot recall it till the time is passed. But the most melancholy moment in the repartee maker's life is when the impromptu flashes on you just as you are seeking your solitary couch. Then bitter despair may convince you that you had better stick to commonplace small talk.

WAGNER'S DRIFT.

WE have often wondered where Wagner's religion, his art, his metaphysics, in a word, his working theory of life, would have led him. That he had dimly floating in his great brain the outlines of a greater work than "Parsifal" we learn in his correspondence with Liszt. He died with the Trilogy incomplete, for "Tristan and Isolde," "Parsifal" and the "Penitents" (Die Büsser) were to have formed this Trilogy of the Will to Live, Compassion and Renunciation.

Wagner was going to the East with many other Old World thinkers. That negation of the will to live, so despised by his former admirer Nietzsche, had gripped him after he forsook Feuerbach for Schopenhauer in 1854. He eagerly absorbed this Neo-Buddhism, and at the time of his death was fully prepared to accept its final word, its bonze-like impassiveness of the will, and would have sought to translate into tone its hopelessly fatalistic spirit, its implacable hatred of the life of the flesh.

That the world has lost a gigantic experiment may not be doubted, but that it has lost the best of Wagner we question greatly. In "Parsifal" his thematic invention is not at its high water mark, despite the marvelous mastery of technical material, the marvelous molding of spiritual stuff. Even if "Parsifal" is almost an abstraction, is not that howling hermaphrodite, as Hanslick christened Kundry, a real flesh and blood creation? It is with no fears of Wagner's powers of characterization failing that we should concern ourselves, for the gravity of the possible situation lay in the fact that Wagner had drifted into the philosophical nihilism, the intellectual quietism which is the sweet, consoling pitfall for the

thinker who ventures across the border line of the ideals of Asiatic religion. The glimmer of Christianity in "Parsifal" seems like the last expiring atom of Wagner's faith in the value of Christ. That he used him in a dramatic sense cannot be doubted, and that in the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church he found grateful material which he employed so deftly, yet so reverently in "Parsifal," is also incontrovertible; but in Wagner's Christianity we place no credence.

He went to the roots of Christianity, its Buddhistic roots, and there imbibed philosophical consolation. Nietzsche's attacks are wide of the mark, for no one was less likely to indulge in sloppy, sacerdotal sentimentalism in his writings than Richard Wagner.

The subject is a fascinating one, especially when you consider that he changed the title of his last projected work from "The Victors" (Die Sieger) to "The Penitents." First spoken of in 1856, the title was altered a quarter of a century later. Wagner had encountered Oriental philosophy in the interval, and its mysticism had become a vital, integral part of his strenuous, intellectual and emotional life.

It is hardly safe to pass judgment on this emotional product of the age, for he carried within his breast the precious eucharist of genius; he commanded his age, instead of being its slave. In music he was the true *Zeit Geist*.

RENEW AND REHEARSE.

WE dislike repetition, but after the playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last week we feel impelled to cry aloud: "Oh, men of the Philharmonic Society, renew yourselves, not by fasting and prayer, but by the simple process of ceasing your ancestor worship; pack up your old idols, get new, *live* young men in their place, and after this renewal rehearse, rehearse, and again rehearse."

But don't expect rehearsing alone will ever make the Philharmonic Orchestra the superior, or even the peer, of the Boston band. New and competent material is the only hope for the future of the Philharmonic Society. Then rehearse, and perhaps you may have a chance. Not otherwise.

GRIEG NOT A NATIONALIST IN MUSIC.

WHAT'S this, what's this? Grieg repudiating the editorial utterances of the *Century Magazine*. Grieg not declaring for nationalism in music. This letter appeared in the *Times* last Sunday:

To the Editor of the *New York Times*:

To my article on Mozart in the November number of *The Century* the editor has prefixed an introductory note which contains two or three statements that are apt to create some confusion in the minds of those who may read the article, and at the same time likely to place me in a false position in the musical world. I am therefore anxious to correct these statements as early as possible, and shall feel obliged if you will allow me to do so through the medium of your esteemed paper.

To begin with, I am not an exponent of "Scandinavian" music, but only of Norwegian. The national characteristics of the three peoples—the Norwegians, the Swedes and the Danes—are wholly different, and their music differs just as much.

Second—My artistic convictions and principles are not in any way "opposed to the Wagnerian propaganda." I have pointed out the mistaken tactics of the Wagnerians with regard to Schumann* and Mozart, but I myself make propaganda for Wagner wherever I can, without being an adherent of the so-called Wagnerism. I am, in fact, no believer in any kind of "isms." I am neither more nor less than an admirer of Wagner—so ardent an admirer, indeed, that there can scarcely be a greater.

Third—My estimate of Mozart is not, as the editor of *The Century* assumes, "more sympathetic because Mozart, in awakening the spirit of German music, did what Grieg proposed to himself and accomplished for his native land." Such an assumption I must decidedly protest against. My unbounded admiration for Mozart is raised above all considerations of nationality. Moreover, it is not correct to state, as if it were Mozart's chief achievement, that he "awakened the spirit of German music." It was Bach, before Mozart's time, and later Beethoven and Wagner, who in a far greater degree did this. EDVARD GRIEG.

LONDON, December 8, 1897.

A sensible, manly letter, this of Dr. Grieg's and one that should settle the claims of the nationalists in music. Grieg is Norwegian, Chopin stands for Polish, Liszt does not stand for Hungarian, Dvorák stands for Bohemia, but Beethoven is for the world,

just as Händel is for the English. Mozart, too, is universal and so is Wagner. All good music, all great music is never map music, music bounded by geographical limits. And Grieg knows this, even if his gift is a limited and charming one.

"ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA."

ELSEWHERE in the critical columns, and in those apportioned to the *RACONTEUR*, may be found discussed the musical, technical, emotional and aesthetic significance of Ricard Strauss' new symphonic poem "Also Sprach Zarathustra." The work itself is fertile in arousing ideas of a widely divergent sort. It is difficult to speak of it without drifting into the dialectics of the Nietzsche school. It is as absolute music that it should be critically weighed, and that leads us into the forbidding field of the nature of thematic material. Has Strauss, to put it briefly, a right, a precedent to express himself in music in a manner that sets at defiance the normal eight bar theme, that scorns euphony, that follows the curve of the poem or drama or thesis he is illustrating, just as Wagner followed the curve of his poetic text? The question is a fascinating one, and a dangerous one, fascinating because of its complexity, and also because any argument that attempts to define the limits of absolute music is an argument that is dangerous.

Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, three heroes of poetic realism, according to their contemporaries, pushed realism to the verge of the ludicrous. Liszt was especially singled out as the champion of making poems in music, making pictures in music, and giving no more clue to their meaning than the title. It was Charles Baudelaire—great, unhappy poet—who first in France defended the music of the future, and he said some very pertinent things about music. Liszt's three great disciples, Saint-Saëns, Tchaikowsky and Richard Strauss, have dared more than their master. In Saint-Saëns we find a "genial" cleverness and a mastery of the decorative and more superficial side of music—all this allied to a charming fancy and great musicianship. Yet his stories deal with the external aspects of his subject. Omphale bids Hercules spin, and the orchestra is straightway transformed into a huge wheel and hums as the giant stoops over the distaff. Death dances with rattling xylophonic bones; Phaeton circles about the Sun God, and we hear his curved chariot and fervent pace. But the psychology is absent. We learn little of the thoughts or feelings of these subjects, and indeed they have none, being mere fabled abstractions clothed in pictorial counterpoint by the talented Frenchman.

In Tchaikowsky, the light is turned on more fiercely; his dramatic characterization is marvelous when one considers that the human element is absent from his mechanism. He employs only the orchestra, and across its tonal tapestry there flits the impassioned figures of "Romeo and Juliet," the despairing apparition of Francesca di Rimini, and the stalking of Hamlet and Manfred, gloomy, revengeful, imperious, thinking and sorrowing men.

Tchaikowsky went far, but Richard Strauss has dared to go farther. He first individualized, and rather grotesquely, "Don Juan," "Til Eulenspiegel," "Macbeth"; but in "Death and Apotheosis" and in "Also Sprach Zarathustra" he has attempted almost the impossible, he has attempted the delineation of thought, not musical thought, but philosophical ideas, in tone. He has disclaimed this attempt, but the fact nevertheless remains that the various divisions and subdivisions of his extraordinary work are attempts to seize not only certain elusive psychical states, but also to paint pure idea—the *reine vernunft* of the metaphysicians. Of course he has failed, yet his failure marks a great step in the mastery over the indefiniteness of music. Strauss' German brain, with its grasp of the essentials of philosophy, allied to a vigorous emotional nature, and a will and imagination that stops at nothing, enabled him to throw into high relief his excited mental states. That these states took unusual melodic shapes, that there is the suggestion of abnormality, was to be expected; for Strauss has made a flight into a country in which it is almost madness to venture. He has on his own pinions and purely by the aid of a powerful reasoning imagina-

tion sought to give an emotional garb, to pure abstractions. Ugliness was bound to result, but it is characteristic ugliness. There is profound method in the madness of Strauss, and we beg of his adverse critics to pause and consider his aims before altogether condemning him.

The object of music is neither to preach nor to philosophize, but the range of the art is vastly enlarged since the days of music of the decorative pattern type. Beethoven filled it with his overshadowing passion, and shall we say philosophy? Schumann and the romanticists gave it color, glow and bizarre passion; Wagner molded its forms into rare dramatic shapes, and Brahms has endeavored to fill the old classic bottles with the new wine of the romantics. All these men seemed to dare the impossible, according to their contemporaries, and now Strauss has shifted the string one peg higher; not only does he demand the fullest intensity of expression, but he insists on the presence of pure idea, and when we consider the abstract nature of the first theme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, when we recall the passionate inflection of the opening measures of "Tristan and Isolde," who shall dare criticize Strauss, who shall say to him, "Thus far and no farther"?

ON WITH THE DANCE.

"DANCE music is no nuisance," a New York magistrate has recently decided, to the discomfiture of certain property owners who object to the noise made by an orchestra in a dancing academy. To support the complaint of the property owners a doctor testified that three of his patients had been disturbed by the dance music. In answer, the defendant's counsel asked whether the doctor's patients were not disturbed by the Methodist hymns sung at a church near the hall, and if the doctor considered waltz music more objectionable than hymn tunes. The doctor wisely declined to commit himself to a decision. Evidently he did not propose to solve the vexing problem off-hand as to the superiority of church or secular music, a problem which has kept musicians on the anxious seat for centuries. THE MUSICAL COURIER is rather sorry not to have his expert opinion. It would like to know which would be more injurious to the nerves of an invalid, "Hark From the Tombs a Doleful Sound" or the "Wine, Women and Song" waltzes, and which would be most valuable, medicinally speaking, the former as a melancholic anodyne, or the latter as an intoxicating tonic.

The "nuisance" question may perhaps easily resolve itself into a question of associated ideas. By extremists hymns have come to be associated with morality and dance music with immorality. Perhaps the objecting property owners, like the English clergyman of aesthetic fame, who has written books on music, confuse music and morals, and perhaps they think the noise indicating the one more objectionable than the noise indicating the other. Yet hymns and dance music had a common origin; both sprang into being from the same impulse of humanity and both were in ancient days equally important in religious ceremonies. Greeks, Romans and Jews danced and sang hymns during their processions and most solemn ordinances. The line of divergence between the hymn and the dance began when the asceticism of the early Christians caused them to subdue, as far as possible, all outward expression of emotion. But even to this day entire disassociation has proved almost impossible, particularly in the dissenting churches, which are so much less conventional than the Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches. The Methodists, when under the influence of religious excitement, cannot refrain from movements in harmony with their hymns. The Quakers boldly maintain the value of worship by movement as well as by voice. But the divergence in New York city has been growing wider and wider; so wide that not long ago certain superstitious theorists concluded that the ill luck attending a certain place of amusement in the city was due to the edifice being built on the former site of a church. The theorists did not remember that the church moved away because it, too, had ill luck.

It is highly probable that if the objecting property owners heard the strains of "Yankee Doodle" or

*In *The Century*, for January, 1894.

some similar melody played slowly as a voluntary on the organ they would not quarrel with the melody so disguised by rich harmony, nor would they be likely to object to the noise of "Old Hundred" if it came forth decorously from the dancing hall. Nor would any highly civilized Matthew Arnold of a thinker object. But a musical Matthew Arnold would rebel at the jarring inappropriateness of hearing, when he passed by the Methodist church, a rollicking, "hail fellow, well met," Moody and Sankey hymn, and he might sigh as he remembered the dignified hymnology of primitive Methodism, and wonder why the modern Methodists had so "backslid." He might wonder, too, whether the fine harmony and soothing rhythm of a Strauss waltz were not more harmonious with the inner spirit of Christian devotion than a blatant "Pull for the Shore." He might wonder, too, if property owners nearby actually ranked Sankey higher as a composer than they ranked Strauss. He might even wonder whether the property owners' complaint of dance music were aroused by a Puritanic spirit of rebellion against pleasure which their own perhaps higher sense of morality forbade them to share. He might wonder why the doctor's invalids were not cheered by the dance music and by the knowledge that there were people in the world well enough to dance and be happy. And furthermore, whether it might not be a good bit of missionary work to import some of the good dance music into the churches, and the harsh and dreary hymns into the dance halls. Speculation as to the effect would probably close his momentary wonderings.

Returning to the "nuisance" question—that was a wise magistrate, and he knew his own business. THE MUSICAL COURIER advises all agitated property owners, if they are honestly seeking to repress noise, to enter their complaint on the ground of bad music or music played at unseemly hours, and not to show partiality in their complaints, but to complain vigorously right and left. They would then have the sympathy of the judicial and musical part of the community.

Concert in Nurnberg.

Below are a few criticisms from the more important papers of the appearance of Miss Geselschap at a concert in Nurnberg, from which it will be seen that this gifted pianist met with deserved success:

Last night Miss Haindl, a concert singer from Munich, gave a concert in which Miss Geselschap assisted and in which the latter achieved a brilliant success. Her style of playing reminds one of Anton Rubinstein; even in the strongest fortes her touch never degenerated to noise; she possesses an abundance of nuances, and knows the difficult art of touch thoroughly. Her mechanical faculties are developed to a perfect degree—all the passages sound clear, easy and brilliant. A characteristic feature of her playing is her unaffected interpretation without any tendency to produce solely effect. The sonata, op. 110, A flat major, by Beethoven, gave the artist an opportunity of showing her fine qualities, especially the beautiful conception of the song-like adagio, the arioso and of the graceful passages in the allegro and the last movement. As regards the pedal it was used a little too much perhaps in the fugue, but otherwise in a thoughtful manner throughout. Miss Geselschap rendered the "Papillons" of Schumann in a charming manner, as well as the "Rigoletto Fantaisie," by Liszt, although the choice of this piece by an artist of such highly refined tastes caused some surprise. The artist received spontaneous applause.—Frankischer Courier.

In Miss Marie Geselschap we made the acquaintance of a thorough pianist who is able to cope with the most difficult great musical works. Her conception shows refined artistic taste, and her rendering of the different numbers was graceful. This was especially conspicuous in her playing of Schumann, in whose op. 2, "Papillons," she actually created a series of charming little pieces, which earned her great applause. Also in the Beethoven sonata the young lady showed a perfectly matured talent.—Nordbayrische Zeitung.

The concert last night given by Fanny Haindl and Marie Geselschap offered a choice program. Miss Geselschap proved to be a pianist of remarkable technique and a strong temperament. Among other pieces she played the immensely difficult sonata, op. 110, in A flat, by Beethoven, with clear phrasing and painstaking correctness throughout. The artist showed herself perfectly at home in Schumann's charming "Papillons" and in the brilliant "Rigoletto Fantaisie." She did full justice to these works, being in a most happy mood, so that her reading was in full harmony with the composer's intentions.—Nurnberger Stadt-Zeitung.

Brahms.

The Music Society of Innsbruck lately gave a concert in memory of Brahms. The program comprised Bach's "Passacaglia," for organ, Beethoven's "Eroica" and Brahms' "German Requiem." At Königsberg Herr Raimund von Zur Mühlen produced the whole of Brahms' "Magelonen Cyclus," with a text uniting the whole fifteen songs. It made a great impression.



ALSO SPRACH RICHARD STRAUSS.

THUS spake Richard Strauss to Otto Floersheim in Berlin, December 1896: "I did not intend to write philosophical music, or to portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race, from its origin through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch. The whole symphonic poem is intended as my homage to the genius of Nietzsche, which found its greatest exemplification in his book 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.'"

Thus spake Otto Floersheim of the work: "Not considered as program music at all, but as absolute music, I do not hesitate to call it the grandest orchestral score ever penned by man."

Also sprach Philip Hale: "I remember with pleasure and admiration only the nobly broad and uplifting opening measures, Zarathustra's 'Greeting to the Sun.' The sublime effect of the roaring pedal, the simple trumpet theme, the full orchestral chords C major, C minor, and then the return to C major, still masters me, and still does all, or nearly all, that follows seem a lame and impotent conclusion."

You see I am after the point of view, the composer's point of view, and also give Mr. Floersheim and Mr. Hale's, for they differ only in non-essentials. Both were awed, Mr. Floersheim more than Mr. Hale, yet awe was the predominating feeling after listening to the opening of the poem.

For me the beginning was like Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," or the birth of a mighty planet; its close had the dreary quality of modern art, profoundly sad and enigmatic. There is no God for Strauss, there is no God in Tchaikovsky's last symphony and there was no God for Nietzsche, no God but self.

You have Strauss' point of view, have you not? He made no attempt to set philosophy to tones; indeed Wagner's failure in "Tristan" and the "Ring" to ensnare Schopenhauer's metaphysic was sufficient warning for the younger man. The whole undertaking stands and falls upon the question: Is "Also Sprach Zarathustra" good music? I set aside all considerations of orchestral technic—a technic that leaves Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner gaping aghast in the rear—and propose only the consideration of Strauss' thematic workmanship. Let it be at once conceded that he does not make beautiful music, that his melodies are unmelodious, even ugly, when subjected to the classic or romantic tests—call it classic and be done, for Schumann, Chopin and Liszt are classics—and we have now further narrowed the argument to a question of the characteristic or veristic in melody making, and this is the crux of the situation.

Has Richard Strauss, then, made characteristic music, and how has its character conformed with his own dimly outlined program—not Dr. Riemann's analytical scheme?

"I did not intend to write philosophical music," he said. Of course not; it were impossible; but some of the raw elements of philosophy are in the poem; keen, overwhelming logic, sincerity, orbic centrality, the microcosm and the macrocosm. Strauss set out to accomplish what has never before been accomplished in or out of the world, and he has failed, and the failure is glorious, so glorious that it will blind a generation before its glory is apprehended; so glorious that it blazes a new turn in the path made straight by Beethoven, Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner!

Wagner sought the aid of other arts, and sang his Schopenhauer in gloomy tones; Strauss, relying on

the sheer audacity of the instrumental army, chants of the cosmos, of the birth of atoms, of the religious loves, hates, works, doubts, joys and sorrows of the atom, and would fain deluge us with an epitome of the world processes, and so has failed. But what colossal daring! What an imagination! What poetic invention!

The authors of "Genesis," of the "Book of Job," of the "Songs of Solomon," the "Apocalypse," the "Iliad," the "Sermon on the Mount," the "Koran," the "Divine Comedy," "Don Quixote," "Shakespeare's plays," "Faust," the "Ninth Symphony" and "Tristan" all rolled in one would have failed, too, before such a stupendous task.

Now, perhaps we may reach a comparative estimate of the glory involved in Richard Strauss' half-mad, idealistic failure.

Putting aside Riemann as a hopelessly involved guide—a baleful *ignis-fatuus* in a midnight forest, seen by lightning flashes—Strauss' poem impressed me, after two hearings, as the gigantic *torso* of an art work for the future. Euphony was hurled to the winds, the Addisonian ductility of Mozart, the gauzier coloring of Schumann, Chopin's delicate romanticism, all were scorned as not being truthful enough for the subject in hand, and the subject is not a pretty or a sentimental one. Strauss, with his almost superhuman mastery of all schools, could have written with ease in the manner of any of his predecessors, but, like a new Empedocles on Ætna, preferred to leap into the dark, or rather into the fiery crater of truth. In no single bar did I discover an accent of insincerity, a making of music for the mere sake of music. He has leaped where Liszt feared to venture, and Strauss is Liszt's descendant as well as Wagner's. He cast aside all makeshifts, even the human voice, which is the human interest, and dared, with complicated virtuosity, to tell the truth—his truth, be it remembered—and so there is no likelihood of his being understood in this century.

It were madness to reach for Nietzsche in Strauss—that is, in this score. It is un-Nietzsche music—Nietzsche who discarded Wagner for Bizet, Beethoven for Mozart. Schopenhauer, it may be remembered, laughed at Wagner the musician, played the flute and admired Rossini!

If Nietzsche, clothed in his most brilliant mind, had sat in the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday night, he would probably have cried aloud: "I have pronounced laughter holy," and then laughed himself into the madhouse. Poor, unfortunate, marvelous Nietzsche! But it is Strauss mirroring his own moods after feeding full on Nietzsche, and we must be content to swallow his title, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," when in reality it is "Thus Spake Richard Strauss!"

The first theme—Zarathustra's, intoned by four trumpets—is solemnly prodigious; probably the dwellers in the rear world theme meant its name to the composer. You see he has us on the hip; either accept his symbols or not; you have your choice, you believers in program music; to me it was lugubriously shuddersome. I liked the beautiful A flat melody; it was almost a melody, and the yearning motive was tremendously exciting. In the section "Joys and Passions" the violins and 'celli sweep in mountainous curves of passion—never except in Wagner has this molten episode been equaled—and then the ground began to slip under my feet. I grasped at the misty shadows of the grave song, and the tortuous and wriggling five voice fugue in "Science" seemed like some loathsome, footless worm. The dance chapter is shrilly bacchanalian. It may be the Over-Man dancing, but no human ever trod on such scarlet tones.

And the waltz melody! why, it is as common as mud, and intentionally so, but it is treated with Promethean touches. When I reached the hell called the "Song of the Night Wanderer," I threw back my soul to God, renounced Bach, Beethoven and Brahms and became maddeningly intoxicated—not with joy, but with doubt, despair and defiance. Never shall I forget that screaming trumpet as it cut jaggedly across the baleful gloom! Sinister beyond compare was the atmosphere, and I could have cried aloud with Dante:

"Lo, this is Dis!"

I understood the divine laughter of Hell, and it

surely was Dis that held its sides and cackled infernally! When we had reached the rim of eternity, "the under side of nothing," as Daudet would have said, there the "twelve strokes of the heavy, humming bell":

ONE!
O Man, take heed!
TWO!
What speaks the deep midnight?
THREE!
I have slept, I have slept—
FOUR!
I have awaked out of a deep dream:—
FIVE!
The world is deep,
SIX!
And deeper than the day thought.
SEVEN!
Deep is its woe—
EIGHT!
Joy, deeper still than heart sorrow:
NINE!
Woe speaks: Vanish!
TEN!
Yet all joy wants eternity—
ELEVEN!
Wants deep, deep eternity!
TWELVE!

Where is Hell-Breughel, painter, or Kapellmeister Kreisler, composer, after this weltering symphony of sin, sorrow and cruel passions? Their symbolism seems crude and childish, although Hoffman's musician was certainly a forerunner of Strauss.

There is one thing I cannot understand. If the Wagnerians and Lisztianers threw overboard old forms in obedience to their masters, why can they not accept the logical outcome of their theories in Strauss? If you pitch form to the devil, then there must be a devil to pitch it to. Strauss is the most modern of the devils, and to the old classical group he would be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the movement that began with Beethoven. Do you hear? Beethoven! To assert his shoulders are not broad enough to wear the mantle of Liszt, I can only answer "Tut-tut." Liszt seems jejune when it comes to covering an orchestral canvas of the size of Strauss. Strauss is his natural musical son, and the son has quite as much to say thematically as the father, while in the matter of brush brilliancy, massing of color, startling figure drawing—witness "Don Juan" and "Til Eulenspiegel"—and swift thinking, Strauss is easily the superior. He has not Wagner's genius; far from it; yet, as Otto Floersheim says, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" is "the greatest score penned by man." It is a cathedral in architectonic and is dangerously sublime, dangerously silly, with grotesque gargoyles, hideous flying abutments, exquisite traceries, fantastic arches, half gothic, half infernal, huge and resounding spaces, gorgeous façades and heaven splitting spires. A mighty structure, and no more to be understood at one, two or a dozen visits than the Kölner Dom!

It only lacks simplicity of style; it is tropical, torrential, and in it there is the note of hysteria. It is complex with the diseased complexity of the age, and its strivings are the agonized strivings of a morbid Titan. Truthful? aye, horribly so, for it shows us the brain of a great man, overwrought by the vast emotional problems of his generation.

"Also Sprach Zarathustra" should be played once every season, and the audience be limited to poets, musicians and madmen. The latter, being Over-Men, would grasp its sad truths. And as I write I hear the key of B major and the key of C major and those three cryptic sinister C's pizzicato at the close, and ask myself if, after all, Nietzsche and Strauss are not right, "Eternity's sought by all delight—eternity deep—by all delight."

And is not now eternity?

This Nietzsche, whose madness has been so carefully paraded by the people who never read a line he wrote—this Nietzsche, what was he when he was sane?

What does Nietzsche preach? What is his central doctrine, divested of its increments of anti-Semitism, anti-Wagnerism, anti-Christianity and anti-everything?

Simply a doctrine as old as the first invertebrate organism that floated in torrid seas beneath a blazing moon. Egoism, individualism, personal freedom, self-hood.

He is the apostle of the ego, and he refuses to accept the system spinning of the Teutonic spider

philosophers of his day. He is a proclaimer of the rank animalism of man. He believes in the body and not in the soul of theology, and he is but an intellectual variant of the man abhorred of Laménais, Cabanis, who declared aloud that "Man is a digestive tube pierced at both ends."

Is there anything new in all this?

From Heraclitus to Hobbes materialism has flowed, a sturdy current, parallel with hundreds of more spiritual creeds. I say "more spiritual creeds" for the spiritualizing of what was once contemptuously called dead, inorganic matter is being steadily prosecuted by every earnest man of science to-day, whether he be electrician, biologist or chemist.

Nietzsche's voice is raised against mystagogues, occultists and reactionary theologians who, in the name of religion and art, would put science once more under the ban of a century ago.

Like Walt Whitman, his is the voice of a healthy, natural man arraigning the artificial in society. He is sensual, knowing the value of *now* and the fearful uncertainty of the future. He is the strong Pagan man who hates the weak and ailing. He therefore hates the religion of the weak—Christianity. He is an aristocrat in art, believing that there should be an art for artists, and an art—an inferior art—for inferior intelligences.

He forgets that there is an art for the artist, his own particular art. And into it none but the equally gifted may have an entrance. And he forgets, too, that all great art is rooted in the soil of earth.

Nietzsche hates the music that is beloved of the world. Yet, after the twentieth hearing of "Carmen"—"Carmen," which could not have been written before Wagner—he frantically asserts that Bizet is a greater man than Wagner, that he is blither, that he possesses the divine gaiety, sparkle and indescribable fascination of the Greeks!

"He writes in Antichrist":

"Christianity has taken the part of all the weak, the low, the ill constituted; it has made an ideal out of the antagonism to the preservative instincts of strong life; it has ruined the reason even of the intellectually strongest natures, in that it taught men to regard the highest values of intellectuality as sinful, as misleading, as temptations."

Alas! must we then throw away the fruits of that difficult wrestle we have had with the lower animal impulses for the past 2,000 years? The Greeks taught us the beauty of a chastened life. Goethe, who is Nietzsche's god, preached this doctrine in his long and wonderful life, a life that was a work of art in itself, although viewed suspiciously to this day by prudes and prigs and refined, polite persons without temperament.

Elsewhere he asks:

"What is good? All that increases the feeling of power, will to power, power itself in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. What is happiness? The feeling that power increases—that a resistance is overcome. Not contentedness, but more power; not peace at any price, but warfare; not virtue, but capacity (virtue in the Renaissance style, virtue free from any moral acid).

"The weak and ill-constituted shall perish: first principle of our charity. And people shall help them to do so.

"What is more injurious than any crime? Practical sympathy for all the ill-constituted and weak—Christianity."

In a word, to this flamboyant critic, Christianity is really the survival of the unfittest, to use the jargon of cheap science.

He rejects with contempt pity, that pity which is akin to love, and therefore he hates Wagner, for in Wagner's music is the note of yearning love and pity struck with a master hand.

This Nietzsche is a terrible fellow, a very Berserker in his mad rage against all existing institutions. He uses a battering ram of rare dialectic skill, and thump! bang! crash! go the religious, social and artistic fabrics reared ages ago. But when the brilliant smoke of his style clears away we see still standing the same venerable institutions. This tornado philosopher does damage to only the outlying structures of faith. The foundations of the past

he never shakes. But he does let in light on some dark and dank places. He is a tonic for malaria, musical and religious, and there is value even in his own fantastic transvaluation of all values.

There is ozone in his stormy attacks, and I think he will prove a hammer indeed, to quote his own expression, for the pitiful swarms of mystics, table tippers, spiritualists, theosophists and all the rest of the dreamy crew that are trying to make of Buddhism and Christianity mere tenuous treacle and a poor, feeble amalgam of the weakest elements of both faiths.

I fancy that if Friederich Nietzsche had been a man of physical resource he would have been a hero. Anton Seidl told me that he knew the unlucky writer when he was a rank Wagnerian. He was slight of stature, evidently of delicate health, but in his eyes burned the resistless fire of genius. If that same energy could have been transmuted into action he might have been a sane, healthy man to-day.

In all this he was not unlike Stendhal, of whom Jules Lemaitre wrote:

"A grand man of action, paralyzed little by little by his incomparable analysis."

Nietzsche burned his brain away by a too strenuous analysis of life.

Again I assert that the man, despite his vagaries, his dithyrambic explosions and his vaporizing vaticinations, is a tonic, a bracing draught for our brains, saturated with pessimism and unfaith.

If you must read Schopenhauer, at least follow him up with Nietzsche, who is an intellectual antiseptic and counter-irritant, and not nearly as mad as many men strutting the streets on the outside of the house for the demented. Above all, while he stimulates the individual within you, he is an admirable prophylactic against Wagnerism, Buddhism and all the other crochety "isms" of the age, including Nietzscheism.

Ferdinand Brunetiere once said this of Wagner:

"Is it not the case that for some years one of the effects of Wagnerism has been to disengage from this stratum of sensuality whatever music possesses of what is most intellectual and most ideal, and I would willingly say, most metaphysical?"

This particularly applies to Richard Strauss.

Here is the program played by the Kneisel Quartet at Mendelssohn Hall last Friday evening:

Quartet in F major, op. 22.....Tchaikowsky
(First time at these concerts.)
Sonata for piano and violoncello in A major,
op. 69.....Beethoven
Quintet for piano, two violins, viola and violoncello
in E flat major, op. 44.....Schumann

I have written of the Tchaikowsky Quartet before. It was, if I mistake not, first played here by the Standard Quartet in Steck Hall nearly ten years ago. Mr. Richard Arnold may enlighten us on the subject. It is not to be compared to the first quartet, op. 11, except in the Andante. Tchaikowsky is nothing if not orchestral, and the work is *bizarre*, often jerky, and while it reveals many purple patches, it is often tantalizingly awkward and thematically weak. The last movement sounds like a St. Petersburg topical song, but the slow movement is full of music, genuine and soulful.

Rafael Joseffy played the piano part of the Beethoven sonata, Alwyn Schroeder taking the 'cello. It was the event of the evening, both artists being in complete harmony, and what lovely, simple music it is! After the storm-riven picture of Strauss—you see Strauss still possesses me—Beethoven's masterpiece in little was the Balm of Gilead.

The Schumann Quartet was brilliant, almost sensationally so. The *tempi* were modern, and the work, while it lost its Old World romantic flavor, was listened to with quickened pulse. The Kneisels played supremely well. Joseffy was in oratund humor. His attack was impetuous, and several times I thought he was going to jump out of the picture. The audience overflowed to the entrance, and the best thing the quartet party can do is to engage the Metropolitan Opera House for its next affair.

Kneisel—or was it Louis Svecenski?—heard a lady

ask for a box the other night. Decidedly, the Opera House should be secured!

Come, J. R. Runciman; come to me and be forgiven. I have pounded your skull for calling Mancinelli a bigger Wagner conductor than Seidl, I grew fat with rage when you called Händel a bigger fellow than Beethoven—the *rustic*, you said—but since you have been sued by some sore headed ass of a British philistine my great heart grew soft, and when you wrote this of Beethoven I cried aloud "Forgiven." It was about the Ninth Symphony, and you wrote it in *The Saturday Review*:

"When we take it movement by movement one realizes that here is music so poignant, so pathetic, so terribly sincere, that, despite the ever present sense of struggle, excepting the things I have mentioned there is no music in the world to compare with it. Indeed, for an expression of the mood in which life seems barren, an endless gnawing, there is nothing to compare with the opening; and the vision of happiness, held out again and again, and ever eluding us, is used to increase the dominant feeling with an artistic tact and ingenuity worthy of Mozart when Mozart is at his finest. The emotion of the scherzo, though lighter, is communicated with equal vigor; and considered merely as music I know nothing more wholly delightful or fresher than this movement, despite the instrumentation. The almost unendurable pathos of the Adagio, with those lapses into half-happy, half-mournful sentiment, the sentiment of one who thinks over the dead past, cannot be missed by the most obstinate. Most splendid of all is the finale. That melody, one of the half-dozen greatest ever penned, would be alone worth waiting for were the rest of the symphony as mean as it is fine; and Beethoven has, moreover, thrown in for us the Turkish music, and that solemn passage where, as Sir George Grove says, the voices seem to go up among the very stars. In style and technical execution the Ninth Symphony may not rank with the Fifth; but in emotional power, and in architectural balance and splendor, it shows as one of the things for which life is worth the living; and Beethoven himself must have felt that it was well worth having lived to create it."

Brave words, and you had better cross the raging main and abide here, undisturbed by silly libel suits, and in a town where you can hear lots of good music.

"The construction of the universe allows for infinite waste. Other germs will bear; all will not be blasted. Evil is a sort of moral carbonic gas, mortal when isolated, and a real danger to our existence; and yet, when combined with other forces, not only innocuous, but even necessary to our vital powers in the present state of their development. The important thing in life is not our misery, our despair, however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all. Man is born to suffer, but he is born to hope."

From Madame Darmesteter's (A. F. Mary Robinson) "Renan." Nietzsche again!

And now, before I weary with more of the great World Colic and the Celestial Hernia, let me conclude by saying that Chicago, too, has its Richard Strauss. Read this from the *Inter-Ocean*:

"Prof. Hans Ulrich, a North Side composer, has recently contributed to Chicago's fame as a centre of musical art by composing 'The Fantaisie Appendicitis.' It is purely a descriptive composition, and

the composer, having gone through the awful agonies of the fashionable disease, believes his master work is not lacking in realism.

"Professor Ulrich comes from Germany, and now lives on Menominee street, not far from Clark. Last summer, at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, he was operated on for appendicitis, and after he had fully recovered he set to work on the masterpiece which he hopes will make him famous."

The composition begins allegretto vivace. The scene is in the vineyard; the sun is shining, and all nature smiles. Then, as the grapes are being picked, the melody is carried in a delicate staccato, full of fascinating detail, breathing the very soul of poetry and music combined, and terminating in ecstatic rapture as the grapes are being eaten.

The scene abruptly changes as the low notes of the bass viols characterize groans of agony. Darkness comes on, and the shrieks of the piccolos denote shooting pains in the vermiform appendage. In this wonderful composition sleepless nights and days of unceasing torture are expressed. Then comes the consultation of doctors in low, solemn notes, terminating in an awful climax as the announcement is made that the patient has the appendicitis.

Following this in a tempo di galop the rumble of the kettledrums tells that the ambulance is rolling up to the door, and the sufferer is carried away to the hospital. An intensely dramatic battle between life and death then takes place. The weird blending of the instruments tells that the shadow of the tomb has fallen over the sick bed. The pathetic and anxious notes of the violins are the inquiries of friends; the low rolling of the viols is the subdued words of grave doctors and anxious nurses, while the piecing screams of the flute denote the triumph of the demon Death.

In pianissimo the strings indicate the ebbing away of life, the sombre strain almost dying as a sleeping potion is administered preparatory to an operation. The patient is laid upon the dissecting table, and the jingle of the cymbals indicates that surgical instruments are being placed near at hand ready for use. In elaborate contrast with the low and distant melody comes the loud yet steady blending of the full orchestra as the operation is being performed, changing into a solemn strain as the physicians at the completion of the operation anxiously await for the awakening of the patient.

The composer has shown his masterly skill in a marvelous bit of musical embroidery as the sick man opens his eyes. The pain has gone, and the composition ends in a hymn of praise at his deliverance.

Now, Richard Strauss, look to your laurels, desert philosophy and take up the study of laparotomy!

Guilmant's Second Recital.

Guilmant will give his second recital in Mendelssohn Hall on December 28. The organist will give a new program, and will again be heard in some of his improvisations with which he had been so remarkably successful in his recitals. Mme. Emma Juch will assist M. Guilmant.

Normal Class Program.

The program of H. W. Greene's Normal Class, which met on Wednesday afternoon, December 15, was the best of the series thus far. Miss Lillian Morey sang the Arioso from "Jeanne d'Arc," displaying wonderful voice control and artistic expression. She also read a paper, the last of the series, on "Phrasing," touching points not covered in other papers, in a very interesting manner. Several solos were rendered by other members of the class. The Choral Class met as usual on the same evening. A fact worthy of notice in connection with the

Choral Class is that the voices are equally balanced as to parts and tone. The class is made up solely of Mr. Greene's private pupils and numbers nearly fifty.

J. P. Boruff.

The role of the Shepherd in the Astoria production of "Daphne" on Monday, Dec. 13, was successfully interpreted by a young baritone, J. P. Boruff. Mr. Boruff is a pupil of the well-known teacher, Frank G. Dossert.

Harold Elgas.

The soprano soloist of the Church of the Incarnation, at Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street, Master Harold Elgas, is a pupil of Frank G. Dossert, of Carnegie Hall. Master Elgas has been engaged to sing in Rockville, Conn., on Jan. 15. He combines a rarely beautiful voice of a warm, full, quality unusual in boy sopranos, with musical intelligence of a high order, and his style is smooth and expressive.

Alberto Jonas.

Alberto Jonas seems to be the most successful pianist of this season. At his debut in Boston, at the fifth Symphony Orchestra concert, where he played the Paderewski concerto, he was recalled eight times in rehearsal and concert, and his recent appearance in Cambridge, also with the Boston Symphony orchestra, was the occasion of a similar success.

Mr. Jonas played this time the "Emperor" concerto by Beethoven, and was enthusiastically recalled three times and presented with a huge bouquet of roses sent by Ernst Perabo, of Boston. Mr. Abel, manager for Alberto Jonas, reports that he has booked for him twenty-five concerts in the Eastern and Western States.

A Mariner Pupil.

Robert Colston Young, a pupil of Frederic Mariner, played at St. Bartholomew's Parish House, East Forty-second street, on December 17, reflecting credit alike on himself and his instructor.

His selections were: "Intermezzo," by Schumann; "Humoreske," by Grieg; Serenade by Jensen, and prelude and toccata by Lachner.

Mr. Young displays not only a clear and brilliant technique, but a keen appreciation of tonal effects, and like all Virgil pupils, a much to be envied repose in his playing.

Mr. Mariner's position in the musical world is unique, posing as he does as a "Technic Specialist."

His idea is: "Technic until obtained is the one important thing to work for." With technic as a basis, all other needed qualifications to artistic playing are sure to come with patient and systematic work.

The pleasure experienced in listening to the playing of his pupils surely seems to substantiate this somewhat uncommon theory.

Another Arens Pupil.

Richard Byron Overstreet, a basso-profundo, graduate from the vocal classes of F. X. Arens, recently gave a recital at Merrill, Wis.

Mr. Overstreet has recently been engaged as solo basso of the Indianapolis Choral Union, to succeed Louis J. Dochez, who will come to New York next month to continue his work with Mr. Arens. No higher tribute could be paid to a vocal teacher than to engage a second pupil after the first has held the position for a number of years.

Of the above-mentioned concert the Merrill Advocate says:

Mr. Overstreet completely captivated the audience at the outset by his charm of manner, rich, full voice and beautiful expression. The exquisite technique of his highly cultured voice has not been attained at the cost of expression, and as his splendid tones rang out in the Armorer's Song one felt the thrill of the gallant bravado of Robin Hood's men all through his soul. It is somewhat unusual to find so true and genuine a bass with such a range in the baritone register, and withal having tones of such a clear and sonorous quality as to give more satisfaction the oftener you hear them. Mr. Overstreet is a true artist, and he gave his hearers such a genuine musical treat that he can be assured of the warmest welcome possible on his return to Merrill.

THE National Conservatory of Music of America.

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SEMI-ANNUAL ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS:

SINGING and OPERA.—January 3 (Monday), from 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M. and 8 to 10 P. M. CHORUS. |
8 to 10 P. M. PIANO and ORGAN.—January 4 (Tuesday), 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M. VIOLIN, VIOLA,
'CELLO, CONTRABASS, HARP, WIND INSTRUMENTS and ORCHESTRA.—January 6 (Wednesday),
2 to 4 P. M. CHILDREN'S GAV.—January 6 (Wednesday), PIANO and VIOLIN, 2 to 4 P. M.

"The Greatest Musical Good for the Greatest Number."

ADMISSION DAILY.



BOSTON, Mass., December 19, 1897.

TWO more additions to the list of Jeanne d'Arc compositions. Louis Koemmenich, conductor of the Brooklyn Saengerbund, acquaints me with the existence of Johanna von Orleans, scenen nach Schiller's Drama für Sopran u. Bariton solo, Männerchor and orchestra, by Heinrich Hofmann, op. 105.

And yesterday, reading the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, of December 8, I came across a notice of a new choral work, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," performed for the first time at Stettin by the Musikverein November 25. The composer Prof. Dr. Ad. Lorenz is the conductor of the society. The text follows Schiller's drama closely, they say, and the music is dramatic, characteristic, noble, pure in invention and abounding in melody.

Miss Lena Little and Mrs. Emil Paur gave the second of their concerts in Steinert Hall, December 13. Mrs. Paur played Robert Kahn's piano piece, op. 11, No. 2, Youferoff's "Fileuse," and a scherzo by Arensky. No one of these pieces seemed to me of especial distinction. I do not know who Youferoff is, and I should like information about him. Arensky is a name that is more familiar. It figured on Siloti's programs at least five years ago. Has his symphony in B minor ever been played in this country? I think not. As for Kahn, an overture "Elégie" was performed here at a symphony concert from manuscript early in 1895, and, as I remember, it was very respectable music without marked originality in thematic development or orchestration. How many respectable people are original? And Mr. Kahn has been influenced undoubtedly by his position as conductor of a female singing society at Leipsic. This little piano piece is subdued and genteel, and Mrs. Paur played it sympathetically. I think she might have done more with the Arensky scherzo than she did.

Miss Little sang that beautiful and passionate song by Tchaikowsky, "Warum sind die Rosen so blass," and the same Russian's "Dem Vöglein gleich," Kahn's "Ligurisches Lied," "Jägerlied," "Haidenacht," "Der Gärtner," three songs by Franz; Richard Strauss's "Serenade," and the which of songs by Mr. Loeffler (with viola played by the composer), I have already written at length in THE MUSICAL COURIER of December 8.

Miss Little did not sing well as a rule, although in Kahn's "Haidenacht" she showed considerable dramatic feeling, and the song itself pleased me mightily. There has been considerable talk about Mr. Loeffler's pieces. Mr. Apthorp thinks that Verlaine appeals more directly than Baudelaire to Mr. Loeffler's macabresque spirit, is more congenial, and thus receives better treatment. But Verlaine's poems are frank appeals, they are songs; and the poems of Baudelaire are anything but songs. Mr. Bullard, of *Time and*

the Hour, was shocked. He wrote, December 18: "They are—well, decadent. The texts are French, two by Ch. Baudelaire, and two by P. Verlaine. Those who admire the work of these poets may have found pleasure in Mr. Loeffler's setting of them. Not being able to overcome my prejudice against this kind of morbid thought, I refer the reader to THE MUSICAL COURIER of December 8." Now, I do not object to Mr. Bullard's opinion because it is at variance with mine, but I should like to ask in all seriousness, Has that which is morbid no place in art? There are plenty of instances of morbidness in the tragedies of the Elizabethans, in the poems of Shelley, Keats, Browning, Swinburne, Tennyson—I name at random. Is there nothing morbid in the "Mona Lisa?" I forget; there must first be agreement concerning the definition of the word morbid. And if you see nothing but morbidness in Baudelaire's "Harmonie du Soir," and "La Cloche Félée," I confess I am like unto one led by the hand to the end of a blind alley and asked, "Now what are you going to do?" Hamlet is a whining, dilatory, shuffling, morbid creature. Shall we, therefore, have no symphonic poem entitled Hamlet? This is a nervous period, when lines that once were thought fixed and immovable are shifting or disappearing. I do not say that a composer should persistently cultivate morbidness in music.

The tastes of Mr. Loeffler are in the direction of certain hyper-modern French and Belgian thought; but he has shown in certain works of longer breath that he can be healthy and sane without suspicion of morbidness. The pessimism of Richard Strauss is to me personally often distasteful; but I do not deny its claim for existence. I do not cry out against the C minor quartet of Brahms because it is pessimistic, but because this particular form of pessimism does not interest me. Schopenhauer is most delightful when he is gloomiest. The Verlaine who wrote "Dansons la Gigue" also wrote most beautiful religious verses, and his "Confessions"—a stumbling block to collectors of Erotica—show him to be one of the gentlest, the simplest of mankind—with a tremendous thirst for alcohol. "Dansons la Gigue" is not as profoundly moral as Goethe's "Vanitas," which good old Mr. Dwight did not hesitate to translate. And as for Heine, have not some of his most morbid verses been set again and again by composers? Nor does the word "decadent" frighten me. The Beethoven of the last quartets was a decadent to the men of his period.

And now for a little digression. The New York *Evening Post* of December 17 commented somewhat severely on the choice by Mr. Paur of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, "its 375,916th performance, or thereabouts," for the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York December 16.

To be made interesting at the present day, Beethoven's symphonies need to be interpreted with a great deal more nuance of expression than the Boston Orchestra bestows on them under its present leader. Bostonians, as a rule, are not educated up to expression in music (they like it mathematical and intellectual purely), but we New Yorkers are, and we miss it when we do not get it.

Poor Mr. Paur, remembering that Beethoven was baptized December 17, 1770, and therefore probably was born the day before of that year, thought to observe the anniversary by performing a symphony that is considered by some to be a work of considerable strength.

"Bostonians, as a rule, are not educated up to expression in music (they like it mathematical and intellectual purely), but we New Yorkers are." There's no argument against this statement couched in Paterian English. Mr.

Finck—for we all recognize the paw of the lion—knows Boston and its inhabitants; he has summered and wintered with us, he has been through us with a dark lantern. The wisest thing for us to do is to quiver quietly under the awful blow.

I agree fully with Mr. Finck in his opinion of Mr. Paur as a program maker. But I have looked at programs of orchestral concerts given in Berlin by Mr. Nikisch and at programs of Richter concerts in London, and at the prospectus of concerts to be given by Richter in Vienna, and they are dreary, very dreary.

At Dresden pieces have been played by the Königl. Musikalischen Kapelle that have a certain charm of novelty. Thus Zdenko Fibich's symphonic poem "Othello," although by no means a new work, was played for the first time there November 5; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Capriccio Espagnol" was played there November 10; Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie," December 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel gave a song recital in Association Hall December 14. They sang a delightful duet by Padre Martini, the indescribably dull duet from Götz's "Taming of the Shrew" (I wish Offenbach had set music to the text), and a duet from Boieldieu's "Nouveau Seigneur du Village." Mrs. Henschel sang Gluck's "Spagiggemate," Tomelli's "La Caladrina," the old French song "Margoton," Liszt's "Kennst du das Land," Schumann's "Aufträge," Brahms' "Junge Liebe," and three songs by her husband, Mr. Henschel sang airs from Händel's "Agrippina" and "Almira," Beethoven's "Busslied," Schubert's "Ganymede" and "Doppelgänger," Löwe's "Ruined Mill," Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht" and his own "Auferstehen."

There are many Margotons in French folk songs; Margoton, who got her basket, followed by the curé reading his breviary; Margoton, who on her way to the spring met swains.

Amous, amous, embrassons-nous,
Et vite et vit dépêchons-nous;
Ton ta ri varie!
Sommes-nous pas au mardi gras,
Tont ari vara!

But the Margoton whose innocent adventures were sung by Mrs. Henschel is the most delightful of them all. I like these old tunes; I like the quaint air by Jomelli with its old-fashioned embroidery; and when I hear them sung by Mrs. Henschel I wonder if we have really advanced in the art of song writing. The modern song often seems to be an ingenious device for concealing the vocal ignorance of the singer. It is an attempt to pack stuff enough for a cantata within the narrow limits of a song; or it is something mystical, or profound, or affectedly tremendous, in which the singer occasionally interrupts or is allowed to accompany the piano.

I like to hear Mr. Henschel declaim or suggest. What he lacks in voice he supplies with authority—and fingers. He is a most plausible singer; he persuades you even when you are inclined to be rebellious. Has he really any Händelian traditions in a safe deposit vault that he consults before singing? I can hardly believe that the serenade from "Agrippina" was originally exactly as he sings it, but I do not know the score, so I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. This vocal mage, cunning-man, shaman, obeah-man, must use some lamen, sigel, pentacle or geomantic figure; for although at the beginning of "Der Doppelgänger" your ears remember the cold, pale croak of a bassoon or the sudden spasm of a muted horn, you find



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yourself listening with the mind, and you see the mocker in the street. Mr. Henschel almost inveigles you into admiration for Beethoven's "Busslied." I liked him best, however, in the ballad by Löwe, in which he showed in full his vocal histrionism—I don't know whether there is any such word, but I have a vague recollection of finding it once in Sir Thomas Browne; he acted the ballad with his voice. And the charm of his accompaniments! If he would only not be so restless; if he would only be content with the compositions of others!

If the voice of Mrs. Henschel has lost in sweetness and freshness, it is still agreeable, and she has gained in the conviction of her artistry. Mr. Henschel used to look at her and then at the audience, with the air, "What do you think of that? I told her how to sing it." He now accompanies just as sympathetically, but his face says, "Is that not beautiful? That is her interpretation."

Mrs. Henschel gave still greater delight the afternoon of the 17th, when she sang "Star Vicino," by Salvator Rosa; "Pastorella," by Veracini; and these folksongs, "The Little Red Lark," "It Was a Lover," "Where Be Goin'," five German songs arranged by Brahms, "Ca' the Yowes," "Annie Laurie," and "Comin' thro' the Rye."

I wonder where they found the "Pastorella," by Veracini, who, I suppose, is one of the two Italian fiddlers, either Antonio or Francesco Maria, probably the latter, who visited London in 1714. I have hunted high or low, but I can find no record of songs by him. There is a queer story about his offending Pissendel, the chapel master at Dresden. The latter swore to be even with him, so he gave one of his concertos to the most mediocre violinists in the orchestra and kept him at work until he played it perfectly. Then Pissendel defied Veracini before the king to play it at sight. The Italian did so in a tolerably decent manner, but the scrub fiddler followed him with an excellent performance of the same work. This vexed Veracini so that he took to his bed. In a fit of high fever he jumped out of the window—August 13, 1722—I don't know whether it was in the morning or the afternoon, or how high the window was from the ground—and broke his leg. There are other stories told about him, but not a word about a song. Is it not likely that somebody set words to certain fiddle pieces?

All these songs were sung with captivating art except the "Sister Dear, When Shall We Go Home," in which art was too evident. Especially pleasing was the Cornish tune, "Where Be Goin'" with its quaint tonality.

Miss Traub and Mr. Burgemeister, pianists, gave a concert in Steinert Hall the 17th. The program included Beethoven's sonata, op. 57, and pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Henselt, Chaminade, MacDowell and Schumann. I was unable to be present. The technic of the players was praised by good judges.

Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist, assisted by Miss Stowell, pianist, and Mr. Townsend, baritone, made his first appearance in Boston, December 16, in Steinert Hall. The instrumental numbers were César Franck's, interesting sonata for violin and piano, Saint-Saëns Rondo Capriccioso, a cavatina by César Cui, Sarasate's Habanera, Gabriel Fauré's "Elelgy," and the prelude from Bach's sixth sonata for violin alone. Mr. Townsend sang songs by Tschalkowsky, Dvorák, Schumann, Bullard, Fisher and Atherton.

Mr. Codman is a pupil of Marsick, I hear. He was extremely nervous, and his intonation was often faulty. He

has a good left hand, and in certain ways he showed careful training. His performance was so uneven that it is hard to pronounce any definite opinion concerning his ability. At times he revealed genuine musical passion; at times his cantabile was warm and seductive; and then he failed dismally in a technical attempt, which contradicted some technical success before or after. I believe he can play better than he did; but I advise him in all honesty to practice by himself, listen to others for a season; and then when he appears in public he should choose pieces that are wholly within his power. Miss Stowell played admirably, although she might have been more lavish with color in the sonata.

The Handel and Haydn, under the new management, and with Mr. Carl Zerrahn as conductor, will give "The Messiah" to-night. The oratorio is said to be revolutionary in its tendencies, and there is great curiosity to hear it. Herds of music lovers from Stoneham, Wilmington and Winchester are expected to be present.

PHILIP HALE.

Arthur Beresford.

The remarkable success of this Boston artist in his concert appearances in the East have added greatly to his prestige, and he has already been approached with most tempting offers to locate next season in New York.

Below are some of his recent press notices:

Mr. Beresford has been heard at one of our May festivals. He has a remarkable voice, noticeably rich and strong in the middle and lower registers. He sings with good expression, and his phrasing is especially smooth and pleasing. He gave the familiar "Honor and Arms," from Handel's "Samson," with a spirit and force that left nothing lacking in these respects, and demonstrated the range and flexibility of his voice, as well as the power and purity of his tone. He sang as his first encore the colorful "Bedouin Love Song," by Pinsuti, which he rendered with marked dramatic effect. "The Two Grenadiers," by Schumann, his second number, was given in good bravura style, and the encore, "Trankadillo," the blacksmith's song, by Molloy, was as good a sample of ballad singing as one could wish to hear.—Springfield Republican.

Of the work of each artist too much cannot be said, and it is hardly necessary to give individual mention to each. It seems as if the singing of Mr. Beresford gave the most pleasure, and the reception given him was a flattering one indeed. He certainly possesses one of the most magnificent voices that has ever been heard in Nashua.—Nashua (N. H.) Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Beresford sang Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" magnificently. His reading reminded one very forcibly of Pol Plançon's. As an encore he gave a charming English ballad, "Now Ye Merrie Gentlemen," which brought down the house.—Reading (Pa.) Herald.

Madame De Vere had a worthy complement in the great basso Mr. Beresford. There is something almost incongruous between the Englishman's tall, slender figure and blonde hair and his tremendous voice, which he handles with the utmost ease and smoothness. The resources and richness of his tones are no more remarkable than the excellence of his technic.—Concord (N. H.) People and Patriot.

Arthur Beresford, bass, has developed wonderfully since his festival appearance of several years ago. He has a good, firm, solid voice, resonant and of a manly and serviceable character, and he has learned to use it with excellent effect. He put an abundance of vim and snap into the well-known Handel aria, "Honor and Arms" and into Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." He has also the none too common habit of distinct enunciation. Of course an encore awaited him after each song.—Worcester Spy.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Prof. T. E. Benzley.
Mme. R. Vogel.
J. A. Graham.
Mrs. S. Markee.
Reginald de Koven.
M. Haurowitz.
Mme. Dyna Beumer.
Mrs. Otto Sutro.
Clarence de Vaux Royer.
Edgar S. Kelley.
Mme. de Levenoff.
Mme. Marcella Sembrich.
David Bispham.
Geo. Henschel.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Maud Reese Davies.
Mrs. Chas. Dutton.
Clever Trio—E. M.

Katherine Bloodgood at Norwich Festival.

The festival, under the management of Adrian P. Babcock, was a great success, and became the medium through which Mrs. Bloodgood was introduced to a Norwich audience. Some press excerpts:

Mrs. Bloodgood, the contralto, was twice recalled after singing "Madrigal," and the audience was loath to let her retire after the third selection. The members of the high school chorus were wild with enthusiasm.—The Sun.

Mrs. Bloodgood, the contralto soloist, captured her audience at her first appearance. She has a commanding appearance and carriage, and possesses a voice of remarkable strength and quality. Her articulation is excellent, and her interpretation adds greatly to the effectiveness of her work. She was heartily encored at each appearance, and Norwich would be delighted to hear her again.—Chenango Union.

Mrs. Bloodgood, the charming contralto, sang twice. She has a magnificent voice of wide range and beautiful quality. She sings with expression and articulates clearly. Her beautiful voice and queenly bearing have completely captivated all who heard her. It is unnecessary to state that she was enthusiastically encored.—The Sun.

Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, the contralto, made her first appearance, which had been more eagerly awaited, perhaps, than that of any of the artists. The audience more than realized all that had been anticipated, and was enchanted with her singing, which is of the highest order, and never equaled in Norwich.—The Sun.

The next number on the program was probably looked forward to with more interest than any of the others. It was a contralto solo, by Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, who is considered perhaps the finest contralto in the United States, entitled "Mon Cœur Souvre a ta Voix!" She is, without doubt, the finest singer ever heard in the burg, that is, in that line. Her voice—well, it would not do for us to judge; we will let others judge. She more than fulfilled every expectation, and received the most hearty applause.—Chenango Telegraph.

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"An expert organist of the first rank."—*Nya Dagligt Allehanda* (Stockholm).

"Manipulated the splendid instrument in Queen's Hall to perfection."—*The Standard* (London).

"Great enthusiasm and applause."—*Crystal Palace Herald* (London).

FOR OPEN DATES ADDRESS

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Powers-Mannes Morning Musicales.

AMONG New York's musico-social affairs none take a higher rank than the fortnightly morning concerts given in Carnegie Lyceum by Francis Fischer Powers and David Mannes. These artists number in their following a large proportion of Gotham's most exclusive social set; people brought up in refinement, appreciating all things good, and quick to acknowledge it.

And so to possess one of the little invitation cards, so much sought after, for the series of fine concerts is to have the key to musical enjoyment of the most refined type. On the occasion of the first of the series last Wednesday morning the Lyceum was well filled, the gentle sex predominating, and many rich toilettes, as well as fashionable headgear puzzling to the genus homo, added much to the brilliant appearance of the audience.

This was the program:

The Fiddler.....Wieniawski
Träumerei.....Schumann
The Bee.....Schubert
David Mannes and Miss Madeline Mannes.
Viens Aurore.....Arranged by A. L.
L'Ete.....Chaminade
Miss Lillian Blauvelt.
Ja du bist Elend.....Sawyer
Chant Hindoo.....Bemberg
In the Valley (by request).....Oslet
Francis Fischer Powers.
Pourquoi rester seulette.....Saint-Saëns
May Morning.....Denza
Miss Blauvelt
Serenade Melancholique.....Tchaikowsky
Dance of the Elves.....Popper-Halir
Mr. Mannes and Miss Mannes.
Gondoliera.....Henschel
Miss Blauvelt and Mr. Powers.
Accompanist, F. W. Riesberg, assisted by Horace
H. Kinney.

The stage was decorated with palms and flowers, forming a charming background for the artists.

Mr. Mannes has broadened measurably since last season; his summer with Halir in Berlin having, in conjunction with life's experiences, giving him an artistic aplomb before lacking. He is to be thanked for introducing several compositions not hitherto played, notably the Wieniawski "Fiddler" and the Tchaikowsky "Serenade." The latter is a characteristic piece, once played here by Brodski, the former a most effective genre piece, beginning with the sounding of the open strings, which also forms an episode later; it is throughout exceedingly effective. Mr. Mannes played with musicianly depth, con amore, with warmth and devotion, ably seconded by the noble toned Maggini violin, the beloved fiddle of Dr. Damrosch. Miss Mannes most ably and sympathetically played her brother's accompaniments.

Miss Blauvelt was obliged to shorten her set numbers, owing to temporary hoarseness, but conscientiously did her best under the circumstances, and received abundant tokens of appreciation from her hearers.

She is one of the most spirituelle and temperamental of our native singers; musical to her dainty finger tips, and a refreshing vision to all men. Mr. Powers' glorious baritone voice, sombre, dark as woe in the Hindoo song, was vividly bright and colorful in the other songs; his forte is thrilling climax, his piano delicious, and at all

times he is a pattern of nobility of carriage, a distinguished stage presence, which has much to do with his success.

The graceful Henschel duet closed an hour of music which augurs well for the later ones. At the next Wednesday morning, December 29, the artists will be Miss Marguerite Hall, mezzo soprano; Franklin Van Rensselaer-Bunn, tenor, and Madame Hadden-Alexander, pianist.

Among the prominent guests present were Mrs. Henry Roso, Mrs. Clarence Postley, Mrs. Edward Knox, Mrs. Wallace C. Andrews, Mrs. Gamaliel St. John, Mrs. Alfred T. Martin, Mrs. Harris K. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Dick, Mrs. J. Adolph Mollenhauer, Mrs. Charles I. Hudson, Mrs. Charles Eaton, Mrs. Walter Watson, Mrs. Albert Bierstadt, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, Mrs. Edward Copeland Wallace, Mrs. J. H. Lane, the Misses Lane, Mrs. James Lawrence Blair, Mrs. James Warren Lane, Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Mrs. Frank Northrop, Mrs. J. Gilbert Gulick, Mrs. H. V. D. Black, Mrs. Arthur Francis, Miss Nora Swenson, Mrs. Frederick Betts, Mrs. Austin Fox, Mrs. Howard Gilder, Mrs. James Peterson, Miss Whitney, Mrs. G. Weaver Loper, Mrs. Stanley Gardyne Stewart, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Frank Baldwin Wesson, Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Tom Karl, Dellon Dewey, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt DeForest, Rev. Dr. Francis Brown, Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Kemp, Mrs. Charles Bigelow, Judge and Mrs. Dillon, Miss Callender, Miss De Forest, Mrs. Augustin Daly, Mrs. Francis Dugro, Mrs. Ogden Doremus, Dr. and Mrs. Edwards Janeway, Miss Janeway, Geo. Stuart Smith and Benjamin Prince.

The Debutants' Opera Club.

This excellent organization, which is made up of a number of talented church singers who are preparing a grand opera repertory, has been requested to give a performance for the benefit of the Astoria Hospital. One or two acts from some well-known opera will be given on January 27. The club address is 787 Lexington avenue, and for the present only performances for charity will be given.

"Hints to Singers," by J. Harry Wheeler.

Among this well-known and genial teacher's original idea is a leaflet containing a score or so of valuable "hints," of which he has used several thousand. Among them are the following, which all singers should peruse:

1. Avoid singing in the open air at night.
2. Do not sing with the piano against the wall.
3. Never sing in a room filled with furniture, draperies or bric-à-brac. A carpet deadens the sound.
4. Do not keep late hours. The singer needs rest and sleep.
5. When smoking causes expectoration it dries the pharynx and throat, therefore it impairs the voice.
6. Never drink spirituous liquors. Never drink water just before singing.
7. When singing never wear anything tight about the neck.
8. Never contract the waist by tight dressing.
9. Never sing long at one time.
10. Never sing just after eating, wait an hour if possible.
11. Do not constantly clear the throat; it is a habit.

Burmeister in Cincinnati.

[BY WIRE.]

CINCINNATI, December 18, 1897.

RICHARD BURMEISTER scored an immense success to-night in Chopin's F Minor Concerto at the Symphony concert. Six recalls.

Von Klenner's Musicales.

ON Wednesday evening, at the studio of one of New York's most successful teachers, Katherine Evans von Klenner, a large number of interested listeners was entertained by a recital of pupils who, in different stages and selections, gave sufficient proof of the efficacy of their teacher.

Miss Bessie Knapp has a voice of very much more than ordinary sweetness and purity. Miss Frances Travers, a young girl from St. John, has a soprano voice that ought to assure a great career. It is rich, full and strongly dramatic. Miss Beatrice Maltman, from San Francisco, has a charming voice and very much style. Miss Lillian V. Watt has a flexible, clear soprano, with the same finish which marks all of the pupils of Madame Von Klenner. The diction of all of these young ladies was clear, and the phrasings were intelligent. Miss Randall did not appear in piano soli as expected, and her place was filled by Miss Burns, who also played the accompaniments. This was the program:

Romance, Zemire und Azor.....Spohr
Miss Anna Ilgin.
Flute solo, Im Rosenduft.....Terschak
J. K. Bradford.
Gavotte, Manon.....Massenet
Miss Grace Harrison.
Amour, Viens Aider, Samson and Delilah....Saint-Saëns
Mme. Alicia Touceda.
Charmant Oiseau, Pearl of Brazil.....David
Miss Bessie Knapp.
Flute obligato, Mr. Bradford.
La Calindrina.....Jomelle
Miss Maud Weston.
Va, Va, Dit-Elle, Robert le Diable.....Meyerbeer
Miss Beatrice Maltman.
Flute solo, Concertstück.....Popp
Mr. Bradford.
Je Suis Titania, Mignon.....Thomas
Miss Frances Travers.
Merce di Lette Amiche, Sicilian Vespers.....Verdi
Miss Lillian V. Watt.

Ethel Reid.

Miss Ethel Reid, a former pupil of Mme. Artot de Padilla (Désirée Artot), of Paris, has since her return to America continued her studies with Frank G. Dossert. Miss Reid has filled several important concert engagements this season in Hartford, Stamford and other cities in Connecticut. She also sang recently in Yonkers with pronounced success. On Christmas morning she will be heard in the French Church, where she has been engaged to sing a new composition—a "Noel" by Rousseau, dedicated to her by the composer.

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Boston Music Notes.

DECEMBER 18, 1897.

MISS EMMA S. HOSFORD, owing to a large and constantly increasing class of pupils, has recently added another large room to the suite that she occupies in the Pierce Building. One says a "constantly increasing class," but that is hardly the way to express the fact that every moment of Miss Hosford's time is filled, from 9 in the morning until 6 at night, and there are already a number of pupils on the waiting list. She is still keeping up her work in Northampton, where she gives about twenty lessons on Wednesday, and she also goes to Wellesley College for one day in the week, while at her Boston studio it is a constant coming and going of pupils, one succeeding the other in regular rotation. On Friday morning she has a "cours," in which many of the young ladies take part, and it is found that this is one of the most interesting features of the work. These "cours" are modeled on those of the French teachers, Miss Hosford being the first to introduce them in this city, it is believed.

The new room merits more than passing notice, for it is a "thing of beauty" in its quaint green furniture, a most restful color and place for those obliged to wait. The color scheme is kept in green throughout, an enormous Japanese umbrella adding a tone of red that harmonizes well with the darker color. But then Miss Hosford has such a delightful way of arranging her rooms that it is no surprise to find this one just as charming in its way as the large music room where the serious work of teaching is done. During her long residence abroad Miss Hosford collected many valuable and interesting articles; bric-à-brac, pictures, photographs, autographs, fans, prints, furniture, cabinets, &c., to which have been added since her return other equally interesting pieces, so that now her rooms are really the most artistic of all the studios in this city. Miss Hosford herself is so bright, genial, clever and thoroughly interested in what she is doing that it is always a pleasure to meet and talk with her. Her success in her profession has come from study, hard work, and the excellent methods which she gained from her teachers, Mr. Georg Henschel, of London, and Giraudet, of Paris.

Mrs. Wm. F. Whitney, formerly known in the musical world as Miss Louise Elliott, is substituting at Trinity Church for Mrs. Follett. She began her services on Sunday.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Alice Huse Williams when she was studying singing in this city will read with interest the account of her marriage at her home in Santa Barbara, Cal., recently. Her gracious manner and charming personality won her many friends while here:

Mrs. Alice Huse Williams and Walter Crockett Show were married at high noon by Rev. William H. Ramsay, of Trinity Church, at the pretty home of the bride in Chapala street, which had been converted into an immense conservatory for the occasion, so elaborate was the arrangement of potted palms, ferns, bamboo and ornamental plants. Smilax and asparagus fern concealed stairways and floated from lace draperies and casements. A large floral harp of Catherine de Mermet roses and maidenhair fern occupied the bay window, before which stood the bridal party for the ceremony. Roses and carnations clustered in the reception rooms and banked the mantels concealed by ferns. The beautiful bride was gown in richest mauve and white satin brocade and duchesse lace. Diamonds—the gift of the groom—were the only jewels worn. J. J. Perkins gave away the bride, and Walter Hunt attended the groom. Mrs. Georgiana Thompson Lacy received the guests. A course dinner was served at 2 o'clock, with hand painted menu cards descriptive of early Spanish life. The table decorations were entirely of large golden chrysanthemums and maidenhair fern. The Spanish band played softly in the distance throughout the afternoon. It was a quiet wedding, but most elaborate in its artistic details. Mrs. Show has been prominent in social and musical circles since childhood, and is a native daughter of this city. Mr. Show is a successful young

business man, and a great favorite here, where he has grown up.

Charles A. Ridgway played the third of the series of recitals being given at the Virgil Clavier School, of Boston, Monday evening, December 13. The recital hall was crowded to its utmost by the many friends of the school and the frequent applause showed the appreciation of his playing. Mr. Ridgway, though feeling quite indisposed before beginning his program, played his selections, as a rule, in his usual effective manner. His playing is characterized by a firm, sympathetic touch, clear, even scale, and a certain musical individuality pervaded whatever he performs.

Henry Taylor, who has been studying with Mrs. L. P. Morrill for the past two seasons, recently sang at one of her "at homes" and received the compliments and congratulations of the audience upon the great and marked progress he has made in his art. His voice is doubled in power, and Mrs. Morrill considers him one of her most promising pupils. He has a fine, manly presence and perfect self-possession, so that he seems to have every requisite for success. His voice now, although he is only twenty-two, has a range of over two octaves.

Mrs. Etta Edwards' "at home" on Thursday evening was a gratifying success in every way. The rooms were prettily decorated with masses of laurel interspersed with flowers, most effectively arranged. During the evening a select musical program was given, consisting of songs, violin solos and duets. Miss Louise Ainsworth, a young woman of rare beauty and possessing a contralto voice of great power, sang, and the Misses Blanche Parker and Lillie Whiton were also heard with pleasure in several songs, while Miss Alice Wetmore delighted those present not only by well directed use of a sweet voice, but by evidences of dramatic promise unusual in so young a singer. All the young ladies showed the results of the good schooling they have received while studying with Mrs. Edwards. The violinist was Miss Blanche B. Sears, who never fails to captivate her audience. Miss Edith Castle, of the North Avenue Baptist Church choir, in Cambridge, also favored the company with several songs. Among those present were:

J. L. Wright, Frank Nash, Mr. Holmes, Mrs. Minette, J. J. Turner, Mrs. Sawyer, Arthur Burnett, Miss Edith Castle, Warren W. Adams, Miss Bertha Johnson, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Marguerite Boyce, Miss Evens, Mrs. C. A. Parker and Mr. Whiton.

Miss Florence Traub and Mr. Albert Burgemeister of the Virgil Piano School, New York, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Friday evening, at 8:15.

The Cecilia will give at its next concert, January 13, Brahms' "Song of Fate," "The Pilgrimage to Kelvaar," by Humperdinck, and Goring Thomas' "Swan and Skylark." Mrs. Marian Titus has been engaged for the soprano solos in the last named work.

Alvah Grover Salmon, of the Boston Training School of Music, will spend Christmas week in New York city.

The seventh concert in the faculty course of the New England Conservatory of Music will be given on December 22 by the conservatory string quartet, assisted by Mr. Carl Stasny.

Miss Nellie B. MacGregor, of Portland, Me., has set to music a poem by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. It has just been published under the name of "Now and Then," a beautiful contralto song dedicated to Mrs. Charles Utley Thomas. As both Mrs. Moulton and Mrs. Thomas are well known socially and musically a great popularity is expected for it. Fine contralto songs are so rare that this composition is already welcomed by the soloists, who are always on the lookout for additions to their repertory.

The quarterly concert at the Dean Academy took place last Tuesday evening. The selections were well given, and were heartily received by the friends of the pupils. The

singing of Mrs. Minnie Little's pupils showed that they had received well-directed instruction.

Ethelbert Nevin and DeForest Danielson are arranging some song recitals which will be given at the DeForest Danielson residence on Commonwealth avenue in the near future.

Franz Listemann Recital.

BOTH the soprano and the all-important accompanist engaged to assist the distinguished 'cellist, Franz Listemann, at his recital in Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, December 15, failed to appear, and the concert began with an apologetic speech. Illness was the cause of the absence of Inez Grenelli and Edward Falck, and Mr. Listemann had the sympathy of the entire audience in his unfortunate predicament. Carl Bernhard, the well-known basso, kindly volunteered his services, and won great applause by his singing of the following numbers:

"Ninon," Tosti; "Violet," Mildenberg; "In Questa Tomba," Beethoven; "Little Blue Pigeon," Fairlamb; "Spanish Serenade," Fullerton.

Frank Ward, of whom THE MUSICAL COURIER has made favorable comment on several occasions, played the accompaniments very acceptably when one considers the fact that he had no opportunity to rehearse. He was painfully nervous, but he performed his allotted task in a most musicianly way. Mr. Listemann was, of course, at a great disadvantage, but even under such adverse conditions gave marked evidence of his ability. His tone is full, rich and sonorous, his technic is admirable and his readings are most artistic.

It is to be hoped that another opportunity will be afforded his admirers of hearing him under more favorable circumstances.

Katherine Ruth Heyman's Success.

Upon the occasion of Miss Heyman's appearance before the Michigan Music Teachers' Association the Bay City Times-Press said:

Miss Heyman will be remembered by many as the young pianist whose remarkable playing attracted so much attention at the M. M. T. A. convention at Flint recently, and the opportunity of hearing her again will be highly prized by any who were present on that occasion. * * * Miss Heyman adds to a faultless technic a depth of insight and originality of interpretation which are rare among even the most celebrated performers. * * * She achieved considerable reputation before returning to this country by her drawing room recitals in London and Paris, and the press and critics have praised her in high terms whenever she has played in public on this side. Indeed, she is looked upon by many as one who will have a world-wide reputation in the early future.

Frances Miller in Goshen.

This charming soprano continues to make friends and admirers, and is an acknowledged feature of any concert. Peruse the following:

Miss Miller is a pronounced favorite with the Goshen people, and well she should be. She is fair to look upon, tall, stately and beautiful. Her voice is a strong, full soprano, which shows careful training and technic. It was in the finale of the "Gallia" that she was at her best, for it was then that she had an opportunity to show the full scope of her voice.—Correspondent Middletown Forum.

It is no reflection upon the other soloists to state that the honors of the evening were carried off by Miss Miller, the soprano. She has in times past sung acceptably in this village, and everybody hopes that she may be heard here again, but she was never better than on this occasion. It was her opportunity, and she made the most of it. It was in the finale solo and chorus where she achieved her most brilliant success, and the encore she received was well deserved.—Goshen Independent Republican.

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Boston Symphony Concert.

THE second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given at the Metropolitan Opera House, Thursday evening of last week, brought us two welcome novelties, as may be seen by this curiously constructed program:

Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.....Beethoven
Concerto for Violin in G major (MS.), op.

13.....Gustave Strube
(Cadenza by Franz Kneisel.)

Moderato (in G major).

Allegro non troppo, ma energico (G major).

Adagio, ma non troppo lento (B flat major).

Finale: Allegro (G major).

(First time in New York.)

Symphonic Poem: "Thus Spake Zarathustra," op.

30.....Richard Strauss

(First time in New York.)

"Invitation to the Dance," op. 65.....Von Weber

Overture to "Carlo Broschi".....Daniel Francois-Esprit Auber

Soloist, Franz Kneisel.

The symphony was put on to commemorate an anniversary—the one hundred and twenty seventh of Beethoven's birth. The finale of the scheme was a mistake on Mr. Paur's part; it contained one number too many. Either the Weingartner or the Auber should have been omitted, and, for our part, we could have put up with the loss of the valse with fortitude. As a matter of fact, the first three numbers were all sufficing, any composer—save, perhaps, his namesake, of Vienna—would be an anticlimax after such a prodigious portent as the new symphonic poem. A Strauss valse would have solved the tonal riddle of the younger man, although the sunny melodies of the Frenchman were no mean substitute. We merely wish to emphasize our contention that three, or at the most four, numbers constitute the scheme of a serious evening of music. One symphony, one concerto, one overture or symphonic poem, and the auditor has enough to digest for a week. Theodore Thomas as a program maker still leads Messrs. Seidl, Paur and Damrosch.

But it was an enjoyable evening, and Mr. Paur and his men easily demonstrated the superiority of this band to our lazy Philharmonics. But we are weary of making this contention. The symphony, let it be said at once, was not passionately played; it was not cold; it was muscular, vigorous and clean, but lacked imaginative lift, grandeur, and in the middle movement, poetry. It was a performance that was fine and satisfying in many senses, for it was sane and well-balanced, but it was line and not color. Technically it was admirable. The contrabass in the trio of the scherzo were almost sculptural in the purity, lucidity and firmness of outline. Such virtuosity! Yet one felt the loss of something, the Beethoven spirit, the Promethean fire were absent. Possibly a prolonged rehearsal in the morning after a night spent on sleeping cars told on the nerves of the orchestra.

The new violin concerto proved welcome, for it is a pleasure to hear a work of this sort, that does not do to the dreary death double thirds, batteries of octaves, piping harmonics, shrieking skips and sliding sixths. We are tired with old-fashioned piano gymnastics, but more wearisome are the efforts of violin virtuosi to convince us that velocity is virility, that a melody is improved by being carved into wonderful splinters. Mr. Strube has written manly melodies, idyllic rather than 'ramatic, and has painted for them a background of charming colors and lively rhythms. Not a profound but an unaffected and sweet work, the adagio being the best conceived. The finale is not strong and is more in the popular vein, the orchestra not being as well handled as in the preceding movements. There is no mistaking the genuineness of the workmanship, and the sincerity of the composer. He sings, not alone with the solo instrument, but with the entire band. Mr. Kneisel's cadenza is in the best possible taste and his reading was a delight; so unobtrusive, so commanding—the two qual-

ities are not contradictions—so musical. Mr. Strube conducted with skill. Mr. Hale has told us of the success of his overture, "The Maid of Orleans," and his symphony, the scherzo of which has won special praise.

The composer is one of the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and this concerto was finished a year next Christmas. We extend our congratulations to Mr. Strube.

And now having cleared the ground for the event of the evening—indeed for the event of the musical season of 1897-8—let us beg our readers to remember that the new Strauss music must be approached, not from the point of philosophy, but simply viewed as absolute music. Its style, melodic content, workmanship, its poetic scope are to be first considered, and not if it interprets Nietzsche's profoundly individualistic philosophy. It is a symphonic poem of rather loose construction, and, as to outline, but rigorously logical in its presentment of thematic material, and in its magnificent weaving of the contrapuntal web. There is organic unity, and the strenuousness of the composer's ideas almost blind his hearers to their tenuity, and sometimes a squat ugliness. Strauss has confessed to not following a definite scheme, a precise presentation of the bacchante philosophy of Nietzsche. Why, then, is Riemann's pretentious analytical program tolerated? It is confusing and misleading. Why a program at all? The title is all-sufficing, for Strauss is too clever a man not to realize the boundaries of music. Nietzsche was a lyrical rhapsodist, a literary artist first, perhaps a philosopher afterward. It is the lyric side of him that Strauss seeks to interpret. Yet certain mental states that are almost philosophical may be hinted at by music. The sublimity of the idea of creation might, be suggested in tone, and almost is, by a man of this composer's resources. However, it is better not to read into the music's esoteric meanings. Simply as absolute music it is astounding enough—astounding in its scope, handling and execution. It is not as realistic as you imagine, not as realistic for instance as the "Don Juan" and "Til Eulenspiegel." Strauss is here an idealist striving after the impossible, yet compassing the hem of grandeur, and often a conscious seeker after the abnormally ugly. Yet we hesitate to call his an abnormal brain. Abnormal it may be in its manifestation of eccentric power, but it is not evil in its tendency, and a brain that can construct such a mighty tone structure is to be seriously counted with.

As a mere matter of musical politics we do not believe in program music. Wagner, and before him, Beethoven, fixed its boundaries. Liszt, in his Faust symphony, and Wagner, in his Faust overture, read into pure music as much meaning as its framework could endure without calling in the aid of the sister arts. That Wagner did, while Liszt begat Saint-Saëns, Tchaikowsky and Richard Strauss. Each of these men pushed realism to a frantic degree, Strauss in particular giving us in his "Death and Apotheosis" the most minute memoranda. But in "Also Sprach Zarathustra" he has deserted surface imitations. The laughter of the convalescent, and the slow, creeping fugue betray his old tendencies. There is an uplifting roar in the opening that is really elemental. Those tremendous chords alone proclaim Strauss a man of genius, and their naked simplicity gives his fee simple to the heritage of Beethoven. But this grandeur is not maintained throughout. The A flat section is notably melodious and luscious in color. "Of Joys and Passions" is gloriously brilliant and passionate. Here is profound energy not again exhibited. The five voice fugue is ugly yet masterful, and the dance music exhilarating, indeed, intoxicating. It is furious in its abandonment, corymbant in its disheveled revelry. Such laughter has never been heard in an orchestra before!

The close is enigmatic, and the juggling with the tonality is fruitful of suspense, bewilderment. Yet it does not plunge the listener into the gloomy, abysmal gulf of

Tchaikowsky's last movement of the B minor symphony. It is not so simple nor yet so cosmic. Strauss has the grand manner at times, but he cannot maintain as did Brahms in his "Requiem," or Tchaikowsky in his last symphonic work.

The narrative and declamatory style is often violently interrupted by passages of great descriptive power; the development of the themes seems coincidental with some program in Strauss' mind and the contrapuntal ingenuity displayed is just short of the miraculous. There is a groaning and a travailing spirit, a restless, uneasy aspiring which is Faust-like, and suggests a close study of "Eine Faust Overture," but there is more versatility of mood, more hysteria and more febrile agitation in the Strauss score. It is a sheaf of moods bound together with rare skill, and in the most cacophonous portions there is no suspicion of writing for the sake of mere wilful eccentricity. Strauss is ugly because the mood he attempts to portray happens to be an ugly one. And here is brought up the question of the purely decorative element in music, a question not to be lightly solved. There were reminiscences more in color than form of "Tristan," of "Walküre," "Die Meistersinger," and once there was a suggestion of Gounod, but the composer's style is his own despite his Wagnerian affiliations.

Strauss is a man of rare and powerful imagination; the tentacles of his imagination are restlessly feeling and thrusting forward and grappling with material on most dangerous territory. The need of expression of definite modes of thought, of more definite modes of emotion, is a question that has perplexed every great composer. With such an apparatus as the modern orchestra—in Strauss' hands an eloquent, plastic and palpitating instrument—much may be ventured, and while the composer has not altogether succeeded—it is almost a superhuman task he sets himself to achieve—he has made us think seriously of a new trend in the art of discoursing music. Formalism is abandoned—Strauss moves by episodes, now furiously swift, now ponderously lethargic, and one is lost in amazement at the loftiness, the solidity and general massiveness of his structure. More amazing still is the critical distrust with which a work of this stupendous proportion is received. One need not admire the subject matter, one may be a Brahmsite and clamor against the lack of formal beauty, but that admirers of Berlioz, Wagner and Liszt or Tchaikowsky should cavil at Strauss and his tendencies is incredible. The man's scholarship is so profound, almost as profound as Brahms, his genius for the orchestra so marked, his color and rhythmic sense so magnificently developed that the general effect of his rhetoric is, perhaps, too blazingly brilliant. He has more to say than Berlioz and says it better, is less magniloquent and more poetically than Liszt, is as clever as Saint-Saëns, but in thematic invention he is miles behind Wagner.

His melodies, it must be confessed, are not always remarkable or distinguished in quality, setting aside the question of ugliness altogether. But the melodic curve is big and passional. Strauss can be tender, dramatic, bizarre, poetic and humorous, and it is the noble art of simplicity he sadly lacks—for art it is. His themes in this poem are often simple; indeed, the waltz is distinctly commonplace, but it is not the Doric, the bald simplicity of Beethoven. It is rather a brutal plainness of speech. Of lascivious pleasing for the sake of aural voluptuousness there is not a trace.

Strauss is too deadly in earnest to trifle or to condescend to ear tickling devices. The tremendous sincerity of the work will be its saving salt for many who violently disagree with the whole scheme. No one present could have failed to be impressed last Thursday night, while perhaps not a dozen in the audience understood the composition, and of the twelve not six were in sympathy with it.

Wait five years.

The performance was a memorable one. Mr. Paur had

the music at his finger tips and his enthusiasm, energy the greatest feat of orchestral virtuosity ever accomplished in this city, and even when the very foundations of the deep were breaking up, the structural lines of the work remained intact. On the fine frenzy, of the velocity of the sonority of the performance, it is useless to dwell. It was breathless, exciting and wonderful. The orchestra was composed as follows: One piccolo-flute, three flutes (the third of which is interchangeable with a second piccolo), three oboes, one English horn, one E flat clarinet, two ordinary clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, one double bassoon, six horns, four trumpets, three trombones, two bass tubas, one pair of kettledrums, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, Glockenspiel, one low bell, two harps, the usual strings, and organ.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich presided at the organ.

The house was full and displayed no enthusiasm until Weingartner's shallow and showy paraphrase was played. That was understood.

The Arion Concert.

THE second concert of this season of the Arion Society of New York took place on Sunday evening last at the club house, East Fifty-ninth street. The admirable male chorus, which always sustains its international reputation, and a full orchestra with the respectably sized personnel of fifty-five, were supplemented by a group of soloists, including Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, contralto; Herr Xaver Scharwenka, pianist; Nahan Franko, violinist, and Herr Ernest Kraus, tenor. Julius Lorenz held his place at the desk, and the incidental piano accompaniments were played by Hugo Grünwald.

The chorus acquitted itself with remarkable precision, musical taste and genuine beauty and variety in tonal quality. The à capella work calculated to disclose its merits at their best happily predominated. An old Xmas hymn, "Puernatus in Bethlehem," was exquisitely sung, and the "Maizauber" of Simon Breu' a chorus delicately difficult in its effective contrasts, was delivered with excellent appreciation and color. Brambach's "Fröhliches Fest am Rhein," sung with orchestra, brought the choral program to a jubilant, stirring close. One is inclined, if preference may be mentioned, to give the palm to the tenors, but this may be a result of comparison with the work of the solo tenor of the evening, Herr Kraus, whose throaty volume threw into telling relief the clear, vibrant tone of the Arion tenor ranks. Herr Kraus is associated in the American mind with a cold, but his thickly covered tones of Sunday night were obviously not the result of any physical disability, but of bad voice placing and a natively unwieldy instrument. His principal number was "Dies Bildniss," from the "Magic Flute." It simply served to score a weighty number of points for the choral body in the rear. "It is an ill wind," &c.

Mrs. Jacoby, whose rare voice, with its full, luscious contralto quality, runs with superlative ease through the full mezzo-soprano register, sang the "Connais tu le Pays" from "Mignon." Mellow, even and alive with dramatic feeling was the delivery. This artist, possessed of an instrument which ranks among the most valuable of the day, improves with each hearing. She sang with good

accent. Mrs. Jacoby's methods are now those of an authoritative artist, well-controlled and judicious. They were fully appreciated by the large and critical audience present, which applauded her to the echo and insisted that she should sing again. She then gave Franz's "Im Herbst" with the deep-hued intensity and purpose which is the sombre lyric's due.

The second and third movements of Xaver Scharwenka's C minor piano concerto were played by the composer himself. It was evidently a labor of love to him and appealed to the house irresistibly. The second movement, with its lengthily-woven periods filled out with an ingenious passage work, which Scharwenka played as crystal, lacks the bold, original interest of the third, built on a theme Hungarian in character and glittering with élan. Scharwenka broke into it with enormous vigor and brilliancy, and kept his pace to the close. Technically his work was most flawlessly remarkable in the heart-breakingly difficult octave passages, where the cleanness and dash of the player were exceptional. He also aroused enormous enthusiasm, and, returning, played something of the Spinning Song variety with delightful finish.

The orchestra did careful work in Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, although rather monotone until the finale was reached, when it responded with proper gusto to the strenuous appeal of Mr. Lorenz, who had been almost over-zealous from the first. It also played the "Scherzo" from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and played it with infinite daintiness and grace. The accompaniment to Scharwenka was, however, its best work of the night—sympathetic discretion itself.

Mr. Lorenz headed matters with confident ease, and deserves congratulation for his results obtained from chorus and orchestra and the composition of a successful program.

Max Heinrich.

At a song recital given in the hall of the New York College of Music on Wednesday evening, December 15, by the favorite baritone Max Heinrich the following program was excellently given:

Pax Vobiscum.....Schubert
Nacht und Traum,
Gruppe aus dem Tartarus,
Am Strom.
Greisengesang.
Sehnsucht.
Four Serious Songs, op. 121.....Brahms
(Vier ernste Gesänge.)
Ecclesiastes, III.,
Ecclesiastes, IV.,
Ecclesiastics, 41.
I. Corinthians, XIII.
Invocation to Sleep.....Tschaiakowsky
Spring and Love.....Franz
Love in Spring.
Frühlings-Ankunft.....Schumann
Er ist's.
Schneeglöckchen.
In's Freie.

Mr. Heinrich's interpretations are most artistic, and the applause of the large audience present testified to its appreciation and enjoyment of the entire concert.

J. Jerome Hayes Pupil Concert.

ONE of the most interesting student concerts of the season was given in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall on Friday evening, December 17, by the pupils of J. Jerome Hayes. The program was an ambitious one, containing oratorio and operatic selections of no small difficulty, and it was performed throughout with an ease and finish quite remarkable. There were faults, it is true, but they were not glaring enough to mar to any great extent the general excellence. There was so much to commend that one might be pardoned for overlooking even these shortcomings.

The singing of R. E. Phillips was the best feature of the concert. His voice is resonant and of good quality, and his phrasing in the difficult aria "Honor and Arms," by Handel, was broad and classic. Miss Spencer, who sang the Glück aria, "Che Faro," also deserves a word of warm praise. Her personality is pleasing, and her voice is clear and full, with a great deal of timbre. Mr. Grab earned one of the most enthusiastic encores of the evening by his singing of the aria from "Philémon and Baucis," by Gounod. Miss Loveridge has a pretty voice, and gives promise of becoming a singer of merit.

E. A. Parsons, who contributed four of his own piano compositions to the program, was obliged to respond to several enthusiastic encores. Owing to the length of the entertainment he wisely refused to repeat "Gavotte," which had been redemanded. The following was the program:

Excelsior.....Balfé
Miss Loveridge and Mr. Phillips.
My Little Love.....Hawley
Miss Breed.
Israfel.....King
Mr. Morgan.
Snow.....Parker
Miss Cahill.
Spanish Cradle Song.....Parsons
Two preludes—
Tradition,
Will o' the Wisp,
Mr. Parsons.
Si Tu M'Aimais.....Denza
Miss Chase.
O, Fair, O, Sweet and Holy.....Cantor
Dr. Lawton.
Rejoice Greatly (Messiah).....Händel
Miss Hodgkinson.
The Rose of Love (Rosemaiden).....Cowen
Miss Cahill and Mr. Morgan.
Che Faro Senza, Euridice.....Glück
Miss Spencer.
Honor and Arms (Samson).....Händel
Mr. Phillips.
Sarabande.....Parsons
Gavotte Sicilienne.
Mr. Parsons.
Summer.....Chaminade
Miss Loveridge.
Vulcan Song (Philemon and Baucis).....Gounod
Mr. Grab.
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice.....Saint-Saëns
Mrs. Whitney.
Sestetto (Lucia di Lammermoor).....Donizetti
Miss Loveridge, Miss Spencer, Mr. Hayes,
Dr. Lawton, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Phillips.



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A MODERN PALESTRINA.

A PALESTRINA of the modern music world seems the most fitting phrase in which to picture the main characteristics of the famous French organist Alexandre Guilmant, who is now in New York. For he has constantly set forth in theory and in practice the highest principles of the great art of which he is a foremost, perhaps one might justly say the foremost, French representative.

From the time when he was his father's pupil at Boulogne and at the age of twenty became organist of the Church of St. Joseph and maitre de chapelle of St. Nicholas to the days in Paris, when his playing at the inauguration of the organs of St. Sulpice and Notre Dame brought him the appointment of organist of the Church of La Trinité, through all his triumphal concert tours in England, Italy, France and Russia, to the present moment, when he is welcomed and listened to by the best musicians in this city, M. Guilmant has never wavered in devotion to the highest interests of music, has never ceased his endeavor to bring home to those who will listen the great underlying truths of absolutely pure music. These truths, as eternal and unchanging as are the laws of being, have been overlooked at various times in musical history, have been put aside by disputatious quibbling over the minor points of musical law, or by the sway of emotional extravagances or the love of virtuosity.

During these early periods, the period of the Netherland contrapuntists, whose earnest views spread gradually through Italy, France, Germany, Spain and England; the epoch of polyphony which followed; the Elizabethan age of organ music; the Franco-Belgian epoch in France; that contrapuntal period during which the Lutheran choral was elaborated, a few names only stand out like stars which guide the eye upward to musical heights. Readers of musical history remember them—Morales and Vittoria in Spain; De Pres Clement, Arcadelt in France; Tallis, Byrd and others in England; Merulo, Gabrieli, Lassus, in Italy, and Hasler and Schütz in Germany. These were some of the lesser lights in the musical firmament. But it was Palestrina only who had the intellectual and spiritual grasp of music that enabled him to dominate his own time and to send his message down the ages. And it was Bach only who towered above his contemporaries by force of his mental sanity, who assimilated all the musical material that had been accumulating for 150 years and left in his motets and unsurpassable fugues an inheritance for which we are yet grateful. There are too many fine organists to-day and too many composers of fine church music to say definitely that one is the Palestrina or the Bach of the age. That would be to usurp the privilege of Time. But this much can be asserted positively, that only one who, like Guilmant, bases his work upon the most definite musical laws, whose inspiration and feeling are controlled by reason and the clearest intelligence, can be held by posterity as worthy to stand with the greatest masters of the past.

In the greatest early period of church music development, France lagged in the background. To-day she is already beginning to take a leading place, and this notwithstanding the magnificent seriousness and rich harmonic knowledge of Germany. The higher position of France to-day is largely owing to the efforts of Guilmant, who, through his concert tours, has been a pioneer in presenting to other nations in worthy manner the worthiest French church music, not his compositions alone, but those of the best French composers of the past and present; and compositions which have for the most part stood well the test of being in juxtaposition with Händel, Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann and others of like fame. To the interpretation of these compositions not his own Guilmant subordinates himself, sets aside his own characteristics as a composer in order to meet the best demands of the work performed. His versatility is not less evident than his musical power. But he does not condescend, be-

it noted, to play any music which does not naturally adapt itself to good interpretation upon the organ.

He upholds everywhere the highest standard in art; and in the care and attention bestowed upon every detail, even the smallest detail of phrasing and manipulation, he speaks a constant reproof to those who mistake a sway of ill-regulated emotion to mean inspiration. As a contrapuntist he is unsurpassed, and when he frees himself to the full sway of emotion, the grandeur and dignity of his playing touch his listeners to the silence which is deeper than words. But apart from his playing, his great value as a composer, his gifts in improvising, and his unsurpassed skill as a contrapuntist, M. Guilmant has another claim to be regarded as a purifying influence in modern music. He has been unremittingly active in developing the musical interests of France. An instance of his unselfish spirit has been the harmonizing into their original integrity of the five masses of Dumont, the choirmaster of the Court of Louis XIV. These were badly mutilated and unworthy of ecclesiastical dignity, and Guilmant considered that the same care should be exercised in the treatment of these as exercised in the works of Bach or Lulli—that nothing in fact ever played upon the organ should be mutilated. The Credo of the first mass is the one best known, though others have been occasionally used. Now all are harmonized, a labor of love, which can be appreciated only by those who have seen the hieroglyphics of the original no-

of a great modern school of French organ music. In all this work he is upheld by the same French enthusiasm for pure art which has been shown in the establishment of certain fixed principles upon which may be developed its language and its literature.

It is the foundation of classic restraint which has given French literature intellectual supremacy, a supremacy which is steadfastly maintained notwithstanding the waverings and reactions which have taken shape in symbolism and decadency. Not by its weaker movements should any literature be judged, but by its general intellectual tenor. So with music. The present efforts of M. Guilmant and others are now restoring the musical balance, are neutralizing the super-sensuousness and the superficiality which has marked a good deal of French modern music. M. Guilmant brings to America by this visit, as by his former visit, the later aspect of French music and French organ-playing. He teaches a deeper lesson than admiration—a lesson which we may not heed as yet, but which we shall be compelled to heed if we are to stand on an equality with other nations as composers and organists. It is the lesson of steadiness and stability and accurate knowledge as the necessary basis from which may arise inspirations of genius as from the solid ground arise the lovely shapes of nature which evidence creative force. He enforces again the truth that no master in any part has scorned the value of form, and the beauty of

natural order (in music the order is rhythm), the specific regulation of every detail which can add brilliancy or firmness to any art achievement.

ART AND THE ORGAN.

Some interesting considerations in regard to organ-playing and the recent changes in organ building are also aroused by Guilmant's present visit. It is almost startling to think how short a time has elapsed since the organ and the art of organ-playing was in its infancy. Less than 300 years ago, when choral singing had reached a high state of perfection, solo singing was yet undeveloped, combinations just beginning, and the organ had just started on its course as a solo instrument. The invention of the organ pipes had been attributed to Archimedes, B. C. 220. The organ was brought from the Greek empire into Eu-

rope in 657, the first organ with a keyboard was erected in the cathedral of Magdeburg in 1807, and at this time, an authority states, remember, "the pipes were closed automatically by means of springs so that each pipe sounded only when its key was pressed down."

* * * In the large organs where there were a number of pipes to each key this action, though simple, was very clumsy and cumbersome. A key long enough to close ten or more pipes had to be pressed down several inches sometimes even a foot, and required a powerful spring. This made a very hard action. As late as the fourteenth century organ keys were from three to four inches wide, and had to be pressed down with the feet or elbows."

But the mechanism gradually improved, until in 1487, just before the discovery of America,—we are yet, it is well to remember, a young nation—an organ was built in Rome with one 16-foot and one 32-foot pipe. Pedals were now introduced, and a little later reed pipes. When the seventeenth century came in there were many organs practically adapted for elaborate polyphonic playing. By 1738 the great Haarlem organ was constructed with 4,088 pipes and 60 stops, the largest organ up to that time. Bach had now elaborated the fugue to its full estate, and organ playing had become a fine art. A fine art for those days, indeed, and a fine art, perhaps, if one listened to Bach's own playing of the great St. Anne's fugues. But an art scarcely to be compared with the organ-playing of to-day on the magnificent electric organs which respond to every slightest impulse of a master hand and allow combinations and effects that could never have been dreamed of even fifty years ago—one might almost say ten years ago. Visions of the early days of organ playing must have flitted before the mind's eye of many listeners in the audience, as they harkened to the glorious music which Guilmant produced from the organ in the Church of the Incarnation last week. It is practically a new



ALEXANDRE GUILMANT BEFORE THE ORGAN CONSOLE, CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HAMILTON, CANADA.

tation. M. Guilmant is president of the Schola Cantorum, a society organized for the purification of classic music, and which offers prizes for correct ecclesiastical writing. He is also interested in the normal school for training piano teachers, and has undertaken a truly monumental work, that of editing compositions which he has played at the Trocadero, some well known, others not yet published, but taken from manuscripts. This "Archives des Maitres de l'Orgue" embraces, it is stated, organ music of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and is arranged in three parts: 1. Les Hymnes de l'Eglise. 2. The Magnificat (seven verses for each tone). 3. Principal works of Merulo, Scheidt, Frescobaldi, Clerambault, Couperin, Buxtehude, Gabrieli, Pachelbel, Muffat, Martini, Daquin, Alberti, Dr. Arne, J. L. Krebs, Kirnberger, Coelho, &c.

Among his own works may be mentioned the series of compositions known as "The Practical Organist," his symphony for organ and orchestra, "Four Organ Sonatas," "Balthasar," a lyrical scene, with solos, chorus and orchestra; "Christus Vincit," a hymn for chorus and orchestra, harps and organ; his famous "Marche Funèbre" and "Chant Seraphique," composed for the organ at Notre Dame which he dedicated; four masses for orchestra and organ, motets for four voices, twelve motets for one to four voices, with organ; "Echos du mois de Marie," canticles; "Quam dilecta," Eighty-third Psalm, for soli and chorus, with organ.

He has been, it is easy to see, one of the most forceful inspiring influences to awaken dignity of musical sentiment in France, with M. Bordes, protector of the sacred and classic music department of France, and M. Lussny, author of that great work on "Expression and Rhythm," which was published by the French government, and a number of organists of distinction—Dubois, Vidor, and others—he is laying firm foundation for the establishment

organ and is unique in structure, being a combination of the old gallery organ, revoiced and rebuilt with electric action, connected to the new chancel organ, both organs being controlled from the chancel.

The tone contrasts between the chancel and gallery organs, the absence of harsh and noisy effects under any combination attempted, the perfect blending of tone colors, and the surprising ease with which the organ responded to the lightest touch, were freely commented upon by the organists present. They, more than other musicians could understand and appreciate the value of ease in obtaining musical effects, and the added value which a great modern organ gives to the playing of even such a master as Guilmant. He can play, it is true, upon an organ, can improvise even an astonishing double fugue upon any, but it is safe to say that he could never attain a fuller expression of his powers than upon this new organ. There are many points of interest about it, some of which can be understood by any interested in seeing the difference between the old-time organ and the new. It is principally by the use of the Roosevelt windchest that the electric action has become so practicable that the large organ can be played as rapidly as a grand piano. The peculiar advantages of this device (the windchest) in association with the new electric action (the Votey Patent Electric Type) have resulted in facilities for control which seem almost marvellous.

A light pressure of the thumb upon a knob and twenty stops change, go in and come out as if by magic; another pressure upon the same knob and a new combination arises. The nineteen pistons and combination pedals may be adjusted in an instant to affect the stops in any manner desired, and every change of combination is so indicated that the organist can constantly read the tonal condition of the organ. The gallery organ is of course played from the chancel. There are in both organs 78 stops and 5,107 pipes.

The new organ is beautifully voiced and its tonal resources were admirably brought out by M. Guilmant. From the organ in the "Old First" Presbyterian Church M. Guilmant, except when improvising, did not secure equally fine effects. This instrument, if the writer's memory is not at fault, was put in some ten years ago. It has forty-five stops and 2,708 pipes, and though a fine organ for that day cannot stand on a par with the new electric organs. Those who heard Guilmant play on both could not but institute instructive comparisons and gain added respect for the musical inventors of the present day. It is a far cry from Pan's syrinx, the progenitor of the organ, to the electric organs now in use.

A ROMANCE OF GUILMANT.

The arrival of the celebrated French organist and composer, M. Guilmant, is doubtless preluded with much joy among organists and admirers of the king of instruments. It was the writer's good luck to hear this celebrated performer nearly every time he played on his previous American tour. Also to accompany him through the Canadas.

As M. Guilmant never does any slipshod work, his first appearance at a strange organ is an hour or two in familiarizing himself with the console. With him this practice is stereotyped. So his first time at the organ in America was, as I might term it, a practice recital, one of which the daily papers did not fail to note. The *Chicago Tribune* of August 1, 1893, says:

Alexandre Guilmant, the great Parisian organist, stole into Festival Hall by the rear entrance, and for two hours made the great building tremble with grand music. The melody floated over the great park, attracting hundreds of visitors who rattled the doors of the hall and sought entrance by the windows only to be warned away by the guards. They sat on the steps and heard what they could

of the glorious music, and made significant inquiries for the motives for locking the doors.

The Chicago recitals were a severe test of M. Guilmant's powers as a concert organist, and to-day there are many who would fain describe them with unspeakable rapture. At the conclusion of these World's Fair recitals we are speeding for Canada; our first stop is Detroit. After a pleasant drive through this delightful city of homes, we visited the works of the Farrand & Votey Organ Company, which to us was a revelation, this plant being as truly wonderful and ingenious as the work it turns out. The evening was a brilliant one, consisting of an organ recital in the Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church before a great audience. On the morning, through gorgeous scenery, we are rushing at American express speed through Canada. Ere midnight we are at Niagara Falls. After a rainy night the morning greeted us with a glorious flood of sunshine. After a short, rapid walk we are ready for breakfast, after which we crossed to the American side. On reaching the falls it seemed as if every other word from M. Guilmant was one of ecstasy. On crossing again to the Canada side at the falls, M. Guilmant stopped abruptly, rubbed his hands, and said: "Very charming, extraordinary, magnificent. I thank you very much for such a treat. I can never forget it. I shall return to Meudon delighted. I must now get some souvenirs for Mme. Guilmant." After which we sat down for an hour or two gazing upon the mighty falls of Niagara.

Here we drifted into the subject of organs and organists. "I prefer," said M. Guilmant, "the organ of Notre Dame to that of St. Sulpice. Notre Dame has the advantage of acoustics. Though not as large an organ as that of St. Sulpice, it has sixteen stops on the pedal, while the former has but ten. The Trocadero organ, like the Royal Albert Hall organ (London), is in a bad building for effect. Upon the question of Continental organs, of which Americans read so much from the glowing pen of travelers, M. Guilmant said: "I prefer Berne to Freiburg, but there are many better organs in France and England. There is little progress in organ building in Germany and the Netherlands."

"But now, sir, how about the standard of organ playing abroad?"

"Oh, I think your organists in America are just as good as abroad, and young organists have just as much advantage here. To me it seems a great mistake in their going abroad. In teaching I use Lemmens' Organ School; I prefer it to Rinck. It is more modern. I only teach ten hours each week. I devote most of my time to composition, business, &c."

In turning to the English school of organists, he said: "I think Wesley the best composer." Continuing, he said: "I concertize in England each spring and autumn. I always endeavor to be home for Sunday, as I have to play two services at La Trinité, the morning service being from 9 to 10, at which I play the opening voluntary, the offertory and the closing number, and again at vespers, which are from 4 to 5 p. m., Salome is the chancel organist."

"Do you like the compositions of Batiste and Wely?"

"Very much."

"But you do not often play their compositions?"

"No, I don't know why. Their offertories are very charming, also very musical. I prefer Wely to Batiste; he was the finest extemporaneous organist France has produced. Extemporaneous performers are rare. My teacher, M. Lemmens, could not extemporize at all."

Turning to the subject of composition, he said: "My compositions have been quite profitable to me, although I lost the American field, never receiving a penny nor a copy of their publications, though they abound in errors."

My Allegretto in B Minor was about my first composition."

"Do you write rapidly?"

"Yes, at times. My Fugue in D, I wrote in one evening, and my second Meditation I wrote one morning before breakfast."

"Do you make many changes?"

"No; seldom any."

At this point he drew from his pocket a small blank music-book, which I had previously seen him use in jotting off composition in his spare moments. After a few minutes of work he tore out a leaf and handed it to me saying, "Here is a souvenir for you." The composition was of about twenty bars of four part harmony entitled, "A Prayer."

"I understand your mother was a great admirer of your march 'Funebre.'"

"Yes, she admired it very much. She frequently asked me to play it for her; that is the reason I played it at her funeral. * * * No, she was not a musician, though she had a good voice and sang well."

When asked if any other members of the family were musicians, he said: No, not professionals. I have one brother, a professor of languages in a university in the south of France. Another brother a French professor in Repton College, Repton, England. I have one son, a civil engineer, who plays the violoncello, and three daughters, one married to a college professor, and a very good performer on the piano. Another married to a civil engineer, and another, the eldest, who plays Bach well on the organ, is married to an electric engineer."

Leaving Niagara Falls, an hour's ride brought us to Hamilton, Ont., where we were met by Mr. Aldous, a former Parisian organist. After dinner we visited Mr. Aldous' church, and at the close of the service, M. Guilmant played his "March Religieuse."

The following day, after a drive through this beautiful city, M. Guilmant took his usual practice and gave a recital in the Central Presbyterian Church. The next day we reached Toronto, where we were met by Mr. Risch, of the firm of Mason & Risch. After a visit to Mr. Torrington's College of Music we were driven through the city by Mr. Torrington, after which came the recital, at the close of which M. Guilmant was tendered a banquet by the College of Music. The following day, after luncheon, tendered by A. S. Nordheimer at the Toronto Club, we were accompanied on a drive by W. E. Fairclough, a Toronto organist, to Glenedyth, Mr. Nordheimer's home. This is a charming home, almost a castle, which stands a mile back from the gate. After passing over hill and dale, brooks and rustic bridges, we arrived at the castle and were shown through a home fit for a king. At five o'clock M. Guilmant gave his twilight recital, after which we were off for Montreal. In the afternoon we were at the new organ at St. Peter's Cathedral, a grand instrument in a great cathedral, the latter which was just completed after twenty years' work. On the great cathedral bill board we read the following advertisement of the concert:

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be heard. This sometimes caused applause in the middle of a number. The second night drew as large an audience as the first. The day following the first recital ushered in bright and pleasant, but ere the hour of midday a slight rain began to fall. Knowing that M. Guilmant would be occupied in the morning, I walked across the park from the hotel to take another look at the great cathedral of St. Peter's, where so many had enjoyed the concert the evening previous. A walk of about three-quarters of an hour from this cathedral through many quaint old streets, where one hears little English, brought me to the cathedral of Notre Dame, which is the only parish church of the Sulpicians. The building itself is in the Gothic style, and is much admired for its plain and simple stateliness. The carved woodwork around the choir is particularly fine, representing the sacrifice of Christ, but the interior decorations are somewhat florid. The tower of the church contains ten bells besides "Le gros Bourdo," called Jean Baptiste, weighing 24,000 pounds, the largest in America.

Within the last two years Notre Dame has acquired an additional interest from its great organ, which for the first time resounded through the church on Easter Day, 1891, and in the following May was formally inaugurated by Frederic Archer, who gave three recitals before an audience of 35,000 people. The builders of this magnificent instrument are Casavant Brothers, of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. As it now stands, it perhaps rivals any organ that has been erected. There is no organ in this country to compare with it, but it is equalled in size by the one in the Auditorium in Chicago. The builders spent years in preparation for the work. The order was given in 1885. Between that time and the completion of the instrument the two brothers traveled through Europe and worked in the factories of England, Holland, Austria and Belgium. There they acquired a general knowledge and practical experience, which they have brought to bear without stint in the execution of their work. The original cost was \$30,000, but by the characteristic liberality of this church they were given carte blanche to add everything which would make their undertaking a success.

The instrument is placed in the second, or upper, gallery, and towers 40 feet. Its depth from the keyboard is 50 feet, and its breadth fills up nearly the whole width of the edifice. It has 5,772 pipes, from the size of a quill to those monsters 32 feet long. The stops number 100, besides many mechanical appliances. The mechanism is all electric, being worked by five cells of Champeron battery.

On the arrival of M. Guilmant and the builders of the organ we mounted to the organ loft. What a glorious console! What beautiful and artistic workmanship! Doubtless M. Guilmant felt at home before the console, as every stop bears French tabulation, plates bearing the names of the different manuals being placed over the different groups of stops, as "positif," "grand orgue," "recit," "expressif," "solo expressif," "accouplements et registres accessoires," &c.

M. Guilmant first drew his favorite stop, "ze gambo," as he terms it, and after trying it a few minutes he rubbed his hands and said, "very good, very good." He now began in a quiet strain. As the first notes went pulsing through the air their sweetness was truly wonderful. He began increasing the tone, until the chords of the full organ went crashing along the arches of the great cathedral. The organ of Notre Dame is certainly wonderful—worth even a long journey. An instrument worth hearing and well worth remembering. The whole cathedral seemed

flooded with majestic harmony, chord after chord burst into spray only to fade into silence. I left the keyboard and, going to the further end of the church, I drank in the sweet compositions of the performer; it seemed to gather sweetness after every chord. Sometimes M. Guilmant would register the organ down as if it seemed but the buzz of the bee, then he would launch into the full organ, which was the very reverberation of thunder. Louder and louder, peal upon peal, flash upon flash, thunder upon thunder, pealing, rolling reverberating, crashing across continents and seas. All heavens joined in the chorus, all the world's great master organs. I could have stood and listened for hours, but the end came at last. The last chord had died away. Never shall I forget that organ nor its performer. Truly "One hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

WILLIAM GEORGE PEARCE.

HIS CHURCH RECITALS.

Critical estimates of M. Guilmant's organ playing must always include reference to one great feature, the magnificent underlying pulsation, the steady rhythmic beat, which is always evident, even in the most prolonged tone or chord. This distinguishing characteristic is almost formidable to an ordinary organist; it is so opposed to the theories of the many who assert the difficulty of continuous accent, or consider that it destroys the emotional value of a composition. Guilmant answers all their arguments. Another feature is the clear and logical phrasing particularly evident in the Bach fugues. No mechanical difficulties are apparent in his playing of these fugues, or indeed in his playing of the most difficult of modern technical works. On the contrary, he plays always with quiet ease and absolute surety. In his general management of the organ, M. Guilmant does not try to imitate an orchestra, as he considers that the organ creates its own effects. He has some preference it would seem for reed combinations. In his use of pedals he follows the school of Lemmens.

At his recitals upon the two organs mentioned the arrangement of his program showed a catholic taste and the interpretation of them musical purity of interpretation. At the Church of the Incarnation the Bach St. Anne's fugue and a lovely andante cantabile from Widor's fourth symphony were the numbers most happily interpreted, setting aside his own compositions; and at the Old First Church the poetic and poetically treated "Fiat Lux" by Dubois, the choral by Kirnberger and the brilliant "Final" by César Franck.

But Guilmant's own compositions, the "Nuptial March," and the first sonata performed at the first recital and the sixth sonata performed at the second recital, were of most interest to the representative musical audiences. The first sonata is known to American organists as one of the finest of modern organ compositions; it is majestic throughout, but the second movement has a delicacy which allows of dainty treatment, while the third reveals the composer's mastery of counterpoint. To speak adequately of the great sixth sonata, performed for the first time in New York at the Old First Church, more than one hearing would be necessary. It is beautifully constructed, the "Meditation" instinct with a yearning of almost heavenly seriousness, and the fugue of the last movement a triumph of interwoven melody and scholarly elaboration. The sonata is unique, in that it closes with an adagio.

Of Guilmant's improvisations it is impossible to speak

too highly. No organist in this country, it may safely be asserted, has ever equaled him in this respect. For his improvisations have the finish of completed works of art, and his inspiration never for a moment fails him. Fortunate are they who have been able to read the lesson of pure musical beauty placed before them by a modern Palestrina like Alexander Guilmant.

GUILMANT FIRST RECITAL.

The keys were touched by a master hand—the "chord divine" again spoke from the soul of the organ—and "king of instruments" was no longer a vain title.

On Tuesday evening, December 14, Alexandre Guilmant, the distinguished French organist and composer, made his first public appearance this season in Mendelssohn Hall. The inclemency of the weather was responsible for the small audience assembled to welcome him, but what was lacking in numbers was more than atoned for by the sincerity of its enthusiasm. Guilmant chose as his first number the Bach "Toccata and Fugue" in D minor, his performance of which must have been a revelation to many of our local organists. He gave to the work that dignity and breadth which the compositions of Bach demand; but while he varied the tone color frequently, his phrasing was never once marred by exaggeration. The organ was not in perfect condition, and it was apparent, moreover, that M. Guilmant had not had opportunity to fully acquaint himself with it, but as he progressed in the program he gradually mastered its peculiarities and understood its defects. By the time the third number was reached he was completely at home. The other Bach numbers on the program were two chorals: one "O Mensch bewein dein Sünde Gross," and "In der ist Freude," both well played. The pièce de résistance, his own Fifth Sonata (dedicated to Clarence Eddy), is undoubtedly Guilmant's best, and is one of the finest specimens of organ composition of our time. It abounds in the most scholarly contrapuntal writing, and its harmonization is modern and rich.

The climax of the concert was reached when a theme suggested by Samuel P. Warren was presented for improvisation. The subject was pregnant, and Guilmant, recognizing its possibilities for contrapuntal treatment, began at once a fugue of no small dimensions, which he worked up to a fine climax. He next treated the theme in a playful manner, toying with his subject in a freer style, and allowing his fancy full play he produced some delicate and dainty effects. Returning to the more serious vein he closed in a most profound and scholarly style.

The applause which greeted the master was most enthusiastic, and Guilmant was forced to respond to several recalls.

As an organist he is absolutely free from trickery. There are no unmeaning changes of combinations. All is clear, intelligent, manly. The adagio by Widor was played with scarcely a change of stop—yet his listeners were charmed by his artistic conception of the composition. Those who attended the recital, expecting a marvelous display of virtuosity, may have been disappointed. Those seeking faults could have found them; but technical errors did not mar the musicianly interpretation, or disguise the fact that a master mind controlled the keys.


He is certainly one of the greatest living exponents of the art of improvisation. His confrère, Widor, organist of St. Sulpice, while as great a scholar, contrapuntalist and composer, lacks in his improvisation that spontaneity and

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naturalness which characterize and render so charming the work of Guilman.

GUILMANT IN CAMDEN.

M. Alexandre Guilman, through the efforts of Arthur L. Manchester, director of the Camden Musical Academy and choirmaster of the First Baptist Church of Camden, N. J., gave a recital on the large three manual organ in that church on Monday evening, December 13. M. Guilman was greeted by a very large audience, which showed its appreciation of his marvelous playing by frequent and hearty applause. The great artist expressed his pleasure in the instrument, the scheme of which was drawn by Mr. Manchester.

The organ has a total of sixty-seven registers, including ten adjustable combination pedals. The couplers are operated by means of tablets, of the size of dominoes, placed over the swell manual. M. Guilman's playing was characterized by the artistic finish and perfection usual to his performances. His fifth sonata was one of the numbers and excited much interest, the adagio being especially effective. His improvisation on a given theme delighted the audience, arousing great enthusiasm. At the close of the recital an informal reception was held, when many of the audience took the opportunity of shaking hands with the genial Frenchman. M. Guilman was accompanied by William C. Carl, the New York organist.

ALEXANDRE GUILMANT.

Guilman will give a matinee organ recital in Mendelssohn Hall next Tuesday afternoon, December 28, when he will play his new sonata No. 6 and a number of other compositions. He will again improvise, which will undoubtedly form one of the most interesting features of the program. Mme. Emma Juch will sing M. Guilman's concert aria and three songs by Schumann, "Die Lotus Blume," "Volksliedchen" and "An den Sonnenschein." This will be M. Guilman's last appearance in New York for some months, as he will leave for the West early in January.

RECEPTION.

The American Guild of Organists will give a dinner and reception to Alexandre Guilman at the Hotel St. Denis to-morrow night, December 23.

Some Personal Characteristics.

THOSE who have not seen M. Guilman may look at the mobile face and head outlined on the front page of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and then figure to themselves a somewhat stout, well formed gentleman of medium height, alert and graceful, every movement conveying an impression of quickness of spirit and abundant vitality. He is sixty years old, but looks much younger. His manners are the perfection of good breeding and his conversation apt to all occasions. His modesty is not less attractive than his sincerity. He inclines to seriousness in conversations *intime*. He has always a word of encouragement for other musicians, and good advice to offer when he feels that it is needed.

His residence is in a quiet little town not far from St. Cloud and Versailles, and on an elevation whence may be obtained an unsurpassed view of Paris. Here his hours are passed in almost constant work and study. He has a talented son—a young artist, and in Madame Guilman an admirable helpmate. The Guilmans entertain admirably, as all who have enjoyed their hospitality attest, and they are said to have always a special word of greeting for their American friends.

A few of the salient points of interest in his life are that he was born at Boulogne, where his father played the organ of St. Nicholas' for nearly fifty years, and it was there, under his direction, that the younger Guilman began his musical studies.

He studied harmony with Gustavo Carulli, was an eager

student of musical literature, and practiced diligently on the organ, often eight or ten hours at a time with locked doors, tiring out a succession of blowers.

At twelve years of age he began to substitute for his father; at sixteen he became organist at St. Joseph's at Boulogne, and began composing organ music, his first composition, a solemn mass, being performed at St. Nicholas' when Guilman was but eighteen years of age. Other works followed in rapid succession, and in 1857, when the young professor was but twenty, he was appointed choirmaster of St. Nicholas', conductor of a local music society, and was otherwise becoming well known in his profession.

In 1871 he took up his residence in Paris as a central point, from whence he was constantly called upon to dedicate new organs, both in England and France. While in Rome, where he went to dedicate the organ of St. Louis of France, with its 120 speaking stops, Pope Leo XIII. gave M. Guilman a special audience, and made him a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Guilman is quite as popular in England as in France, and makes many trips a year across the Channel. It has been his custom for many years to visit London in December and in Lent, when great crowds congregate in the large English churches to hear him play.

The Carl Reception to Guilman.

THE reception given by William C. Carl and Miss Carl in honor of their guest, M. Alexandre Guilman, was a notable affair from more than one point of view. It was held in the parlors of the historic First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Eleventh street, Saturday afternoon, December 20. Up the broad holly-decked stairway and through the spacious rooms artistically decorated with evergreens and French and American flags, passed during the afternoon a constant stream of guests, many of them distinguished in social and musical circles, and all intent upon paying honor to Mr. Carl's friend and former master. Mr. Carl and his sister were assisted in receiving by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Duffield, Dr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith, and Mrs. Eleanor Blakeman.

Mr. Carl presented the guests to M. Guilman, and as M. Guilman speaks English quite well and understands it better, the difficulties of conversation between him and his admirers were not so serious as they might have been. Light refreshments were served in the tea-room, the tables presenting a pleasing appearance with their pink-shaded candles, decorations and dainty china. The ladies presiding here were Mrs. Antonio Savage Sawyer, Mrs. Chas. Scott Jardine, Miss Kate Percy Douglass, Miss Alice B. Woodruff, Mrs. Florence Buckingham Joyce, and Mrs. Mary Gorham Palmer.

The musical program, as may be seen, consisted entirely of M. Guilman's compositions and was admirably presented throughout. M. Guilman applauding courteously and with discrimination. "Romance Sans Paroles," cello, Hans Kronold; piano, Carl G. Schmidt; "Ce que dit Silence," soprano, Mlle. Kathrin Hilke; organ, Dr. Gerrit Smith; piano, Mme. Charlotte Welles-Saenger; "Berceuse," flute, Eugene Weiner; piano, William Edward Mulligan; "Melodie en sol Majeur," violin, Hubert Arnold; organ, Edward M. Bowman; piano, G. Waring Stebbins; "Aria de Balthazar," avec chœur, baritone, William H. Lee; organ, Samuel Tudor Strange; piano, Mme. Laura Crawford, Et les chanteurs de "Old First" Presbyterian Church, sous la direction de William C. Carl.

All the artists seemed bent upon doing utmost justice to the compositions, and the whole affair indeed was characterized by a pleasant atmosphere of refinement and bonhomie.

Among the many guests invited, most of whom were present, may be mentioned: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. MacDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Seidl, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schirmer, William Moir, Miss Mary Kennedy, Gus-

tav Hinrichs, Miss Callender, Miss DeForest, Dr. Holbrook Curtis, Xaver Scharwenka, Richard Hoffman, Dr. William Mason, Dr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Hall, Dr. Patton, President Princeton College; F. X. Arens, G. Schirmer, Dr. Seth Low, Mrs. C. M. Raymond, Samuel P. Warren, Marc A. Blumenberg, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Alexander Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Buck, Mrs. Theodore Sutro, Madame Cappiani and Frederick Mariner.

Mr. Bagby's Musical Morning.

FRANCOIS COPPEE'S and Henri Beaulair's joint poem, "Le Luthier de Crémone," set to music in the form of a two act romantic opera by Jenő Hubay, was the subject of Mr. Bagby's eighty-ninth musical morning held at the Astoria on Monday morning last. To Mr. Bagby is due the credit of its first production in America, a remarkably well devised, symmetrically executed and highly welcome production.

For the work is a little gem, all grace, sparkle, charming half-tints, and the finesse in its orchestral speech and piquant melodies which captivate the tactful sense and linger in the ear. A nicely balanced orchestra under Sig. Bevnigani did work which proved capable material and sufficient rehearsal. There was a fresh, tuneful chorus, and in the major instances a body of soloists who not only sang but acted well.

Among these Mlle. Alice Verlet takes first place. The story of the little opera is familiar, and in any event there is neither time nor space to repeat it here. It is a prima donna opera, a work of one soprano singer against some tenors and baritones, and this Giannina has much delicious and brilliant work to do. It was Mlle. Verlet's opportunity, and she availed of it with delightful ease, finish, and in the occasional climaxes genuine power. The atmosphere was Mlle. Verlet's own, the true atmosphere of the Paris Opéra Comique, whereof she proved herself a thoroughly accomplished little member. She sang with unblemished purity and the ease and brilliancy of her coloratura frequently dazzled as much as it delighted her audience. Here this finished little artist was thoroughly at home, and the piquancy and grace of her action united to a voice of such charming purity and flexibility call only for unqualified commendation in the field of opéra comique.

Maurice de Vries, the late baritone of the Grau forces, sang Philippo with resonant power and the convincing pose which comes from the actor of experience. A surprise lay with Mr. Heinrich Meyn, the altitudinous baritone, who sang in his accustomed musical and vibrant style with great feeling and finish, but who came forth as an actor in colors astonishingly good and effective. He played the leading role of Ferrari, the lute maker, with as much ease and authority as he sang it. Enough said.

Sandno, sung by Edward Wareham, tenor, was rather piteous. There was some strange voice in mufti and lines delivered in uncanny French. The French of Heinrich Meyn was admirable, actually breathing of the capital. Podestadt was sung by Ernest Gamble. Sig. Bevnigani conducted with taste and vivacity. The chorus was funnily costumed, a deep collar and bib apron being made to do duty on the female form for an impersonation of the male. The set in the Act II., a piazza in Cremona, was pretty.

There was the usual crowded and fashionable attendance.

Dr. Muckey's Demonstrations.

Dr. Floyd S. Muckey's voice demonstrations take place at Columbia College, Room 301, Physics Building, which is on Amsterdam avenue. Dates set for demonstrations can be ascertained by addressing him at the college or at 8 West Thirty-third street.

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An Open Letter to Mrs. Thurber.

THE following letter was sent to Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, of the National Conservatory of Music of America. It is written by M. Victor Capoul, a member of the faculty of the National Conservatory, and an old-time operatic favorite:

DEAR MADAME THURBER—You did me the honor of requesting my views on the opportunity of further developing the opera class which I direct at the National Conservatory.

I am happy to see the importance which you attach to that study and your desire to enlarge its scope and generalize that taste among the pupils who already frequent your institution. It seems to me naturally to have every possible success, and, for my part, I have no doubt you will find numerous adepts among persons outside to interest themselves in this style of work or who feel the necessity of it. Generally speaking, the usefulness of this study is not sufficiently considered. The greater part of those who study singing, willingly, imagine that in the placing of the voice in its flexibility and suppleness, lie the only conditions necessary to succeed in the theatre, concert or even church.

It is evident that the primordial question of the significance of words and of ideas contained in the works to be interpreted, is often neglected. And if, thanks to a special disposition or even to a particular and personal study of these words and of these ideas, we can arrive only at being penetrated sufficiently by the intentions of the author, it is still necessary that some professional person, teach you how to bring them out and give them their due value, by declamation, by articulation, by a just emphasis, exempt from all pretension, by intelligent and indispensable mimique, of everything sung or said, by gesture, by the position of the body and whole bearing—if the theatre is concerned.

As far as the concert is concerned, how many singers through lack of these qualities, save in gesture, which is useless in this case, through lack of a masque in harmony with that which they sing, see their best efforts fail, or render themselves almost ridiculous by certain particularities, of which they do not take account, and of which nobody has tried to cure them.

As regards the church, the danger of failure which I have indicated is the same. In most churches the singers look toward the congregation, and, as it is a natural rule in the church, as elsewhere, to look at those who are singing or those who are speaking—a rule indispensable for correct comprehension of that which is heard—it follows that if the singers have an awkward bearing or a facial expression not in correspondence with the nature of the music and the place, half of the effect is spoiled. If they have not studied under a special master, how they should express by the words and by the physiognomy the grandeur of the music which they have to interpret, their success is doubtful or compromised, and the very sound of their voice has not the requisite character.

Now, as concerns people of the social world; is there anything more neglected than these questions of expression and of style? How many among those who sing have any idea but the simple air of the piece which they interpret? It is the pursuit, or at least the search for sound. I entertain the doubt whether this can be found in all its plenitude and in all its beauty without being

submitted to the rules of lyric declamation and of music. "Sound is not really beautiful to hear, but when it is beautiful to see," is the remark of Scudo in his "Critiques Musicales." No truer words were ever written.

The words ought to be studied separately like some piece of poetry that one has to recite, and this till one becomes able to recite it in the true note before being capable and to be capable of singing well their true notes.

Hence the necessity of a more intimate connection of these two branches of study. Singing properly so-called—which so many excellent masters moreover teach with the greatest success—and on the other hand declamation, facial expression and general bearing, adapted and appropriate to the song.

Now, all this is found united in a class for opera, in which there should be enrolled even those who do not sing and who wish to acquire more ease in bearing and carriage; more grade in their gestures, more charm in the play of their features, more sweetness and more persuasion in the very sound of their speaking voice.

As the name Class for opera may frighten or deter many of those who are not attracted towards a theatrical career, I believe—if you will permit me to make a suggestion here—that it would perhaps be good to divide these studies into two courses. A preparatory course and a superior course. In the former the principles of gesture and on mimique combined with the value of the sound and its employment in the different styles of music, should be taught by a professor perfectly acquainted with French and English, and who is at the same time a singer and an elocutionist, so that the different categories of pupils can find their account therein. In the second course, or the Class for Opera properly so-called, there would be united the artistic execution of modern works, their stage setting from a scenic point of view and the first preparation of pupils destined for the theatre.

I believe also that to give these courses all the importance which you expect from them in the future, the conservatory ought to decide for the gratuitous admission of all those who, especially endowed and not already in the institution, were, nevertheless, thanks to their previous study or to their profession as singers, in condition to benefit immediately from such instruction, while at the same time they would serve at an early date as natural agents to demonstrate abroad by their own example all the advantages which singers can derive from a study so much neglected up to the present time.

Moreover, would it not be one of the best methods to revive the drawing room comedy and drawing room operatta which are so interesting and so instructive and in my humble point of view so necessary to young people in the sense that they pass agreeably the time which is often wasted without object, without aim, without result? Why has this fashion disappeared? Because nothing artistic presided in it. It would require only a simple start for these refined entertainments to resume among us the place which belongs to them. They would place the public in a better position to judge of theatrical performances and their interpreters. They would create or maintain a movement really artistic and worthy of the name, and would open or enlarge a sphere of which the horizon is infinite.

As for those who make, or wish to make, the theatre their career, if they push this study to the point where all studies produce the fruits in view of which they have been instituted; if they have the patience which is so often

wanting in this stage of precipitation when one wishes to do everything and to know everything by electricity—the results and the successes that they would obtain would be their just and natural recompense.

Yours, madam, will be in the satisfaction of duty accomplished, and of the success which will not cease to be attached to the work to which you have devoted yourself so courageously for so many years already.

Pray, believe in the sentiments of deep respect with which I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

VICTOR CAPOUL.

Nora Maynard Green Pupil Concert.

THE third charity concert in aid of the Working Girls' Vacation Society was given by the pupils of Miss Nora Maynard Green at the Astoria on Wednesday evening, December 15th. They were assisted by Mlle. Marya Blazjewicz, pianist, who was heard in several of her own compositions, which were well received by the audience. Later in the evening a "Polish Song," by Mlle. Blazjewicz, was sung by Mrs. Smith in excellent style. Mrs. Pierson was heard in songs by Spicker and Mendelssohn. She has a voice of good quality.

Mrs. Boardman, who sang a romance from "Philemon and Baucis," by Gounod, and a German folk song displayed good method and a sympathetic voice. Mrs. Wall was heartily applauded for her singing of "Villanelle," by Dell'Acqua. Mrs. Horne, who has a rich, deep contralto voice, sang two songs by Smith and Lalo.

The work of Mrs. Smith was the success of the concert. Her voice is a high soprano and she sings with great fervor. The "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," was greatly applauded, as well as her reading of "The Swallow," by Cowen, later in the evening.

Among the other pupils who took part in the program were Miss Booth, Miss Rossiter, Miss Winter and Miss Mosby, who sang an aria from "Le Cid," by Massenet, in dramatic style, which won for her a hearty recall. Her voice is a rich mezzo soprano. The concert was a great success and reflected credit on the teaching of Miss Green.

Madame Rety.

The death is announced of Mme. Charles Rety, widow of the late music critic of the Paris *Figaro*. As Mlle. Amelie Faivre she was a celebrated dugazon at the old Theatre Lyrique. She made her debut in Weber's "Eury-anthe" and created Siebel in Gounod's "Faust." Her greatest success, perhaps, was as Benjamin in Mehul's "Joseph."

W. H. Riehl.

The death is announced of W. H. Riehl, in his seventy-sixth year. He is best remembered by his "Musical Character Heads," a work in three volumes. The first two appeared in 1850, when he was a young man, writing in a feuilleton style, rather than as a serious critic. Hence these volumes contain much that afforded reasons for his adversaries to attack him. The third volume appeared in 1878, and is the work of ripe and mature judgment. The essays "The Two Beethovens" and the "War History of German Opera" are most valuable musical studies, which ought to be read and reread by all young aspirants in music.

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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
539 FULTON STREET, December 21, 1897.

"A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing. Drink deep," &c., but don't do your drinking in public. There is nothing more commendable than for young singers, young orchestras, and young aspirants in every branch of music to study Wagnerian music or other music of the most serious and classical nature. It develops the musical intelligence, it ripens the faculties of appreciation, it whets the desire to hear orchestral works, it helps to hear them correctly and to obtain therefrom something tangible; so study, by all means.

But it does not follow that this must be given to the public. Small orchestras, you can't play Wagner—why don't you let it alone? Young singers, you can't sing Elizabeth's and Elsa's arias—why don't you practice at home? Wagner is very dear to those who love him. Wagner is but a fad to those who, hearing the musicians praise him, feel that to be great one must go Wagner-mad; to the latter it is dangerous to give weak misinterpretations; to the former it is torture, so wherein is the benefit or even satisfaction to any one unless it be in reading the program?

To the immature orchestra I want to say that the very best way to obtain results is to study Wagner assiduously, and when you think you have become well grounded just go to hear Seidl instead of trying to present it yourself.

It was highly gratifying to see a much larger audience present at the magnificent matinee concert of the Boston Symphony on Friday, when a superb program was presented. There is an interesting feature to record which grew out of a suggestion from this column made some weeks ago, and which only brought forth a result which, while highly commendable, is not permanent or just to the point which I meant to reach. Seven gentlemen, wishing their names withheld, purchased 250 seats in the family circle and presented them to the training school of teachers, who turned out en masse and enjoyed the kind act immensely.

The audience was rather less apathetic than usual, but considering the works presented and the manner in which they were done, it would have been more than even a Brooklyn audience could do to remain cold.

The Korsakoff symphonic suite "Scheherazade" was given for the first time here. It is a splendid composition and appealed at once to those capable of judging an orchestral work. It is musical, lucid, absolutely coherent, and the instrumentation is fine. The Raff Symphony No. 3 was also heard as a novelty, and an interesting one.

David Bispham has been heard before in Brooklyn, and had an established reputation, but he eclipsed every expectation with such an orchestral accompaniment in a magnificent aria from Heinrich Marschner's "Hans Heiling," which was well calculated to show the richness and purity of his superb voice and which gave him the opportunity to give free rein to his dramatic fire without seeming out of place on the concert stage. He had six or seven recalls.

On Saturday night Campanari, who was to have been the soloist, was unable to get here in time and the substitution of Bispham seemed in every way perfectly satisfactory. He sang an aria from "La Noce de Figaro" by Mozart, and "Lungi dal Caro Bene" by Secchi, who was contemporaneous with Mozart. The orchestration, which was made by Henry Waller, did not arrive in time, and Mr. Waller played a piano accompaniment instead. Bispham also sang with fine effect an aria from "Die Meistersinger." His reception was most hearty, and although he did not accord any encores he had many recalls.

The program of Saturday night was of a lighter nature than on Friday afternoon, for notwithstanding the renown of the Dvorák "New World" symphony, with the exception of the large movement, it is not to me a truly serious work, and if any of our own American composers had indulged in this humorous badinage, what luscious morsels they would have made for our charitable concert-goers, for those who do not go to the concerts but sit at home and criticize just the same, and last and unfortunately not least for the newspapers.

The other numbers were Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and a group from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Paur was magnificent and imposing in his readings, and the verve of his conducting has as magnetic an effect upon his audience as upon his orchestra. There were many affairs of minor importance and of a social nature.

The two important social entertainments were the musicale given at the St. George and a musicale given at the home of Mrs. Gustav Heubach.

The musicale at the St. George was notably successful, there being a very large number of guests present, many of whom were from New York. A delightfully presented program entertained them well, as was evident from the manifestation of appreciation which they accorded the several participants.

Miss Carrie Hirschmann, a pianist of very marked ability, played "Traumerdrennen," by Schumann, "Valse Caprice," by Rubinstein, and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodie. In the last number Miss Hirschmann appeared to the best advantage, as she has a powerful technique, a fiery temperamental delivery, and much authority.

Miss Babetta Huss, a young contralto, sang some songs that made a heavy draught upon musical interpretation which requisite Miss Huss has in a very marked degree. Her voice is sympathetic, she has a remarkable range and more power than the acoustics of the room showed.

She sang "Traume," Wagner; "Wiegenlied," by Mozart; Goring Thomas' "Summer Night" and Arthur Foote's dainty little songs, "I'm Wearin' Awa," and an Irish folk song.

W. Paulding De Nike is very well known in Brooklyn, where he is a resident, and he always meets with a hearty welcome which is due his proficiency on the 'cello. He played Godard's "Berceuse" and Van Goen's "Scherzo."

E. A. Whitelaw, of the Brooklyn College of Music, played a violin arrangement of Beethoven's "Für Elise," which I did not like, for I never like arrangements of any kind, and a more acceptable selection, "Mazurke," by Wieniawski, which his audience seemed to enjoy. A trio composed of Mrs. Deyo, Messrs. Whitelaw and De Nike played some pretty numbers. Encores flowed freely and the affair was pronounced a huge success.

The program given at Mrs. Heubach's was a beautiful one, as those who presented it were well able to give it. The vocal trio consisted of Miss Charlotte Walker, Miss Marion Walker, and Miss Marie Grobl. They were assisted by Hans Kronold, 'cellist, and Herman Spielter, pianist. Every number was given well, except with my ideas concerning heavy Wagnerian arias, it would have been better to show what the charming singer, Miss Marion Walker, is capable of rather than what she is not able to handle. There were some fine compositions of Mr. Spielter well given, especially the 'cello numbers in the hands of that interesting and artistic player, Kronold.

On Thursday night the first concert and reception of the Hoadley Musical Society occurred at the Germania Club. Carl Venth, who is the conductor, has every reason to feel proud of the vast strides that this orchestral society has taken, and one may feel that Mr. Venth is accomplishing much good with these young people. The program was well given, with the exception, of course, of the attempts at Wagner and Humperdinck. The "Naila" of Delibes, and the ballet music of Gounod's "Faust" were really well given. The soloists were Mrs. Christine Adler, contralto; Miss Marion Kinne, violin; H. E. Wood, cornet. George E. Couch played the accompaniments. Mrs. Adler was at a better advantage in Strelzki's "Happy Days" than in the Flower Song from "Faust," because it was not beyond her.

Active members of the Hoadley Musical Society are:

First violins, Bethune W. Jones, Miss Alma Miehle, Miss J. Hoffmann, Charles E. Williams, Miss Elsie Dehls, Barnet Phillips, Jr., Miss Florence A. Evans, Mitchell May, Miss Marion Kinne, H. S. Standing, H. J. Linder, F. Leipniker, Arthur Gimpel, J. F. Brommer, Mrs. E. Dienstag; flutes, A. E. Winemore, William P. Bannister; horns, Geo. R. Couch, Robert E. Miller, William Zweig; cornets, Henry E. Wood, Porter Steele; second violins, Joseph Grunewald, Axel Jeanson, Edwin S. Linz, Miss Isabel Butler, Miss Helen L. Robb, Julius E. Rettig, Miss Florence L. Law, Miss Alice Peyton, Benjamin Martin, Julius W. Schradieck, Miss Maude Wheeler, Miss Clara O. Weston, J. A. Johnson, J. F. E. Wood; clarionets, H. W. Austin, Charles Martin; bassoons, George W. Simrell, J. Wuerstlin; trombones, P. A. Glendening and F. Le B. Walter; violas, George E. Couch, E. Schwanhauser, W. A. Horton, A. Howard Watson, Geo. A. Gerhauser; 'cellos, E. Müldeker, O. H. Anderson, W. B. Campbell, Mrs. Christine Adler; basses, Theo. Rüger, Aug. Boege, Jos. G. Farr; piccolo, H. S. Staudinger; oboes, H. R. Austin, F. H. Landolt; baritone, F. L. Dallan; percussion, P. L. Hoadley, W. E. Dean, E. J. Hewlett.

On Tuesday night Carl Fiqué, one of Brooklyn's notable pianists, gave a recital in Wissner Hall, in which, owing to the illness of Mrs. Katherine Mack-Fiqué, soprano, he had the assistance of Edward A. Kent, tenor.

Mr. Fiqué played some fine numbers of his own, and his arrangement of the march and finale of Weber's "Concertstück," in addition to a Grieg suite and a group consisting of Chopin's Ballade in G minor, Schubert's "Impromptu" in A flat, and Godard's "Mazurka." Mr. Fiqué played well and his audience was sincerely enthusiastic.

E. A. Kent, who is gaining daily under the instruction of George Sweet, shows very marked improvement, both in style and in tone. Mr. Kent's natural voice leads one to expect much under such training. He sang:

Rubinstein, "Yearnings;" Denza, "Star of My Heart;" Rubinstein, "Der Asra;" Tours, "Because of Thee;" Donizetti, Romanza "Spirito Gentile;" Verdi, "Celeste Aida;" Bohn, "Still wie die Nacht."

He aroused very much enthusiasm.

Mrs. W. E. Beardsley, pianist and pupil of Joseffy, gave a musicale at her studio in the Knapp Mansion, which was a great success. She had the assistance of Kate Percy Douglass, soprano; E. C. Towne, tenor; Gustav Freeman, 'cellist; Mrs. Martin, contralto, and Miss Susie De Bois, who is a pupil of Mrs. Beardsley.

A musicale was given on Monday by the girls and boys of the intermediate department of public school No. 15. The first part of the program consisted of songs by different composers, and an address by Miss Chapman. The second part of the program was given to Mozart and contained four songs sung by the department, an andante played by Miss Susie Rersons, and brief sketches read by Eleanor McNamara and Rose Namm (who, by-the-way, is an extremely talented piano student of Albert Mildenberg's). I wish to congratulate Miss Alice Judge, who is the music teacher, and Mrs. Mary Stuart, the principal, upon their arrangement of such an enjoyable and educational entertainment and wish heartily that the others might do likewise, for I will never cease to believe that

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The third concert of the Seidl Society, which is to occur January 6, will be one of especial interest. Mme. Dyna Beumer, the superb singer, will be heard again, and Paul Tidden, who is a great favorite in Brooklyn, will be the pianist. The program also includes the great Wagnerian number given with such success by Seidl at the last Philharmonic concert given in New York. Here it is:

Overture, The Bartered Bride.....Smetana
Kammenoi Ostrow.....Rubinstein
Air De La Belle Arsene.....Monsigny
Mme. Dyna Beumer.
Second Piano Concerto (op. 23).....MacDowell
Mr. Paul Tidden.

Fallade for Orchestra.....Brockway
Valse des Songes.....Dell' Acqua
Mme. Dyna Beumer.

Siegfried's Passing Through the Fire, from "Siegfried"
Morning Dawn and Rhine Journey, from "Götterdäm-
erung." (Arrangement by Hans Richter)..Wagner

Rafael Joseffy will play the Chopin E minor concerto February 5, under the auspices of this society.

Thos. F. Shannon has had the satisfaction of having his band selected to play at the home of Elbridge T. Gerry for a grand reception to be given January 7. This is a novelty certainly, as brass bands are not usually selected for social affairs, but Mr. Shannon only needs the opportunity to be heard, for he has the band, and he has the control of it.

Mrs. Emma B. Kearney sang the contralto role of "Eli-jah" at a recent presentation in Newark, in which she scored a great success.

Lewis Moore is one of the busiest organists in Brooklyn just now owing to the grade of music which he uses in his church work. Mr. Moore is the organist of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, which position he has held for five years.

A pupil recital to be given by Mrs. Florence Tilton Pelton occurs too late for criticism in this issue.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

The first concert of the present season of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra was given at the Grand Opera House on the evening of November 29, and was listened to by a large audience made up of musicians and music lovers, who were critically appreciative. Karl Schneider, the conductor, in these few weeks of rehearsals has wrought wonders with the musicians of the orchestra, many of whom have never before played in an orchestra. The numbers were varied and were given with a certain distinction and finish that spoke well both for Mr. Schneider and the members constituting the orchestra. The introduction of the "Lenore Symphony," by Raff, which was the first number on the program, gave evidence of good drilling, for the attack was clear, perfect and true, and this evidence continued throughout the allegro movement. The second part, the andante, was admirably played, and the march in the second movement was rhythmical, firmly accepted and splendidly sustained from beginning to end. The staccato was noticeably good, and the theme melodic and masterly. The last movement, including an introduction and ballade, was equally as well played, and at the conclusion Mr. Schneider had to bow repeatedly to acknowledge the plaudits of the house.

Hugh McGibney is the concertmaster of the orchestra, Oliver Willard Pierce was the piano soloist. His playing is familiar to the musicians of Indianapolis, and he was warmly received and given close attention.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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THOMAS ORCHESTRA—EIGHTH CONCERT.

A BEETHOVEN program, consisting of the "Leonore" overture No. 2 and "Leonore" overture No. 3, and the septet forming the first part, and the ninth symphony, constituting the second part, was the classic feast given to Chicagoans this week. Such a program is so entirely in accordance with Thomas traditions that it follows that the interpretation was up to the standard which the orchestra, with its new importations, has taught us to expect.

While speaking of new importations a few words should be given to the performance of the new cornetmaster, L. Kramer, in the Tchaikowsky work last Saturday. It surprised even those who were aware of Kramer's musicianship. The command which he possesses over his instrument is extraordinary, and the brilliancy with which he played the cadenzas was astonishing. He has absolutely enthused the members of the orchestra, and his leadership has quite won the orchestral authorities, so that next week he will be heard as soloist in the same concert at which Plançon sings. The members of the orchestra have been quick to recognize the superiority of the new concertmaster, and seem to have an incentive to give a good performance.

Bruno Steindel, too, at last Saturday's concert had a gratifying success. His playing of the Dvorák concerto was of the quality which obliterated remembrances of any previous performances of the work. That interpretation of Steindel's bespoke the great artist, an artist who played as if the cello or he possessed a soul. With its long drawn out notes, with its mellow, rich tones, not a scratch nor a scrape, all of even and perfect quality. He lost the orchestral player in the solo performer, and the Dvorák work, as given by Bruno Steindel, stands to-day in memory as one of the best things heard here this season, foreign artists notwithstanding.

With regard to the concert this week interest attaches from the works performed and also because of the engagement of our local singers. In the case of the quartet of artists (all Chicagoans), Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mrs. Christine Nilsson Dreier, George Hamlin and George Ellsworth Holmes, the last named had the opportunity and grasped it splendidly. His opening number, "Hail Thee Joy," left little doubt as to Mr. Holmes' present work. He sang with fine sense of the music's requirements and with the power and finish expected of one of the finest baritones America ever produced. His voice rang out grandly, filling the auditorium, and showed us George Ellsworth Holmes at his best.

Mrs. Wilson's part, ungrateful as it was, showed that the fair singer is equal to any demand, made upon her,

while Mrs. Dreier and George Hamlin gave efficient support. There is so little individual work for any of these artists that detailed description of the work is well-nigh impossible. In the ensemble music the voices blended well. The chorus as before suffers from being placed disadvantageously behind the orchestra, so it is impossible to judge of the work adequately. It seems to me there is a decided improvement on the work of last year, but additions are still sadly needed. The Auditorium is so vast and the orchestra so powerful that it is necessary for the chorus to be considerably augmented before undertaking a work that requires most elaborate treatment. The orchestral part of the ninth symphony was beautiful in its evenness, the intricacies of the work being handled with such delicacy as to bring out every shade—each motive being defined with the utmost clearness.

William H. Sherwood has broken the record in Pittsburgh. December 2 and 3 he played there, and at the second concert had twelve recalls, playing after his first number (Schubert-Liszt Wanderer Fantaisie) for encore Chopin's "Berceuse." Mr. Sherwood also played the Schubert-Liszt "Soirée De Vienne No. 6," Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire," Chopin-Liszt "Maiden's Wish." His numbers on the program with orchestra were the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto, and Weber-Liszt "Polonaise Brillante." The success of the noted American pianist was so great that he was immediately re-engaged for a return date on December 14, when he played again with the same overwhelming applause and "bravos" resounded all over the house. In addition to the Pittsburgh engagement, Mr. Sherwood has been heard in Omaha, Minneapolis, La Crosse, Detroit, Toronto, and is to play the Saint-Saens G minor concerto in Buffalo next month.

Other concerts here during the week have been few. The Spiering Quartet gave a concert Tuesday. I regret being unable to attend.

The quartet is getting a fair share of notice from all parts of the country, judging from itinerary of dates.

After just getting back from their Eastern tour, they are about to leave for Galveston, Tex., and Nashville, Tenn., at the latter place to fill a re-engagement, the quartet having played there in October during the exposition. The following is a full list of engagements which they have filled this season up to the present: October 7, Chicago, Noldi concert; 15th, Chicago University; 23rd, Nashville Exposition; 26th, Chicago, Handel Hall; November 9, St. Louis; 11th, Milwaukee; 12th, Chicago University; 16th, Chicago, Handel Hall; 17th, Dayton, Ohio; 18th, Pittsburg, Pa.; 19th, Williamsport, Pa.; 20th, Aurora, N. Y.; 22nd, Farmington; 23rd, New York city; 24th, Brooklyn, N. Y.; December 2, Quincy, Ill.; 3rd, Grinnell, Ia.; 7th, St. Louis; 8th, Godfrey, Ill.; 9th, Chicago University; 14th, Chicago, Handel Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young gave their lecture recital on "Opera" with its program of vocal illustrations before the Denver Philharmonic Society on December 14. They will also give recitals at San Diego, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, returning to Chicago about January 1.

The concert of the Jacobsohn Orchestral Club, of the Chicago Conservatory, Wednesday evening was an artistic success, highly creditable alike to S. E. Jacobsohn, who

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directed, and the young people who participated. The following program was presented:

Overture Concerto No. 1.....Kalliwooda
Melodie in F.....Rubinstein
Three dances from Henry VIII, Morris dance,
Shepherd dance, Torchlight dance.....German.
Song, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice.....Saint-Saëns
Miss Josephine Pech, pupil of Herman L. Walker.
Violin solo, Concertino.....David.
Master Ray Groff.

Reading.....Selected
Miss Pansy M. Immke, pupil of Miss Anna Morgan.
Waltz, La Source.....Waldteufel
Overture, Le Philtre.....Auber
Accompanists, Miss Charlotte Pech and E. A. Groff.

Miss Mary Wood Chase has been heard in Indiana and Southern States with great appreciation. Two recent notices she received are interesting.

The concert given last night at the Central Presbyterian Church by Miss Mary Wood Chase was one which the delighted hearers will long remember, and we hope that Miss Chase will revisit our city that those music lovers who were prevented by the inclement weather and other engagements from attending may have an opportunity to hear her. This was the second concert given us by that most gifted young artist, and the admiration she inspired last winter was, if possible, intensified.

The program was unusually good, and the numbers were prefaced by notes of interpretation, showing what her fingers had already demonstrated, that she is not only an artist or a grace, finish and power, but also of the keenest intellectual grasp and insight. She was enthusiastically encored at the end of the program, and played that charming little composition called "The Juggler," by Moskowski. The piano used was a Knabe grand.—Terra Haute Gazette.

The music lovers of this city have been looking forward for some time to the return of Miss Mary Wood Chase, who gave such a delightful piano recital here last season, and their most pleasurable anticipations were fully realized last evening.

It must be conceded that Miss Chase is one of the most finished artists who has ever visited Terre Haute. It is doubtful if her melody playing has ever been excelled here. She possesses a wonderfully sympathetic touch, together with a perfect technique and charming stage presence, which places her audience in rapport with her before a note is played.

Miss Chase is pre-eminently a poetess of the keyboard. Her programs are selected entirely from a musical standpoint and there is never a number that does not express a musical thought. One forgets the artist in the music and if the writer judges correctly this is just what Miss Chase desires. It is such self-effacing artists to whom we must look to raise the musical standard of taste in this country.

Miss Chase is brave in daring to place Brahms on all her programs. If all pianists could interpret him so exquisitely he might not have gained the popular reputation of being dry and uninteresting. In fact Miss Chase makes the Brahms "Intermezzo" one of the most effective numbers on her programs.

It was perhaps in the Chopin group that Miss Chase did her best work. It is evident that this composer is her favorite one and she plays him with a delicacy and refinement, and yet with a breadth that is often lacking in interpretations of his music, making it savor too much of sentimentality. The preludes in D minor and F major and the exquisite nocturne in E major—so seldom played—were given with rare artistic finish.

A delightful feature of the program was the little explanatory talk given in connection with her numbers which added greatly to an intelligent appreciation of them.

The audience was not as large as it should have been owing to the inclemency of the weather, was, nevertheless, a very enthusiastic one, and showed by the warmth of its applause a keen appreciation of her work. Perhaps no pianist since Aus der Ohe has aroused such enthusiasm. In fact their playing is quite similar.—Terre Haute Express, Dec., 11, 1897.

A few minor events which do not call for especial notice and a couple of charity entertainments complete this week's musical calendar.

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Tuesday Evening, February 1, at 8:30.
Tuesday Afternoon, March 1, at 3:00.
Tuesday Afternoon, April 5, at 3:00.

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NEW YORK, December 20, 1897.

MARGARET GAYLORD, Viola Pratt Gillett, Victor Baillard, Winfield Blake and the others of the big and successful "Mikado" performance at the Astoria last Saturday evening certainly covered themselves with glory. A word as to the organization which gave the work.

The Metropolitan Musical Society (the most complete organization of its kind in England or America) is composed of amateurs gifted with either vocal or instrumental talent. For five years it was known as the Metropolitan Amateur Orchestra. In 1893 a chorus was organized, and with able soloists the opera "Trial by Jury" was given. Thereafter several other operas were presented with great success, and its last ideal production of "Patience" at the Metropolitan Opera House met with the unanimous approval of the press and public.

The society gives its services gratuitously whenever called upon in the cause of charity. The officers of the society are Julius J. Lyons, president; William H. Morgan, secretary; Emilio Del Pino, treasurer, Edwin J. Lyons, musical director. Julius J. Lyons, president and founder of the society, has superintended the production of the opera. He has been ably seconded in his work by William H. Morgan, the secretary of the society.

The following personal letter from the founder and president of the society, Julius J. Lyons, is also quite apropos, and I hereby ask him to forgive my printing it:

DEAR SIR—I beg to send you two seats for Saturday's performance. You were quite right in advising me to take Miss Gaylord for Yum-Yum. I shall always rely on your judgment in similar matters. I have endeavored to make her work as agreeable and congenial as possible and will do so always with pleasure. * * * We, i. e., every member (orchestra, chorus, caste, conductor, &c.), work gratuitously, for the love of music and to contribute entire proceeds of entertainments to charity, without distinction of creed or color.

Let me tell you how our society began: One evening my son (who is now the "conductor") was playing the "Mendelssohn Waltzes" on the piano with two boys, who are still in the orchestra (violinists). They did it so badly that I went from my dining room to the parlor and showed them their mistakes. Next night they brought a boy 'cellist, and later one or two other friends joined. I gave them one evening a week and before many weeks we had thirty instruments. My house soon became too small and I hired a dancing hall at Fifth avenue and Sixty-third street, then Carnegie Hall (orchestra room), and then Lambert's Hall, on Fifty-eighth street. Then we gave concerts for charity. We always had the best soloists take part (Lillian Blauvelt and others). Our concerts were classical and never "popular."

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The performance last week was given in aid of the

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The Mikado of Japan.....E. Bramhall Child
Nanki Poo (his son, disguised as a wandering minstrel and in love with Yum-Yum).....John Fredericks
Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner.....Ralph M. Skinner
Pooh Bah, Lord High Everything Else.....Winfield Blake
Pish Tush, a noble lord.....Victor Baillard
Umbrella Bearer.....Dr. H. Finklestone
Yum-Yum.....Miss Margaret Gaylord
Pitti Sing.....Miss Guelma Lawrence Baker
Peep Bo.....Miss Myra Albertson
Katisha (an elderly lady in love with Nanki Poo).....Mrs. Viola Pratt Gillett
Chorus of 125 voices.....Orchestra of 55.
Stage Manager, Winifred Ashland.
Musical director, Mr. Edwin J. Lyons.

Young Lyons has pronounced conducting talent, and he earned and shared the honors of the evening. The chorus sang with spirit, and the orchestra played with vigorous, frequently unbridled, enthusiasm throughout the evening.

Miss Gaylord was charming at all times—a sweet voiced, pretty faced, shiny toothed young Jap! Viola Pratt Gillett sang under difficulties, it was said, and so could not appear at her best, but she acted with great fervor, indeed dramatic ability. Baillard is a natural actor, and his voice was full of resonance. Blake's stature and excellent voice and action together combined in giving his personation much distinction. Fredericks sings better than he acts. The others did well; indeed at no time could one look at the performance from the viewpoint of amateurism. Kate Stella Burr assisted infrequently at the piano.

The showy hall was very, very full, evening toilettes prevailing. The "Sisterhood" will benefit several thousand dollars.

Medal awarding concert by the students of the Edward Mollenhauer College of Music:

Jubilee March.....Bordli
Misses May Tietjen, Josie Hentze, Helen D. Wessells, Lillian Champlain, Alice Brubacher, Edythe Champlain. F. Raymond Wood, Wm. Eifert, Gus Strothman, Carl Dreher. Masters Hans Dreher, Jr., Steinau, Pick and Hentze.
Piano solo, Last Hope.....Gottschalk
Miss Alice Brubacher (Instruction one year).
Violin Solo, Concerto in D.....Beethoven
William Eifert (Instruction three years).
Song, Soprano, Nymphs and Fauns.....Bemberg
Miss Lillian Champlain (Instruction six months).
Violin Solo, Air Varie.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Harold Cohen.
Piano Solo, Air de Ballet.....Chaminade
Miss Helen D. Wessells.
Violin Solo, Cavatina.....Bohm
Miss Edythe Champlain (Instruction one year).
Song, with Violin Obligato, Fiddle and I.....Goodeve
Miss Helen D. Wessells (Instruction two quarters).
Violin Solo, Concerto Militaire.....Bazzini
Master Hans Dreher (Instruction three years).
Duet for two Violins, Second Symphonie.....Alard
Master Samuel Brant and Carl Dreher (instruction three years).
Song, Cavatine from Queen of Sheba.....Gounod
Miss May Tietjen (Instruction one year).
Violin Solo, Fantaisie Caprice.....Vieuxtemps
F. Raymond Wood (Instruction three and one-half years).
Piano Solo, Andante Capriccio.....Mendelssohn
Master Hans Dreher.

This unique affair took place last Tuesday evening at the Y. M. C. A. branch, on West Fifty-seventh street, when a committee consisting of F. W. Riesberg, appointed chairman by Mr. Mollenhauer, Emil Gramm and others more or less known, awarded four medals, a first and second for violin, and one each for piano and singing.

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No 12, a talented, long legged youth of seventeen, was awarded first violin prize; No. 3, a studio-appearing, bespectacled lad, the second violin prize; No. 13, a boy with Ysaye locks, who had previously played the violin badly, got the piano medal, and No. 11, a big blonde girl of sixteen summers, more or less, the prize for singing. All of these showed marked talent and commendable industry.

Ed. Mollenhauer, who at seventy is still one of the ablest violinists in America, concluded the program with a brilliantly played solo. The next concert is awaited with interest.

Little Bessie Silberfeld, the child wonder, pupil of William Semmner, played recently in Plainfield, N. J., with the New York Philharmonic Club, when a lady was moved to write to Eugene Weiner as follows:

MY DEAR MR. WEINER—You and your fellow artists slipped away before I could offer my congratulations and while I was busy talking with Miss Maconda and that wonderful child, Bessie Silberfeld.

I congratulate you and all who took part on the great success of our opening concert. As for Miss Bessie, words fail to convey the satisfaction she gave. She is a wonder and the inspiration and execution of her work seem to me a miraculous gift; with it all the natural simplicity of her manner is so charming! She has a great future if her life is spared, and I hope it will be. Her playing is marvelous. The club never did better work. It is always good.

Miss Bessie has a sister, aged eight, who plays Bach's inventions and the smaller fugues amazingly well and without notes. She plays fifty-four pieces without her music, her teacher, Mr. Semmner, tells me.

Mr. Weiner informed me that Miss Bessie's playing called forth enthusiastic applause from the fashionable audience at Plainfield, and after her first solo, "Perpetual Motion," by Weber, she was recalled several times, after which she played Chopin's "Berceuse." After her second numbers, "Concert Sonata," by Scarlatti, and "Spinning Song," by Wagner-Liszt, she was forced to respond with "Pierretta," Chaminade, and "The Butterfly," Grieg.

This is from the Plainfield Press:

The hit of the evening was undoubtedly scored by Miss Bessie Silberfeld, who by her exceptionally fine performance as a piano soloist won the admiration of her audience. She is only twelve years of age, but conducted her renderings of difficult classical pieces with the experience and fine taste of a veteran pianist. Her first selection was "Perpetual Motion," by Weber. The union of speed and accuracy of touch with the most perfect expression which was shown in this piece convinced the audience that the little soloist should be called upon to give a second piece at once, and she consented, playing for her encore "Berceuse," by Chopin. Later in the evening she rendered two piano solos, "Concert Sonata," by Scarlatti, and the "Spinning Song," by Wagner-Liszt. She was recalled to the piano twice after this, responding with "Pierretta," Chaminade, and "The Butterfly," Grieg.

This from the Courier-News:

The sensation of the evening was the appearance of little Bessie Silberfeld in a piano solo entitled "Perpetual Motion," and her brilliant execution was a succession of surprises. It is not saying too much to say that she astonished everyone. She has the keys under perfect control and the notes fell clear and sharp from her finger tips. When she had finished the audience was crazed with delight and applauded her over and over again until she responded.

Charles Heinroth's third organ recital presented this program:

Tocatta—F Major Bach
Elevation Guilmant
Prelude to The Deluge Saint-Saëns
Prelude and Fugue, B. A. C. H. Liszt
Violin solo—Albumbatt Wagner

Pastoral Sonata Rheinberger

Your scribe could not attend; one cannot be ubiquitous, and other duties called last Wednesday afternoon. A friend who was there told me, however, that the attendance

is gradually growing, as Heinroth's superior qualities are becoming known and acknowledged. He certainly has an amazing pedal technic. Said friend said that, for this reason, "The Bach toccata was great—a model of rapidity and clearness." All of which I can believe. The next recital occurs January 6, 1898.

Samuel Moyle sang at the Waldorf-Astoria at an entertainment in aid of the charities of uptown St. Luke's Church. The selections were all of the Christmas season character. Mr. Moyle's numbers were "Mighty Lord, King All Glorious," from Bach's Christmas oratorio, and Gounod's "Nazareth." The other artists on the program were Miss Lillian Van Liew, Miss Feilding Roselle, Miss Emelie Moyle and Mr. McKenzie Gordon, and as the patrons' list is headed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. George M. Gould and other well-known ladies of society, a good financial result was attained.

He also sang at the opening musicale of the Bergen Point Ladies' Club, in their new club house, last Wednesday afternoon. Schubert's "Wanderer" was one of his numbers. Charles Stephen Jones, a very promising pupil of Mr. Moyle, possessing a baritone voice of fine quality and good range, also sang.

Miss May Brown is a violinist who is attracting more and more attention nowadays. She played with great success at a large musicale given for the benefit of the Methodist church in Mount Vernon last Friday. It was given in one of the biggest private houses, and was quite swell.

The Mount Vernon Record said this of her:

Miss May Brown showed at once that she had not been overestimated. She is a thorough artist, and the spirited gypsy dance which she gave as her last number was a fitting close to a concert that as a whole was without a flaw.

The Bergen Reformed Church choir, Miss Lillian Guthrie, soprano; Miss Eva Hawes, alto; Ethan Allen Hunt, tenor, and William F. Brown, bass, with Louis R. Dressler, musical director, gave a glee concert last Tuesday evening, assisted by Maurice Kauffman, violinist. Glee, vocal and violin solos comprised the program, and it's said it was a very pleasant affair. I noticed among other things Garret's "My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose."

Miss Lulu A. Potter is the talented and energetic conductor of the Garcia Club, of Newark, N. J. After their first concert, given last week, a friend wrote:

I do not know whether you have heard anything of the Garcia Club concert. The chorus sang exceedingly well, seeing that they are all uncultivated voices, except two or three who study vocal music. In the unaccompanied number, "Spin, Maiden, Spin," they kept right up to the pitch all through. That is saying a good deal. In the cantata, "The Rose of Life," by Cowen, especially good work was done. I think this is the first time in America. It has an excellent story and works up to a big climax.

Little Miss Whitmore, a pupil of Dora Valesca Becker, captivated the audience at once. She plays the violin with a good firm tone, and although she had to play her first number without a chin rest, there was no unpleasant result. Miss C. Belle Price did as good work if not better than any of the other soloists. She sang "The Gypsies," by Buck, and "A Dream," by Bartlett, for an encore. Miss Decker, as accompanist, was excellent. She is a very young lady, just eighteen, and already is very efficient.

Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y., was the home of my early life. The music firm of L. & A. Babcock, in former days held what was then called "musical conventions," J. P. Cobb, of Boston, being the conductor, followed by C. Mortimer Wiske. Eugene Weiner, Ella Earle-Toedt, John Francis Gilder and others were the soloists in the eighties. Ten days ago young Adrian P. Babcock, son of the senior member of the firm above named, turned loose upon the community a full-fledged "Music Festival," with Bloodgood, Becker, Schiller and

Giles as soloists, which brings me to quote a letter just received from one deeply interested in the festival and its success:

NORWICH, N. Y., December 14, 1897.

The festival has come and gone, and was a great success musically. Financially it was not so great a success. As near as I can figure now young Babcock will either make or lose about \$10, can't say which. As for the artists, they were the best ever heard in Norwich, and a more genial and pleasant combine I never saw. They were always willing, and by their good will added greatly to the success of the social part.

Giles made a great hit, as did the others, and everyone felt they had more than got their money's worth. We'll have another festival in 1898, sure! I inclose a clipping from the Chenango Union which will interest you:

"To the management, Mr. A. P. Babcock, the Union extends congratulations upon the success of the festival. Nowhere in Norwich and vicinity is anything but the highest praise heard for the manner in which the festival was conducted and the excellence of the talent presented."

Yours, B. P. A.

J. W. Parson Price, who was the teacher of Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams, recently gave a morning musicale at his studio, now at 22 East Seventeenth street, when the program was as follows: "Should He Upbraid," Bishop, Miss Marie Cahill; "Lord God of Abraham" (Elijah), Mendelssohn, Mr. J. H. Childs; "It is enough" (Elijah), Mendelssohn, Dr. T. C. Jones; "Two Letters," A. H. Pease, Miss Cahill; "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone" (Creation), Haydn, Walter B. Crabtree; "Honor and Arms" (Samson), Handel, Mr. Childs; "Ave Maria," Millard, Miss Cahill; "Drink to Me Only," old English, Dr. Jones; "The Flowing Tide Comes In," Millard, Parson Price.

The Paterson Daily Guardian has this to say of another pupil of Mr. Price, namely, Miss Susie A. Griggs:

Miss Susie A. Griggs, of Passaic City, who on former occasions favored Paterson Elks with her vocal talents, last night rendered two selections that were awarded merited ovations. Her last song, "Pilgrim," by Adam, was one of the crowning features of the service, and the remembrance of her sweet voice will always dwell in the memory of those present at the Lodge of Sorrow in 1897.

That excellent basso Edward Bromberg is engaged to sing in three concerts during the month of January—one in Westfield, N. J., and two in New York.

From Buffalo, N. Y., come the tidings that Louis Adolf Coerne, formerly the director of the Liedertafel and Vocal societies, but now of Columbus, Ohio, has married Miss Adele Turton, a former pupil of mine. This is news indeed; Coerne was suspected of being a confirmed old bachelor, though two years ago I warned him of the charm of the Buffalo belle (didn't I marry one myself?) Miss Turton was one of the sweetest young women I ever knew, and I knew Louis Adolf as a first-class musician, but who persisted in losing his positions. And so THE MUSICAL COURIER extends its felicitations, and trusts that Coerne will now settle down, keep his job, and appreciate his exceeding good fortune! All of which goes to show that you never can tell what a woman will do.

Merry Christmas!

A Correction for Mary Louise Clary.

In the last issue of this paper, under the heading "Mary Louise Clary," appeared an erroneous announcement of Mary Louise Clary's engagements. The item should have read that Clary would sing in Parkersburg, W. Va., for the third time within a year, on December 14, and that she would also probably sing in Wheeling, W. Va., while on this same tour. Because of a conflict in dates Miss Clary will not sing in Wheeling until her next tour West.

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Marie Barna as Brunnhilde.

MISS BARNA, the American dramatic soprano, who has been successful in this country in concert and church music, and has appeared abroad in opera, justified the anticipations as to her value in exacting operatic roles by her appearance as Brunnhilde in Philadelphia last week. She has evidently before her a distinguished career, one for which she is adapted not only by voice, but by temperament and poetic insight. The press commented favorably upon this first appearance, as may be seen from a few of the notices:

As to the Brunnhilde of the evening, Madame Barna is to be congratulated, although she was exceedingly nervous owing to the recent acquisition of the role on her part. She, however, sang with surprising dramatic force, and disclosed a soprano voice of great purity of tone, which was not in the least hard, even in the shrill exclamations called for in this most exacting music, and which also gave every evidence of flexibility and a warmth of color which made the expression of love emotion particularly enjoyable. Trained in the modern school of the dramatic Italians, Puccini, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, Madame Barna has an artistic equipment that does not halt at trifles. Her Brunnhilde was, therefore, an effort that was an artistic thing in itself and full of rich promise.—*Philadelphia Press*, December 7, 1897.

The highest interest of the representation was concentrated in the American debut of Mme. Marie Barna, who sang a Wagner part for the first time in German. As Brunnhilde she showed that she possesses a highly cultivated, resonant, dramatic soprano voice, and that her studies in the art of singing have borne good fruit. If we take into consideration the nervousness, in consequence of a first appearance in a new role and in a new country, her debut was very successful. After the opening phrase "Heil dir Sonne" a momentary uncertainty vanished, and the rest of her performance to the end was highly artistic. At the conclusion she was repeatedly called and overwhelmed with flowers.—*Correspondence of the New Yorker Staats Zeitung*, December 7, 1897.

Seldom has any Siegfried awakened a more beautiful Valkyre. She made an exquisite picture as she begged Siegfried to leave her and go his way. At first Madame Barna's voice sounded as if it were hardly powerful enough to cope with the orchestra, but it was only for a short time, and she sang the final duet magnificently. The part is a very short one, and it is difficult to judge of Madame Barna's qualifications as a Wagnerian soprano on such a short acquaintance, but the promise is a fair one for the future.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*, December 7, 1897.

Bartlett's "Behold, I Bring."

This is the title of an effective Christian anthem by Homer N. Bartlett; it will be found on many programs of Christmas music, and is to be sung by Emanuel Schmauk's Holy Trinity (Lutheran) choir. Bartlett's "Abide With Me" is another mightily effective anthem, with a thrilling climax, and may be sung by either quartet or chorus.

Harvey Wickham.

A very successful organ recital was given in Grace Church, Middletown, N. Y., on Thursday evening, December 16, by Harvey Wickham, the organist, assisted by Dr. Carl Martin, solo bass of St. Thomas' Church, New York. The following was the program:

"Prelude and Fugue" in E. Minor.....Bach
Mr. Wickham.
"Honor and Arms," from "Samson".....Händel
Dr. Martin.
"Adagio Molto," from Op. 115.....Merkel
Mr. Wickham.
"Scherzo,"Hoffman
Mr. Wickham.
"The Holy Child,"Shelley
Dr. Martin.
"Sonata" in C Minor.....Mendelssohn
Mr. Wickham.
"Caprice" in B Flat.....Guilmant
Mr. Wickham.
"The Unseen Kingdom,"Lane
Dr. Martin.
Improvisation and Offertory.
Overture to "The Coming of the King,".....Buck
Mr. Wickham.

Music in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, December 18, 1897.

THE season of opera, under the Damrosch-Ellis management, proved a financial success. The performance of "Lohengrin" was the most satisfactory ever given in Baltimore. "Traviata," however, drew a much larger attendance.

Now, that Manager Strakosch has demonstrated his ability to produce grand opera in Music Hall, it is hoped that Baltimore will have an opportunity of enjoying more such superior performances as were given last week. Mr. Strakosch has arranged for a material enlargement of the stage. There is nothing like encouraging enterprise. It has a stimulating effect.

Charles H. Harding was the soloist at the eighth Peabody recital December 10, giving the following interesting program:

Aria from the oratorio, Semele.....Händel
Recitative and Air from the oratorio Messiah.
Eliland. A cycle of seven songs with piano. Von Fielitz
Silent Woe.
Roses.
Secret Greetings.
At the Lake Side.
Moonlight Night.
Dreams.
Resignation.
The Monk. Song with piano.....Meyerbeer
Three songs with piano.....Aler
Thou Art Like Unto a Flower.
While Sad My Heart Is Longing.
My Heart Is True to Thee.
The Lament. Song with piano.....Chadwick

Mr. Harding was in good voice, and sang with artistic finish and intelligence. His rich basso was heard to special advantage in "The Monk." Mr. Harding repeated this program with equal success the following evening at Lutherville, Md.

Joseph Pache, conductor of the Oratorio Society, delivered an interesting lecture last Monday evening on the oratorio of "Messiah." The Oratorio Society is now rehearsing "The Messiah," and the lecture was listened to by a very large audience. Mr. Pache repeated the lecture on Wednesday evening in Washington.

The Kneisel Quartet and Harold Randolph gave the second of the season's series of concerts on Tuesday evening, 14th inst., in Music Hall (Assembly Hall.)

String Quartet in F major, op. 22.....Tchaikowsky
(First time at these concerts.)

Variations from String Quartet in A major,

op. 18, No. 5.....Beethoven

Piano trio in B flat major, op. 27.....Beethoven

The Tchaikowsky number was the novelty of the program, being played for the first time at these concerts. The modern compositions for string quartet always have a tendency, however well they are played, to make me long for the works of the older masters, and I feel a sense of gratitude when they are placed at the beginning of a program, to be followed by any of the older school compositions. The Tchaikowsky was most admirably played, and the second movement a model of rhythmical precision.

The Beethoven Piano Trio affords the pianist special opportunities, such as are not usually offered at these concerts. This was particularly the case in the last movement, the violin and 'cello being scarcely more than an accompaniment to a piano solo. Mr. Randolph's performance was among the very best of his recent efforts, showing the steady improvement and the general advance in his solo as well as ensemble work.

The vast auditorium of the Music Hall was filled on Wednesday evening—the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Joseffy as soloist. Raff's symphony "Im Walde," Schumann's A minor piano concerto, Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, and Auber's overture to

"Carlo Broschi," made up a program that satisfied the popular taste, and to which the management seems to be more generally catering.

So far as the work of the orchestra was concerned, it goes without saying that the entire performance measured up to its usual high standard. The event of the evening, and the musical performance par excellence of the season, was Joseffy's rendition of the Schumann concerto. I have heard many performances of this concerto, but none that equalled that of last Wednesday evening. A storm of applause followed the close of this brilliant performance, and the modest and unassuming virtuoso was compelled to appear again and again bow his acknowledgments.

Mr. Carlos N. Sanchez announced his second complimentary "Pupils' Song Recital" at Knabe's Wednesday, 15th, which was largely attended by the many friends of the señor and his pupils. X. X.

Kate Ockleston-Lippa.

A recital-lecture was given in the Alvin Theatre, Pittsburgh, on Tuesday, December 7, by Kate Ockleston-Lippa. The audience was large and enthusiastic and represented the wealth and culture of Pittsburgh. Besides being a pianist of exceptional ability Madame Lippa is an intelligent and interesting talker, to whose low, well-modulated voice it is a pleasure to listen. The following notices are quoted:

The theme of her discourse was "The Barcarolle." She handled her subject in a masterly and artistic manner, highly satisfactory to her hearers, who were not slow in showing their appreciation by frequent and hearty applause. The piano selections chosen were barcarolles by Mendelssohn, Godard, Rubinstein and Chopin, and these were delightfully and poetically rendered. Indeed, with her original interpretative sketches, beautiful voice and charming manner Mrs. Lippa completely won the hearts of everybody present. Recitals of this character should be repeated in towns both far and near, for, besides being instructive, the analysis was clear, the biographical mention concise and entertaining, and Mrs. Lippa has left an impression of the various characteristics of "The Barcarolle" for piano upon the minds of her hearers which will not soon be forgotten. She played divinely, and at the close, after a double recall, graciously gave as her encore number "The Spinning Song" from "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner-Liszt. Mrs. Lippa was the recipient of an exquisite floral offering, which was handed to her over the footlights.—Pittsburgh Leader.

Those talks or recital-lectures are unique in their way, being delivered in the happiest possible spirit, and showing not only Madame Lippa's ability to handle her subject with discriminating intelligence, but also giving her an opportunity to delight her hearers with exquisite interpretations of the music under discussion.

The program given at the Kingsley House benefit comprised a Venetian Gondolier, No. 39, Mendelssohn; Godard's fourth Barcarolle and second Mazurka; Rubinstein's fifth Barcarolle, and a Barcarolle, op. 60, Chopin. In acknowledgment of the applause which followed the Chopin number, Madame Lippa played an arrangement of the "Spinning Song" from the "Flying Dutchman." The easy, unaffected manner which has always characterized Madame Lippa on the occasions of previous recital-lectures was in no way altered by the fact that she was talking in a much larger auditorium than had ever before been the case; but the peculiar charm of her rich and well-modulated speaking voice lost something of its usually remarkable and magnetic effect owing to the size of the theatre.

Like chamber music the recital-lectures are only adapted to comparatively small rooms. Madame Lippa is especially qualified for the kind of entertainment she has made her own. She tells nothing but the most interesting facts in a most sympathetic way, and after playing a few bars or an entire composition to illustrate her point, again takes up the thread of her narrative or critical analysis with a musical intonation which seems to speak in the key of the number she has just interpreted. The graceful forms of the Barcarolle do not call for much power or depth, or brilliant tone effects; but they demand and on this occasion received, extreme delicacy and fineness in their execution, and a certain degree of sentimentality. The "Spinning Song" gave the pianist a greater opportunity, and was very artistically played.—Pittsburgh Post.

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Tor Van Pyk.

The well-known tenor, Tor Van Pyk, has been appointed soloist of Trinity Chapel, Twenty-sixth street and Broadway. He assumes his duties after Christmas. Mr. Van Pyk contemplates giving song recitals in the near future in New York, Philadelphia and other cities.

A Christmas Service.

A service of sacred song was given by the choir of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday evening, December 19. The choir consists of a quartet and chorus of thirty voices. The feature of the service was the Christmas cantata by Dudley Buck, "The Coming of the King." The director, William H. Johns, is to be warmly congratulated upon the success of the evening.

Rudolph Aronson.

Rudolph Aronson has been devoting some time to composition lately, and has just completed for piano and orchestra a characteristic galop entitled, "Winter Frolics," a "Military Mazurka" and a "Ballet Intermezzo," scores and orchestra parts of which have been forwarded to Louis Ganne, at the Palais de Glacé, Paris, and to Edouard Strauss, Vienna.

Madame Fried.

At a recent Sunday evening concert, given at the Windsor Hotel, the singing of Madame Fried was the feature of the evening. She possesses a full, sympathetic soprano voice, and her numbers created great enthusiasm. Mrs. John Sherwood and many others present complimented her personally. Madame Fried is a pupil of Miss Lillie Machin, of Carnegie Hall.

Organ Recitals at Cedar Rapids.

The director of the Cedar Rapids College of Music gave two recitals in Grace Church, Cedar Rapids, Ia., on the 8th and 12th of December. The attendance at both was large, and Mr. Hall scored his accustomed success. The French school of organ composition was represented on the program by such names as Saint-Saëns, De la Tombelle and Dubois. The assisting artists were Charles Harmer, Joseph Hiksa and the Grace Church Ladies' Quartet.

Carl Bernhard.

Appended are some criticisms of his singing at a recent concert in Rockville, Conn.:

Carl Bernhard proved an excellent artist and added much to the excellence of the concert.—Rockville Weekly.

Bernhard, the New York basso, displayed a voice of exceptional fullness and power. His singing of Mietzke's "How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me" had the charm of intelligent and faithful expression of the spirit of both the music and beautiful words of the psalm.—Hartford Times.

William N. Sullivan.

A young baritone, William N. Sullivan, a pupil of Oscar Saenger, sang at the Hanover Club, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, December 15. He was enthusiastically received, and will sing for the club again, later in the season. The Brooklyn Times in criticising the performance says:

Mr. Sullivan possesses a very sympathetic baritone voice of much richness and purity of tone, and what is more, he sings with rare delicacy and feeling. His rendition of Tosti's "Ninon" was so artistic and full of expression that he was encored again and again. This young baritone has a promising future.

Elliott Schenck's Lectures.

Elliott Schenck's first two lectures in Philadelphia have proved a great success. On both occasions the rooms were crowded and much delight was expressed. Mr.

Schenck's methods are both interesting and instructive. For instance, in his lecture on "The Development of Wagner's Genius," he, after giving a short resumé of Wagner's boyhood and of his first struggles as chorus-master and conductor, explained and played portions from Wagner's first opera, "Die Feen," then taking up "Rienzi," Mr. Schenck illustrated the difference in style, and handling "The Flying Dutchman" he designated as "strides ahead of Wagner's former works." After Tannhäuser and "Lohengrin," Mr. Schenck explained the later Wagnerian theory by playing and reciting the greater part of the first act of "Die Walküre."

Next week Mr. Schenck is going to tell the dilettante of Philadelphia about Verdi and what he has achieved.

Of Mr. Schenck's chorus we hear good things. "Lohengrin and the 'Tannhäuser' pilgrims are in tune, 'Faust' is sung with spirit, and 'Romeo and Juliet' is replete with new choral effects. The Philadelphia papers are loud in their praise of this chorus.

An Afternoon Musicales.

A delightful musicale and afternoon tea was given in the Myrtle Room of the Astoria on the afternoon of December 15, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the German Poliklinik. Among the artists who assisted were Adelaide Beekman, soprano; Lottie Hager, piano; Henry Schmid, violin; S. Camillo Engel, piano, and Ernest Gamble, basso profundo.

Every number was excellently given, and the hearty applause was deservedly bestowed. Special mention, however, must be made of the singing of Adelaide Beekman, for on her shoulders rested the pleasant burden of honors. Her voice is a clear tone, pure soprano, of marvelous clarity in the upper tones, and the peculiar pathos and soul which pervades the middle and lower registers send a thrill to the hearts of those who listen. Truly, her work is that of a finished artist. Broadness of style, tenderness, grace and ineffable delicacy, mark her a singer of undoubted intelligence and magnetism. Mrs. Beekman's selections were "Elsa's Traum" from "Lohengrin," "Das Veilchen" by Mozart, and Weil's "Frühlingszeit."

The contrast between the distinct manner in which this charming cantatrice treated the three numbers was proof, if it were needed, of her versatility.

Charlotte Maconda.

At a concert given recently in Plainfield, N. J., by the New York Philharmonic Club the assisting artist was the soprano Charlotte Maconda, whose artistic singing charmed the large and fashionable audience. The appended notices refer to her success:

The vocal work was accomplished in a highly excellent manner by Madame Maconda, who is not unknown to Plainfield audiences, having appeared twice in this city two years ago. The applause which she received when first coming upon the stage showed that many of the audience had not forgotten her former appearances here. Her singing showed a soprano voice of rare compass and power. The aria, "Thou Brilliant Bird," which was sung with a flute obligato by Eugene Weiner, the director of the club, was a superb performance, and won favorable comment on all sides. As an encore she sang "Twice April," by Nevin. Her other piece was "Chanson d'Amour," by J. Hollman. It was rendered in French.—Plainfield Daily Press.

Madame Maconda's first appearance was in an aria with flute obligato. Her selection was in English, which took better than the usual Italian or French solos with the majority of her hearers. It gave her scope for her wide range of voice, and showed the excellent control she has over it. After a difficult run without accompaniment the severe test with the flute was given her, but with perfect success. In closing she accompanied the flute through some difficult bars, which was generally conceded to be a remarkably perfect representation.—Plainfield Courier-News.

Henry Taylor Staats.

A very delightful musicale was given by Henry Taylor Staats on Saturday afternoon, December 18, in his handsome studio, 489 Fifth avenue. In the interpretation of a most interesting program he was assisted by his brother, C. L. Staats, the eminent clarinet virtuoso of Boston; Miss Cecile Stollberg, soprano, and Arthur Brown, baritone. Miss Stollberg's voice and method reflected credit on her teacher. She was heard in several selections, but was especially pleasing in a song by Kücken, "Heaven Hath Shed a Tear." Mr. Brown's voice is clear and resonant,

and his numbers were given with smoothness and expression. The most delightful feature of the program was the playing of the clarinetist. He is an exceptional artist, and his tone, phrasing and interpretation were almost beyond criticism.

The following was the program:

Cascade du Chaudron (op. 139, No. 4).....	Bendel
H. T. Staats.	
Flower by the Way.....	Abt
Heaven Hath Shed a Tear.....	Kücken
Miss Stollberg.	
Clarinet Obligatos,	
C. L. Staats	
Charakterstücke, from op. 3.....	Verhey
Allegro con moto.	
Molto vivace.	
C. L. Staats.	
It Was Not So to Be.....	Nessler
When Love Is Gone.....	Hawley
Arthur C. Brown.	
Grande Valse, op. 42.....	Chopin
H. T. Staats.	
Thou Art Mine All.....	Bradsky
Miss Stollberg.	
Ballade from op. 43.....	Gade
Allegro Molto Vivace, from op. 43.....	Gade
C. L. Staats.	
Valentine's Farewell (Faust).....	Gounod
Arthur C. Brown.	

A Concert at Boonton, N. Y.

The Boonton Choral Union (Edward M. Young, conductor), gave its first concert this season in the Harris Lyceum, on December 7, before an audience representing the cultured and fashionable element of Boonton society. The concerts of this organization in past seasons have been noted for their excellence, but the one of Tuesday evening eclipsed all former efforts. The soloists were Mrs. E. M. Young, soprano; Arthur Oldfield, tenor; William H. Meadowcroft, baritone, and Nellie D. Nash, pianist. Among the numbers given were a sacred cantata, "The Crusaders," by Gade, and an anthem by Edward M. Young.

Both chorus and artists acquitted themselves creditably, and the concert was a complete success. The following is a press comment:

The Union, since its inception seven years ago, has been under the instruction of Edward M. Young, and as a result of his careful and thorough training, it is able to cope with the most difficult music. This was clearly proven on Tuesday evening by its masterly rendition of "The Crusaders," which is regarded as one of the most difficult and beautiful cantatas ever written. While highly classical, it is a composition that can be appreciated by those who have not made a special study of such music.

The leading soloists were Mrs. E. M. Young, soprano; Arthur Oldfield, tenor, and William H. Meadowcroft, baritone. They displayed most excellent talent as well as sweetness of voice, and won for themselves golden opinions.

On this occasion Young's new anthem, "The Lord is My Shepherd," was given for the first time. It was a decided success, and received due recognition and appreciation.

The other numbers on the program were "The Lass of Richmond Hill," by Henry Leslie, and "When Hands Meet," by Ciro Pinsuti, both of which delighted the audience.

The program was one of the best selected ever heard in Boonton.

E. Ellsworth Giles at the Norwich Festival.

Although suffering from a severe cold, the well-known tenor, E. Ellsworth Giles, sang his way into the hearts of his auditors at the recent Norwich festival. Mr. Giles is deservedly a favorite. Appended are some press notices:

Mr. Giles, the tenor, in his song, "'Tis All That I Can Say," displayed a voice so mellow and rich in spite of the throat trouble from which he was suffering that one wondered how he could sing better even under the best conditions.—Morning Sun.

Mr. Giles in his tenor solo, "Adelaide," was heard at his best and was called back. His solo work in the grand finale, "Sanctus," from St. Cecilia mass, and that of the chorus combined to make a fitting climax to one of the grandest programs that could be presented. It is the prevailing opinion of those who were present that the closing selection was alone worth the price of admission.

Mr. Giles, the talented tenor who has made himself so popular with the people during the festival, sang "La Donna e Mobile" and became a greater favorite than ever. The evening's entertainment closed with a repetition of the grand finale of the previous evening, "Sanctus," from St. Cecilia mass, by Mr. Giles and the choir. In

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this selection, as in his song, "My Queen" earlier on the program, Mr. Giles again showed the beautiful quality of his exquisite tenor. His voice is pure, mellow and robust. His scope is wide and his expression excellent.—Morning Sun.

The next piece on the program was a tenor solo, "Tis All That I Can Say," by Mr. E. Ellsworth Giles, of New York. Mr. Giles came to this village while on the sick list, but he did not disappoint his hearers in the least. A great deal was expected, perhaps unjustly under the circumstances, but the expectations of the people were more than realized. He has a very rich, mellow voice, exceedingly well used. * * * Mr. Giles' solo, "Adelaide," was even finer than his afternoon's selection. * * * The last number on the program was Gounod's "Sanctus" (St. Cecilia mass), by Mr. Giles and the choir. It was a grand chorus, grandly executed.—The Telegraph.

E. Ellsworth Giles, the tenor, will always be popular in Norwich. His voice is of wide range, and is handled with great skill. His interpretation is excellent. No purer tenor was ever heard in Norwich. He is at ease before his audience, and seems to inspire confidence by his presence, subjecting himself to the selection he is giving.—Chenango Union.

Engaged by Telephone from Boston.

The value of modern inventions as applied in musical life was demonstrated last week. Last Sunday evening, at 11 o'clock, Henry Wolfsohn was called by the committee of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society by telephone to send them a basso for "The Messiah" Monday night. Five minutes later the engagement was made for Charles W. Clark and the announcement given to the Boston papers. Mr. Clark, who sang without rehearsal, made a distinct success.

J. H. McKinley.

The talented young tenor J. H. McKinley, now en tour with the Nordica Company, has been winning praise, compliments and honors wherever he has sung. Of the concert given in Denver, Col., December 6, the *Daily News* says: "Of all those who assisted, J. Henry McKinley was the favorite of the audience. Mr. McKinley's voice is a fine, clear tenor, and from his first selection, which was 'Lend Me Your Aid,' from the 'Queen of Sheba,' by Gounod, he was liked by his hearers. They applauded him vociferously, and made him come back every time to sing some more." Besides the aria "Lend Me Your Aid," from "Queen of Sheba," Mr. McKinley sang "Hosanna," by Granier, and also was heard in the trio from the prison scene in Faust.

Mina Schilling.

The recent illness of the renowned soprano Mina Schilling compelled her to cancel a number of important engagements, and among others the Orpheus concert at Springfield, Mass. Since her recovery she has resumed her concert work and teaching, and has accepted an engagement for the Apollo Club concert in Chicago for April 21. The appended notice is a criticism of a performance with the Schubert Club of this city:

Fräulein Schiller sang mit umfassender, höchst sympathischer Stimme die grosse Arie der Elisabeth in Wagner's "Tannhäuser" und dann unter frenetischem Beifall die Lieder: "Le Soir" und "Avril" von Thomas. Die Glanznummer des Abends war aber wohl unzweifelhaft das von Frl. G. Schilling (Sopran), Frl. H. Lounbury (Alt), Herrn A. Kranitz (Tenor) und Herrn John Bolze (Bass) brilliant vorgetragene Quartett aus "Rigoletto" von Verdi, welche das Publikum zu immer wieder auf's Neue ausbrechenden Applaus begeisterte.

The Synthetic Guild Festival.

Following are the newly-elected officers of the Synthetic Guild: Albert Ross Parsons, F. A. C. M., guild master; president, Miss Kate S. Chittenden; vice-presidents, Paul Ambrose, Miss Emma M. Frost, Miss Cornelia C. Lienau, Miss Rebekah Crawford, Mrs. John B. Calvert, Wm. F. Sherman; registrar, Miss Mary Lente; recording secretary, Mrs. George B. Plaisted; corresponding secretary, Harry Baker; treasurer, Miss Amy Hope, 133 West Sixty-ninth street.

These announcements have just been made:

Monday, January 10, 1898, at 8 P. M.—Business meeting in the president's studios, 19 East Fourteenth street. To be followed by music.

Saturday, January 15, 3.15 P. M.—Informal recital by little children. Chairman, Miss Mary Lente. The numbers for the program must be sent to Miss Lente, 183 West Eighty-seventh street, not later than January 8.

Saturday, February 19, the annual artists' recital by the Kneisel Quartet, and Albert Ross Parsons, pianist, in the Astor Gallery.

Brockton, Mass., to Have a Festival.

Brockton, Mass., will give a musical festival on April 25th, 26th and 27th next. The work to be given is not fully decided, but the indications are as follows:

The first concert will consist of light oratorio; the second concert a miscellaneous one, and the third an operatic concert. A large orchestra will be engaged for the occasion. The conductor will be one of Boston's promising young conductors, to be announced later. The following artists have already been engaged: Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Nannie Hands-Kronberg, sopranos; Miss Gertrude Edmunds, Mrs. Homer Sawyer, altos; J. C. Bartlett, George Want, tenors; Myron Whitney, D. M. Bab-

cock, bassos; S. Kronberg, baritone; Emanuel Fiedler, violin soloist; Felix Fox, pianist; Margaret McNulty, harp soloist, with a local chorus. It is expected to make it a permanent organization, to give a festival every year.

All communications in regard to the festival should be addressed to B. Kronberg, 601 Washington street, Boston, Mass., or care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

Adele Laeis Baldwin.

The contralto role in "Daphne," which was given on Monday, December 13, in the Astoria, was sung by that gifted artist Adele Laeis Baldwin. Her interpretation both vocally and dramatically left nothing to be desired. Her acting was a revelation, her stage presence was charming, and her singing was the success of the opera. A well-known manager who was present immediately made Mrs. Baldwin a most flattering offer, and it was generally admitted that her superb acting and singing saved the performance from failure.

Alice Jane Roberts.

Miss Alice Jane Roberts, of Elmira, gave the third of a series of fortnightly musicales on Saturday, December 11. She was assisted by Miss Johnson, contralto, and Mr. Evans, of Binghamton, tenor, and several of her piano pupils. Miss Ethel Alice Roberts distinguished herself in several numbers by Chaminade. Miss Florence Davis played the Funeral March by Chopin. Miss Barker, Miss Miner and Mr. Warlick were also heard to advantage in piano selections which gave evidence of excellent training.

Two d'Arona Pupils.

Elizabeth V. Wall and Albert Rute, pupils of Madame d'Arona, sang at a concert Tuesday, December 14, at Easton, Pa., given by St. John's Lutheran League. According to the press they both scored a pronounced success. Miss Wall's voice is a dramatic soprano, and her singing is remarkable for its warmth of expression. Miss Wall may be secured for church, oratorio or concert engagements through Mr. Andrews (formerly of Ruben & Andrews), who expressed admiration at her voice and method, or through Madame d'Arona. Mr. Rute is the tenor soloist of St. John's Chapel, at Easton, Pa.

Springfield Philharmonic.

The concert of the Springfield, Mass., Philharmonic Orchestra, Frank P. Nutting, conductor, on December 13, contained as leading numbers the Haydn Twelfth Symphony and Beethoven's "Prometheus." Mlle. Torrilhon, a Joseffy pupil, was the soloist, playing the "Arietta di Balletto" by Gluck-Joseffy, a Chopin nocturne and Paderewski's "Cracovienne Fantastique." This lady is full of temperament and controls a powerful and at the same time sympathetic touch. Her technic is amply developed and there is fire and enthusiasm in her performance.

She made a success of her work, which was accomplished on an Everett concert grand piano, an instrument recently tested by us and found endowed with superb artistic qualities as subsequently described.

Schiller.

The popular soprano Isabel Schiller scored a great success at the Norwich Musical Festival. Here are some criticisms:

Mrs. Schiller aroused even greater enthusiasm than in the afternoon, and her superior as a soprano has never been heard here.

Mrs. Schiller, the soprano, in her first song, "Villanelle," excelled the highest expectations of the audience, and she was rapturously recalled.—Morning Sun, Norwich, N. Y.

Mrs. Schiller sang in her superb soprano "When Love Doth Build Her Nest." She sings a pure and strong soprano, and is excellent in enunciation. Her voice is flexible, and of great range and brilliancy. She sings easily, and her bright and happy manner lends an additional charm to her every appearance.—Morning Sun, Norwich, N. Y.

"Villanelle," a sweet soprano song, was next in order. In this piece Mrs. Isabel Schiller made her first appearance before a Norwich audience. She merits every bit of the praise given to her by the critics. Such a smooth, mellow voice, and such charming ways. She was encored heartily. Mrs. Schiller also sang two solos during the evening—"Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," and "Gay Gitania." Both were heartily encored.—The Telegraph, Norwich, N. Y.

Evan Williams.

Evan Williams continues to charm his audiences wherever he appears. This month he sang in fifteen concerts. On last Sunday and Monday he sang the "Messiah," in Boston, and will be heard on December 30, at the Seidl-Astoria concert. The following are some of his Buffalo and Pittsburg press notices:

Evan Williams, whose excellent voice and fine presence made such a good impression when he was here last

winter, was well received. His two numbers, "Farewell to Summer," from "The Swan and the Skylark," by Goring Thomas, and the couplet, "Wanderer's Night Song," and "Impatience," by Schubert, were marked by great clearness of enunciation. It is a pleasure not often experienced to listen to a singer whose every word can be understood.—Buffalo Times.

Evan Williams, the celebrated Welsh tenor, was the principal soloist, and his singing took the house by storm. He sang the "Aria," by Thomas, which made a profound impression on his hearers. This evening he will sing this same "Aria," and Walther's Prize Song, from "Die Meistersinger," instead of the two Schubert songs announced on the program. Mr. Williams' voice is one of great melodiousness, and his full round tones are captivating. Yesterday afternoon he was recalled again and again.—Pittsburg Gazette.

The feature of the concert was the singing of Evan Williams. Mr. Williams has a tenor voice of extraordinary sweetness and delicacy. It possesses a sympathetic quality, which, added to his faultless tone and fine method, makes his singing irresistible. He was heard first in the aria "Farewell to Summer," from "The Swan and the Skylark," by A. Goring-Thomas, and sang it artistically. His low tones are not heavy, but his higher tones are excellent, and achieved without apparent effort. As an encore he gave a plaintive little ballad. During its rendition the stillness of the audience was almost painful, and its conclusion was followed by a moment of quiet, and then a prolonged round of applause. Mr. Williams gave a characteristic song by Schubert.—Pittsburg Times.

Evan Williams, the Welsh tenor, sang gloriously yesterday afternoon at the first of the last pair of concerts of the Pittsburg orchestra before the holidays. No soloist has met a heartier reception. In the "Farewell to Summer," aria from A. Goring Thomas' "The Swan and the Skylark," the beautiful purity of his tones were exhibited, while the "Prize Song," from "Die Meistersinger," sung by request, brought out his power and fire. Both numbers were applauded to the echo, and the pair of encores were "If I Were a Rose" and "The Wanderer's Night Song."—Pittsburg Post.

Maud Powell in Utica.

The following notices are from the *Utica Herald, Press and Observer*, and refer to the playing of that gifted violinist, Maud Powell, at a concert of recent date:

Miss Powell's reputation as a violinist was established when, as a child, she appeared before the nobility of England. She has since played in Germany, Austria and other European countries, and in nearly all of the principal cities of the United States. She is American born, and none of the honors which have been accorded her abroad have shorn her of her patriotism and love of country. She appeared but once as a soloist last evening. The selection was a fantasia from "Faust," by Wieniawski. The music was weird and sweet, such as only a violin can fully interpret. That the old Andreas Amati was in the hands of an artist was recognized by the audience from the moment the scarcely audible opening strain was drawn from the instrument until the rich harmony ceased. The player was handed a handsome bunch of roses, and upon being loudly encored responded with a plaintive melody, which showed to excellent advantage the power of the violin and the skill of its owner. A commendable feature of Miss Powell's work was the ease and grace with which she played. There was a conspicuous absence of the strained movements which characterize the efforts of many violinists.

The Maud Powell Trio, assisted by H. Evan Williams, tenor, provided the first in the series of subscription concerts in the auditorium of the New Century Club last evening. If those which are to follow prove so thoroughly successful and enjoyable as the first the ladies and gentlemen who arranged them will be entitled to the enduring regard of those who were privileged to attend. The auditorium was very nearly filled, and the audience was representative of the refinement and culture of the city. The appreciation and enthusiasm of the audience inspired the performers to their best efforts, and the program was rendered in a manner which afforded uninterrupted delight.

Miss Powell has been wedded to her violin almost since infancy. She has been heard in Utica before, but never to better advantage than last evening. The audience was thoroughly captivated with her rendition of the Faust fantasia. Miss Powell smiled her appreciation of the applause which followed, and gracefully received a handsome bunch of roses. As an encore number she played Schubert's Serenade with much tenderness and warmth.

The trio numbers for violin, piano and cello were played with that rare skill and finish which characterized the solo work. Particularly fascinating was the concluding number, a movement from one of Dvorak's works called "Dumky," filled with Russian coloring, weird almost in its effect.

If it were possible for one number on last evening's program to appeal specially to the audience, then in all probability it was the violin solo, "Fantasie, Faust," rendered by Miss Maud Powell. Miss Powell is a violinist of international reputation, having toured Europe twice and this country several times. Her playing last evening was a revelation. The methods of graceful bowing she effected



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made her music of that quality which is at once telling. Miss Powell's tones were noble, and her Amati violin fairly sang under the touch of her bow. She truly charmed the eye and the ear of her audience. For a response to an encore she played Schubert's Serenade.

Clary to Go to the Pacific Coast.

Mary Louise Clary, the great contralto, will leave this city during the latter part of February for quite an extended tour in the West. She has already been booked in many of the principal Western cities, including Chicago, Milwaukee, and so on, as far West as Denver, and will probably prolong her tour to the Pacific Coast and the Northwest, not returning to New York until shortly before Easter.

Miss Clary had a very busy time last week, singing in Brooklyn at an organ opening, on December 12; Parkersburg, W. Va., a recital December 14; Plainville, Ohio, recital, December 15; Oberlin, Ohio, "Messiah," December 16-17, and Montclair, N. J., "The Ten Virgins," December 19.

Gwylm Miles.

Gwylm Miles has been engaged to sing "The Elijah" in Pittsburg during the month of February, and will also be heard in Sullivan's "Golden Legend," to be given in St. Louis. During April and May he will tour in the West and will leave for Europe next summer to study there for several years.

Gertrude May Stein.

The renowned contralto, Gertrude May Stein, had a pronounced success with the Boston Symphony Orchestra recently. She has received a number of flattering offers for spring festivals as a result. These she has been induced to accept, and her trip to Europe will be postponed until the 1st of June. The Boston press comments are as follows:

The soloist of the evening was Miss Gertrude Stein, and she is an artist well worth the hearing. Her fine voice and fine method were heard with admirable effect in the Tchaikowsky selections, which she sang in large, dignified style, and with impressive, passionate feeling. The "Rienzi" selections were sung with equal dramatic force, feeling and convincing power, and gave ample evidence that Miss Stein is an artist as well as a singer.—Boston Gazette.

Miss Stein made a most favorable impression, and her singing was in all respects highly artistic and enjoyable. Recalls were numerous.—Boston Post.

Miss Stein, who was cordially received and was in excellent voice, declaimed the recitative broadly and with fine emphasis, and gave the aria in a thoroughly impressive manner, displaying artistic intelligence of a marked order, admirable power and a depth of passion of which she had not before given evidence here.

The same virtues were manifested in the meretricious Wagner aria. In both selections she sang with a frankness, a vigor of style, a convincing sincerity and a large appreciation of underlying sentiment of the music that can hardly be overpraised. She was tremendously applauded and recalled again and again after each effort, and her success was immediate and decisive.—Boston Herald.

Miss Stein is not a stranger in Boston, but last night she appeared for the first time in this city at a Symphony concert. I have written somewhat at length about the career of this woman of passionate voice in the supplement published to-day. And after hearing her in the arais of Tchaikowsky and Wagner I find nothing to modify or retract. Her voice is one of surprising range and sumptuous beauty, and each tone is warm with womanhood. Skillfully taught, musically alert, she does not tear passion to tatters; she knows the value of repose, of suggestion; she prepares her climax so that the outburst is inevitable, irresistible. I confess I do not care for the "Rienzi" aria, but I listened with pleasure to Miss Stein's voice.—Boston Journal.

Now followed the vocalist of the concert Miss Gertrude May Stein. She appeared in this concert in two interesting numbers, the first being the farewell aria of Joan of Arc, in Tchaikowsky's opera of that name.

Miss Stein's noble breadth of style enabled her to cope successfully with the orchestral burden, and she awakened much enthusiasm in this number.

Her second number was a grand scena by Wagner. Miss Stein sang this with such dramatic fervor that the audience was aroused to great enthusiasm, and the applause was only a well-merited tribute.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

Miss Stein showed herself as a dramatic singer of unusually high quality. She has voice, method, fire and noble breadth of style. Here is a singer who has something to say to you, and something worth hearing! Moreover, she has a certain large dignity of expressiveness that is essentially tragic, far removed from the more every-day passionateness of most singers of "temperament" to-day. It was this breadth of style and nobility of feeling that saved the Tchaikowsky aria from seeming wholly commonplace and unworthy of the text.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Gertrude May Stein, the soloist of the evening, was rapturously greeted on her entrance with the kind of applause which a Sanders Theatre audience knows so well how to bestow upon a singer. She certainly earned it, however, by her dramatic rendering of the aria from "Jeanne d'Arc," which is so overweighed by massive instrumentation that the vocal part was often a mere accompaniment. Miss Stein was called out several times, and made another pronounced success with the aria from Wagner's "Rienzi," which is written in the Italian style, entirely at variance with the composer's later efforts.—Cambridge Tribune.

Brahms' Memorial in Hamburg.

AN APPEAL.

IN the native city of the great artist, who on April 3 was taken from his art and the world of music, a grand committee was formed a few months ago, under the honorary presidency of Burgemeister Dr. Mönckberg, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Johannes Brahms in Hamburg. Although his native city is called on, in the first place, to erect this monument to her son and honorary citizen, a token of her gratitude and respect that, like his work, will last for centuries, yet we have resolved to appeal to the musical world, to musical artists and musical societies, to friends and admirers of the master, with the request that they will actively support our project.

Nothing need be said of the high importance of Johannes Brahms; his "German Requiem," as well as other great choral works, his symphonies, his chamber music creations, his Lieder and songs, assure him a high place of honor for all time in the history of our art. In them we find combined all the forces and methods of expression of the past centuries, and even when, by the side of the forms of modern art, the figures of past ages rise up, it is still always the strong, energetic personality which blends these forms of expression and impresses on them its characteristic stamp.

We therefore respectfully request you to support us in our project, and to be kind enough to interest your friends in the matter.

Remittances may be sent to any of the undersigned, especially to our treasurer, Herr Theodor Behrens, of the firm of Behrens & Sons, Hamburg.

With great respect,

BURGEMEISTER DR. MONCKBERG, Hon. Pres.

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Ernest Gamble.

The young basso, Ernest Gamble, sang Wednesday afternoon at the Astoria, and Wednesday evening with the Rubinstein Club of Poughkeepsie. We append criticisms:

We thought Mr. Ernest Gamble, when he sang his opening number, "The Bandolero," by Leslie Stuart, was not going to do quite as well, but he was encored, and the love song with which he responded was better. In the second part, "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," brought out the splendid volume and rich quality of his voice, and when he followed it with De Koven's thrilling song of "The Armorer," his singing reached a point of dramatic power that aroused a storm of applause. It was one of the finest things we have ever heard. Mr. Gamble's voice is a full, rich deep bass, yet his pronunciation of every word is as distinct and his expression of every shade of meaning as delicate as the most perfect of the lighter voices.—Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle.

The Club had assistance of Mr. Ernest Gamble, an English singer, whose voice is full of surprises, and who possesses the rare and precious gift of expression. Mr. Gamble sang the "The Bandolero," by Leslie Stuart. It may seem odd to bless with music so wild a caper as the holding up of a coach in the mountains, but music loves the strong story, and has its own way of making heroes. This is what Leslie Stuart does with the gallant outlaw of whom Mr. Gamble sang so well. For an encore Mr. Gamble sang "The Wooing," by Sieveking, a dainty little song which the singer enriched with his wealth of tone and delicacy of expression. Mr. Gamble also sang "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," an old Scotch air, so well that he was encored. Then he sang a song said to have been written for him by a little girl in London. So simple, so sweet is the song, and so well was it given, that the words came easily to memory—

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

One felt a regret that Mr. Gamble would sing no more during the evening, as he bowed to the applause which rewarded his singing of this simple song.—Poughkeepsie News-Press.

Alice Verlet.

Mlle. Verlet will begin a concert tour about the 1st of February under the direction of Victor Thrane. The tour will include all the large cities of the United States and Mexico. Mlle. Verlet will be supported by several distinguished artists, including Ernest Gamble, basso; Miss Nordkyn, pianist, and Robert Thrane, 'cellist. Manager Thrane is already in receipt of many flattering offers of engagements for his star, and the tour of this clever little artist promises to be most successful. She will possibly be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House before her tour begins. On Monday morning, December 20, she appeared at the Waldorf-Astoria in "Le Luthier de Cremona," by Zeno Hubay, and sang for the Apollo Club on the same evening. Charles L. Young will represent Mr. Thrane in behalf of Mlle. Verlet on this tour.

Tagliapietra's Chamber Concert.

A CHAMBER concert of extreme excellence was given by Signor G. Tagliapietra on Friday afternoon last to his friends and patrons at the opening of his spacious new studio, 10 East Forty-second street.

The program, with its commendable short numbers, was so brilliant and varied that the large audience found no opportunity for yawns and reflections, but remained interested throughout.

The artists so well assisting Signor Tagliapietra to make the afternoon one of enjoyment were Mlle. Le Gierse, soprano; Louis Kapp, violinist; Wm. B. Ebann, 'cellist; F. W. Sembarth, zither; C. C. Alcibiad, piano.

Among Signor Tagliapietra's selections, a song of his own composition, "I Think of Thee," is sure to become a favorite. He was in splendid voice and sang the toreador song from "Carmen" as he only can give it, with fierce dash and virility that never fails to elicit intense enthusiasm, and justified the remark of one of the ladies present, "He is the only Toreador."

The concert closed with Tagliapietra's singing of a love song, "Aloha" (Hawaiian word signifying "Love to You"), composed expressly for him and the occasion by Miss Margaret Townsend, which aroused for the artist a veritable demonstration.

Among the guests were Mrs. Chas. L. Clinton, Col. and Mrs. Benjamin Lee, from Trenton; Mrs. Lester Wallack, Gen. and Mrs. Daniel Butterfield, Mrs. Robert Abbe, Gen. and Mrs. Louis P. di Cesnola, Recorder Goff, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cisco-Smith, Matthew Brennan, Mlle. Carmela Cosenza, Mrs. Augustin Daly, Mrs. M. Augustus Field, Mrs. John D. Townsend, Miss Margaret Townsend, Dr. and Mrs. J. Mure, of Paris; M. Roosevelt Schuyler, Dr. J. Leffingwell Hatch and Captain and Mrs. Gibson.

Sunday Concert.

THE management of R. E. Johnston & Co. had Sembrich at the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday night, and the program follows:

Overture, Masaniello.....	Auber
Suite for Violoncello and Orchestra.....	Herbert
M. Gérardy.....	
Jesus de Nazareth.....	Gounod
M. Plançon.....	
Variations.....	Proch
Madame Sembrich.....	
Kamincnoi Ostrow.....	Rubinstein
Valse, Voce di Prima Vera.....	Strauss
Madame Sembrich.....	
Le Desir, Fantaisie on a Theme, by Schubert.....	Servais
Blquette, for string orchestra.....	Gillet
Noel des Anges.....	A. Holmès
Noel des Oiseaux.....	Chaminade
M. Plançon.....	
Malaguena (Spanish Dance).....	Moszkowski

Gérardy was in fine form, both in tone and technic, but why he should have exhumed that commonplace suite of Herbert's seems inexplicable when such material as Davidoff's, Popper's, Fitzenhagen's, Klengel's and Cossman's compositions exist, not to mention Piatti, De Swet and a dozen more. Compositions of great authorities, leaving aside 'cello specialists altogether, also present a large repertory. The "Andante" is an adaption of "Faust" airs and the serenade a replica of the Moszkowski "Serenata," while the last movement is veritable trash. There is nothing to be gained by playing to the gallery in that fashion. Mr. Gérardy must have discovered that after playing the Bach aria which disclosed his artistic temperament.

Of course there was Sembrich in all her glory, and Plançon singing better than ever this season. The house was large.

Emma Juch.

Emma Juch will be heard for the first time this season in the Guilman recital at Mendelssohn Hall on next Tuesday afternoon. She will sing an aria by the renowned organist, and a group of Schumann songs. In the rendition of the latter few have ever excelled the fair prima donna.

Marteau.

Henri Marteau has just returned from a triumphal tour through Switzerland and Germany, where he played the Dvorák Concerto with immense success. He will play this composition at the next Philharmonic concert, on January 8. He is expected to arrive about January 10 on the St. Paul. Marteau, who is under the management of Henry Wolfsohn, is already booked for thirty concerts.

Mannheim.

The Liederkrantz, of Mannheim, lately gave its first winter concert, at which Zajic (violin), H. Grünfeld ('cello) and Max Pauer (piano) assisted. The only hall in Mannheim available for the performance is occupied every evening by a variety show, in which a lady lion tamer appears. As the lions could not be removed, they were hidden from the audience by a dazzling fairy palace. The royal beasts behaved with a dignity befitting their rank and the king applauded one of Max Pauer's pieces with a gentle roar.

New York College of Music.

AT the recent concert given by Alexander Lambert, director of the New York College of Music, with the assistance of Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall, it was conclusively proven, and the next day sufficiently and enthusiastically attested to by such papers as the *New York Herald*, *World*, *Times*, *Press*, *Staats-Zeitung*, *Mail and Express* and *Sun*, that it is no longer necessary for music students to go to Germany to finish their musical education, and that the most satisfactory results may be obtained in this country.

Mr. Wm. J. Henderson wrote to the *Times* on the following day:

"The whole concert was a pleasing demonstration of the fact that it is not necessary to go to Europe to get good instruction in music."

Of the students he said: "All the pupils who played last night showed the results of systematic and judicious teaching. Their rhythm was especially noticeable, but all of the piano pupils displayed excellent touch and the very young violinist showed an uncommonly large and pure tone and accurate stopping."

The *Sun* in writing of the concert, said: "Mr. Lambert's pupils always seem to feel so sure of themselves in every way that it is a pleasure to see or hear them. There are positively no faults or affectations in their manner of handling the keyboard. The same success which was shown in the piano and violin departments was also exhibited in the vocal department."

One of the principal reasons for the artistic success of the pupils of the New York College of Music lies in the fact that the same careful attention and thorough instruction is given to beginners as to the more advanced students. Mr. Lambert believes that in order to insure future success the beginner must have an expert instructor, so that in later years the necessity of unlearning bad habits caused by the employment of cheap and incapable teachers may be avoided.

Concert of the Apollo Club.

IF the Apollo Club were in its sixtieth instead of its sixth season, if the personnel of the club had remained unchanged during this time, if the club had a less able conductor and less worthy singers taken individually, and if a few other ifs—some rather severe criticisms might be passed upon some points of its singing Monday evening at the Waldorf-Astoria.

But future concerts may reveal more careful rehearsing of compositions like Mendelssohn's "To the Sons of Art" and Dregert's "Home," a clearer and more melodious tone in the climaxes of such compositions as Schubert's "Serenade," and finer shading in general, so that special reference need only be made to the club's excellent attack and rhythmic precision in the difficult "Laughing," by Abt, and in the pleasing but commonplace "Sweetheart." These were both sung with delightful spirit, and both were repeated in answer to recalls. The opening song, Sullivan's "Ho, Jolly Jenkin!" showed the same merits, and also some fine shading. Of the other compositions given the second verse of Kollner's "Mountain Stream" was beautifully sung, but in the third the pianissimo effects were so exaggerated as to lose vibrancy—no musical tone could be heard. The club's aims are high, however, and its improvement will be looked for.

Miss Alice Verlet, the principal soloist, sang in brilliant style the "Grand Air du Fille du Regiment." Her clear, delicate, bell-like tones and surprising flexibility, and her charming manner, awakened enthusiastic applause, to which she responded by one of the elaborate French songs which form a conspicuous part of her extensive repertory.

Gwylm Miles' superb voice and good method were displayed to advantage in the "Serenata," from "I Medici," by Leoncavallo, and in his encore, "This Would I Do," by Chapman.

The young violinist Miss Jessie Hoyle played with considerable technical skill and feeling "Danse Tygane," by Vatchez; "Cavatine," by Bohm, and Mazurka by Musin. The program was well arranged and evidently enjoyed by the large and fashionable audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.

The Henschels will give two farewell recitals in New York on the afternoons of January 14 and 19, when the artists will give two entirely new programs. Almost all their dates are taken, only a few in February being open.

Alexander Siloti.

Alexander Siloti, who will arrive about the 9th or 10th of January, will make his first appearance in America in the Metropolitan Opera House, on the evening of the 16th of January, with the Seidl Orchestra. He will very likely play the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer Fantaisie." Siloti will also give a piano recital and in an orchestral concert play the Tchaikowsky Concerto No. 2, which has been rearranged by the pianist himself.

Arthur Whiting Chamber Music Recital.

ON Sunday afternoon last Arthur Whiting gave the first of a series of chamber music recitals, in the Fine Arts Building, on West Fifty-seventh street. He was assisted by the following members of the Kneisel Quartet: Franz Kneisel, violin; Louis Svecenski, viola, and Alwin Schroeder, cello.

The Schumann Quartet (op. 47) in E flat major opened the program. The performance was not only marked by perfection of ensemble and technical polish, but was also imbued with poetic charm and grace, together with fire and virile force.

The "Andante Cantabile," with its charming melody, proved the most delightful number on the program. Two movements from the Sonata in F major (op. 99), by Brahms, for cello and piano, were then played by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Schroeder in a style well-nigh faultless. The composition itself is academic and somewhat severe, and in the hands of less skilled artists would have proved uninteresting. It seemed to lack freshness and buoyancy.

The Brahms Quartet in G minor (op. 25) which followed was in direct contrast—forceful, vigorous—yet fresh, spontaneous and replete with the spirit of youth. Although written in minor, the only movement in which these qualities were not apparent was the "Allegro, ma non troppo." The "Andante con moto" was given with great beauty of tone and the most exquisite "nuances" of color. The climax of excellence was reached in the final movement—the "Rondo alla Zingarese," which, with its pulsating rhythm, served as a fitting close to one of the most ideally perfect programs ever performed in New York.

The playing of such artists as Franz Kneisel and Alwin Schroeder is above criticism.

Arthur Whiting is unquestionably one of our finest ensemble pianists—an artist of the intellectual rather than the emotional type. He enters fully into the spirit of the composer, and the very keys seem to breathe the essence and beauty of the composition. His playing was ideal. The next concert is announced for January 23, when the Beethoven Sonata (op. 96) for piano and violin, and the Brahms trio in E flat major (op. 40), for violin, horn and piano, will be given, together with some piano works of Brahms.

Blauvelt.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT, the distinguished soprano, who has recently sung at the Metropolitan Sunday night concerts, is engaged for a tour through Maine and the East during January. Miss Blauvelt made a profound impression when she sang at Bangor and Portland during the Maine festival in October, and there is a great demand for a rehearing. The concerts are virtually disposed of, so far as public patronage is concerned. Miss Blauvelt will, after January, probably visit the South for a period. Artists of the Blauvelt stamp, of which are a few only, are in demand all over the country.

Smith N. Penfield.

An organ recital was given in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, at Ninety-sixth street and Central Park west, on Tuesday evening, December 14, by Smith N. Penfield, Mus. Doc. The attendance was small, but those who braved the rain-storm that evening were amply repaid by the attractiveness of the program. Dr. Penfield was assisted by Lilian Carllsmith, contralto, and Albert Gerard Thiers, tenor.

Katherine Bloodgood.

Here are a few criticisms relating to Bloodgood's success at the Norwich Musical Festival:

Mrs. Bloodgood, the contralto, was twice recalled after singing "Madrigal," and the audience was loath to let her retire after the third selection. The members of the High School chorus were wild with enthusiasm.

The evening entertainment was, if possible, better than any that had preceded. Mrs. Bloodgood, the charming contralto, sang twice. She has a magnificent voice of wide range and beautiful quality. She sings with expression and articulates clearly. Her beautiful voice and queenly bearing have completely captivated all who heard her. It is unnecessary to state that she was enthusiastically encored.—Morning Sun, Norwich, N. Y.

Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, the contralto, made her first appearance, which has been more eagerly awaited perhaps than that of any of the artists. The audience more than realized all that had been anticipated, and was enchanted with her singing, which is of the highest order and never equaled in Norwich.—Morning Sun, Norwich, N. Y.

The next number on the program was probably looked forward to with more interest than any of the others. It was a contralto solo by Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, who is considered perhaps the finest contralto in the United States. She is without doubt the finest singer ever heard in the burg; that is, in that line. Her voice—well, it would not do for us to judge, we will let others judge. She more than fulfilled every expectation and received the most hearty applause.—The Telegraph, Norwich, N. Y.

The eminent contralto, Katherine Bloodgood, sang last week in Chicago and won a veritable triumph.



KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., December 15, 1897.

KANSAS CITY is now ready for, and must have, a great music festival. With the large Auditorium assured, with an abundance of musical enthusiasm, and a boundless interest in everything musical, the time has come when it is an absolute necessity. If our enterprising business men, who have done so much for the entertainment of the people of the West for the past ten or twelve years, could understand the value of a great National Music festival in bringing thousands of cultured people to our city, to say nothing of the educational value, I am sure they would give it the most careful consideration, even from a purely business standpoint. I hope this matter will be presented in such a way to the Association that there will be no doubt about its having a place in the Fall Festival of 1898.

As usual, just before the Holidays, concerts have followed each other so rapidly it is almost impossible to even keep a record of them.

The operatic recital, by pupils of S. C. Bennett's Opera School, assisted by Mr. Ebbels, of the Ebbels' School of Elocution and Dramatic Art, November 12th, was a very interesting event, not only because it would have been a credit to professional artists, but because it illustrated so perfectly what is being accomplished locally by our own teachers. Mr. Bennett has in rehearsal an opera to be presented at an early date.

At the first public recital of the Euterpe Club Miss Louis McGrew, a pupil of Albert Jonas, played exquisitely the Jonas "Romance" and Grieg "Butterfly." Miss Mabel Haas sang "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato, and fairly electrified the audience with her brilliant floriture. Miss Selma Mendel, contralto, a recent acquisition to our city, sang "Visions" by d'Hardelet, and Lassen's "Whither." The cello solo, Servais' "O Cara Memoria," by Louis Appy, and a duet for flute and cello, Tito's Serenade, by Sig. A. Masino and Mr. Appy, were beautifully interpreted. Silas R. Mills sang Handel's "Verdant Meadows," and "Das Wandern," by Schubert. Mr. Mills is a gentleman and singer of the greatest refinement and culture. Having studied with the Elder Lamperti, also with Mr. Shakespere, of London, besides a year in Germany in the School of Stockhausen, he is, consequently, a finely equipped teacher, as well as church and concert singer. It is a pleasure to chronicle his success in Kansas City and many neighboring towns where he has had engagements.

The second Symphony Concert, December 3rd, was as usual, largely attended and greatly enjoyed.

The Appy Trio Club, composed of Mrs. E. Appy, piano; Henry Appy, violin, and Louis Appy, violoncello, gave the first of a series of Chamber Concerts last Thursday evening, assisted by Ernest Appy, pianist, and Ben T. Hollenback, tenor. Their ensemble numbers—The Mendelssohn D Minor Trio, op. 49, and Beethoven's Trio, op. 11, were admirably played.

The Philharmonic Orchestra's fourth concert, December 5, was in many respects the most attractive of this season. The program follows:

Overture, Le Brasseur de Preston.....	Adam
Contralto solo, O Don Fatale, from Don Cesar.....	Verdi
Miss Lila B. Johnson.....	
First movement from symphony in G minor.....	Mozart
Overture, Mignon.....	Thomas
Berceuse, from Jocelyn.....	Godard
Second Valse.....	
Prayer, from Olaf Trygvason.....	Grieg
Temple Dance, from Olaf Trygvason.....	

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Busch are now located at No. 810 Tracy avenue.

Coming events announced are: Nordica and her company with the Oratorio Society, December 20th.

The Apollo Club concert, in January, with Katherine Bloodgood, soloist.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, under the auspices of the Euterpe Club, February 2nd.

The Bostonians the last week in December.

(Msr.) J. H. HARRIS.

NEWARK, N. J.

NEWARK, N. J., December 12, 1897.

SPECIAL concerts in Newark during the past week included the Schubert Vocal Society's first concert in the Krueger Auditorium, December 9. The soloists were Mrs. Eleanore Meredith, soprano; Mrs. Emma Belle Kearney, contralto; Theodore Van York, tenor, and Ericsson F. Bushnell, baritone. The oratorio was Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and was sung by the society under Mr. Russell's direction with fine discrimination. The attacks were good, and the volume of tone much better than could have been expected, considering the fact that the Krueger Auditorium is a new departure for the Schubert Society, and an accurate estimate of the acoustics could not be calculated upon at this first concert. The incidental solos were sung by members of the society, and the work throughout was of the general high standard of the Schuberts as oratorio singers, of which they are the sole representatives in Newark.

The Madrigale Club gave its first season concert under Frank L. Sealey's direction on the same evening of the Schubert concert. It is extremely bad management that admits of two important concerts occurring the same night, especially subscription concerts.

The Madrigale presented a program which in its entirety was uninteresting, although some bits of real color

illuminated it at rare intervals. Supposedly the fin-de-siècle number of the evening was the initial performance in this country of the cantata "The Flag of England," by Bridge. It is laborious and monotonous in the extreme. There is at times a certain boldness, vigor and dramatic spirit displayed, which helps to make the work bearable. The cantata, however, is not a success, although the society made a splendid effort to present it in good form.

The incidental solos were sung by Miss Bernadine Sargent; two noticeably bad breaks were made by soloist and chorus which were quite inexcusable. The other club numbers were beautifully sung, one specially dainty and effective one being, "If I Had But Two Little Wings," by Perry, receiving a merited recall.

The soloists were Joseph S. Baernstein, baritone, and Miss Sargent, soprano. Mr. Baernstein received an ovation. What a voice has Mr. Baernstein, and again what style. His singing is almost the perfection of vocalism, and his method faultless. He sang "The Monk," by Meyerbeer; "The Doppelgänger," by Schubert; "Ninon," by Tosti, sung in English. Miss Sargent sang "Les Filles de Cadix" rather than two songs by Hawley, as given on the program. This she sang as well as the limitations of her voice would permit. She vocalizes well, but her singing is marred by uncertainty and amateurishness.

John Courrier did noticeably good work as accompanist; he fully sustained the chorus work, and his playing was marked by force and precision.

The Ladies' Choral Club gave a good concert in the Essex Lyceum, December 10; an interesting program was well sung. A trio by Smart was a noticeably beautiful number; the other numbers were very well interpreted. The soloists were Miss Farrington, violinist, a novice of the violin, and Mr. Smock, baritone. Mr. Smock made a decidedly fine impression. An incidental solo was in a "Dance Song," by Wienzierl, by Miss Meta Chadsey. This concert opened the eighth season of the Ladies' Choral Club, under the able baton of Ada B. Douglass. This club is the only one of its kind in Newark—that is, the only one on a standard high enough to invite musical criticism.

In Wissner Hall, December 13, a recital, interesting and artistic, was given by Miss Leonora Dally, pianist; Miss Florence Adele Mulford, contralto, and Maurice Kaufmann, violinist. Mrs. Celeste Henderson was the accompanist.

It was a most successful night for all—Miss Dally played brilliantly. She is a Joseffy pupil, and a worthy exponent of that artist's training. Her technic is well founded, her execution flawless, and her interpretative powers rare. Her début in Newark was a triumph, and we hope to hear more of her playing.

Miss Mulford came in for a deserved share of the honors. Her voice is a full rich contralto of considerable range, which she uses with discrimination and skill. Both pianist and singer were recalled again and again. Mr. Maurice Kaufmann assisted and contributed greatly to the success of the program. His playing was a revelation. He scored a great point.

The following was the program:

Sonata, op. 8.....	Grieg
Miss Dally and Mr. Kaufmann.	
Pastorale.....	Scarlatti
Bourée.....	Bach-Joseffy
Miss Dally.	
Aria from Queen of Sheba.....	Gounod
Miss Mulford.	
Mazourka.....	Jarzycki
Mr. Kaufmann.	
Czardas Danse Hongroise.....	Joseffy
Mazourka, B flat minor.....	Chopin
Scherzo, B minor.....	Chopin
Miss Dally.	
Sans Toi.....	d'Hardelot
Three Fishers.....	Hervey
Ich Will Meine Seele Tauchen.....	Raff
Miss Mulford.	
Scherzo-Tarantelle.....	Wieniawski
Mr. Kaufmann.	
Schwer Liegt auf dem Herzen.....	Goring-Thomas
Miss Mulford.	
Valse.....	Moszkowski
Miss Dally.	
MABEL LINDLEY THOMPSON.	

ALBANY.

ALBANY, N. Y., December 6, 1897.

THE Banda Rossa gave two concerts at Harmanus Bleecker Hall on Saturday last before fair sized audiences. The work of the band was excellent, and deserved the applause bestowed by the audience.

"The Pirates of Penzance" will be given in Albany very soon by local amateurs with the assistance of the Albania

Orchestra. Fred P. Denison, who is the conductor of the orchestra, will also conduct the performances.

I heard yesterday from pretty good authority that the second quartet of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church would be released after January 1. This church has no chorus; therefore the entire service will be done by four people. E. A. Bedell is organist.

Plans have been drawn for the erection of a new theatre in Albany in the spring. It will fill a long felt want. We have one theatre, the Leland, playing cheap attractions, and the other, Harmanus Bleecker Hall, is too large and the acoustics too bad for a play, and is only fit for a band or orchestra concert. The new theatre is to be located in one of the most convenient spots in the heart of the city, and will be warmly welcomed; however, one thing being necessary—a decent orchestra.

Ysaye is booked for Albany on January 4. He appeared here two years ago and created quite a furore.

Fred S. Arnold, solo clarinet of the Albania Orchestra, and the best amateur player in this section, recently played a solo before the Diatonic Club with great success.

ALFRED S. BENDELL.

Metropolitan Opera House Concerts.

The fifth concert this season will take place on next Sunday evening, the 26th, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Ysaye, the eminent violinist, will again appear. Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, the contralto, will sing and Mlle. Rachel Hoffmann, the talented young Belgian pianist, will make her formal New York début on this occasion.

Ffrangcon Davies.

The distinguished baritone, Ffrangcon Davies, has been engaged to sing in Berlin in the beginning of next month at the concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Arthur Nikisch, conductor. He will give selections from the "Meistersinger" and "Flying Dutchman." Later on he will be heard in song recitals in the larger German cities until he sails for America, early in March. His first appearance here will be with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, about the middle of March, in Boston.

Martha Hofacker.

Miss Martha Hofacker, the rising soprano, whom this paper reported recently as assisting artist at a Becker's lecture-musical, was again chosen as soloist at Carl Fiqué's concert given in Wissner's Hall, Brooklyn, last month. Here are some press notices:

Miss Martha Hofacker sang the grand aria of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," Mon Cœur s'Ouvre à la voix," with very good expression and pleasing, agreeable tone accents. This young soprano is on the right way to accomplish the utmost in art. She thoroughly feels what she sings and fully merited the tremendous applause given her. The same is to be said about the other songs of Curschman and Schumann which she sang at the same occasion.—Staats-Zeitung.

The New York Saengerbund also engaged Miss Martha Hofacker for the grand concert given by the above society at the Central Opera House on Thanksgiving evening.

Miss Martha Hofacker sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" with much musical taste and a full, beautiful voice.—The Journal.

Miss Martha Hofacker has a sympathetic, strong soprano with beautiful tone colors.—Staats-Zeitung (Morning).

Of the soloists Miss Martha Hofacker, the famous, well-known, highly talented soprano, is to be mentioned in first line. Her success will seldom be reached by any artist at the age of Miss Martha Hofacker.—Staats Zeitung (Evening).

The biggest applause was secured by the songs of Miss Martha Hofacker. Miss Martha Hofacker is also engaged to sing here at the Deutscher Gesellig, Wissenschaftlicher Verein on the second Thursday in December.—New Yorker Herald.

Madame Lankow, whose famous studio Miss Martha Hofacker is continually visiting, might be proud of such an artist as Miss Martha Hofacker. Miss Hofacker sings in four languages, English, French, German and Italian.

English Opera.

A MUSICAL event of the week will be the inauguration of "opera in English" at the American Theatre Christmas matinee by the Castle Square Opera Company. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" will be the initial production sung by a cast embracing such well-known artists as Lizzie MacNichol, Grace Golden, Nita Carritte, Joseph Sheehan, W. G. Stewart, Arthur Woolley and Raymond Hitchcock.

The company numbers eighty in all, with a special orchestra of twenty-six, under the direction of Adolph Liesegang.

As already outlined in these columns, it is the purpose of the new régime to give music for music lovers. The other especial point of the productions (a new bill, by the way, to be presented every week) will be the prices, which will scale as follows: the entire lower floor, 75 cents; first balcony, 50 cents; second balcony, opera chairs and elevators, 25 cents. The Wednesday matinee will be essentially popular, 25 cents being the reserved seat admission to all parts of the house. On Saturday matinees the lower floor will be 50 cents, and the first and second balconies 25 cents.

A remarkably tasty souvenir, an Irish linen lace handkerchief, is to be given to commemorate the Christmas opening, on Saturday matinee, to every lady in the theatre. "Il Trovatore" is underlined to follow on January 3.

Conductor Zerrahn Dismissed.

WORCESTER, Mass., Monday.—Carl Zerrahn has been notified by the board of governors of the Worcester County Musical Association that his services will not be again required as conductor of the annual festival in this city.

Mr. Zerrahn has conducted the Worcester festivals for thirty-one years, but the local management seems to think that his usefulness as a conductor of a large chorus has ended. There was talk of making a change three or four years ago, but Mr. Zerrahn's health and hearing seemed to improve, and his work at the last festival was a general cause of congratulation.

George W. Chadwick, of Boston, has been offered the vacant post, and it is thought will accept it.

Sadee Estelle Kaiser.

The following press notices are only two of the many this favorite artist is continually receiving:

The first entertainment in the High School course took place in the Auditorium last Friday evening, and was fairly attended. Miss Kaiser fulfilled the expectations of the audience by her rendition of the difficult numbers assigned her in the program, and received numerous encores. Miss Kaiser possesses wonderful technical skill, and has the somewhat rare and altogether enjoyable accomplishment, a clear and distinct enunciation.—Greenwich (Conn.) News.

Owing to the fact that the Graphic goes to press about midnight on Friday, we are unable to give a full report of what takes place on that evening of public interest, which accounts for the rather slight notice we had of the excellent concert given by Miss Kaiser on last week Friday evening.

She was encored time after time. She sings with so much soul that she carries her audience with her, and to her moods, making them laugh or cry at will. This shows her power as a singer. She fascinates because she has talent to do so, and that is why her audience became so excited and enthusiastic.—Greenwich (Conn.) Graphic.

Elson's Lecture Tour.

Louis C. Elson has just returned from a lecture tour of the South; here are a few of the comments:

The most thorough and entertaining ever heard in this city.—Nashville American.

The best lecture of the season.—Atlanta Constitution.

We do not know of any lecture that has given so much pleasure and such general satisfaction as his.—Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.

The audience ranged from 1,000 to 2,000 in number.

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THE LAKEWOOD CONFERENCE.

THE head of the civic government has been at Lakewood during the last week, dividing up the offices.

There have been ere this attempts to systematize the dispensing of patronage, but it may be said that Mr. Croker has brought down to a science what was merely a blundering inaccuracy.

Mr. Croker does not trust to luck. He does not depend upon the inaccurate advice of others. In a thoroughly scientific manner he pours out the patronage with his own hand, and permits it to trickle down through the different districts until it reaches the lowest level and the most insignificant "heeler."

At last New York city has attained the chief end of all democratic government—absolute one-man power, perfect autocracy.

It is not wholly impossible that Mr. Croker may control New York State next year, if he can control Senator Murphy or the corpse of David B. Hill, and then the next Democratic convention may be his and the next President.

Of course the first President was largely ruled by Alexander Hamilton; the second President was his creature; the last President is perhaps slightly influenced by Mark Hanna; but not until Mr. Croker has one of his representatives in the Presidential chair shall we attain the felicity of being a free and independent democracy, ruled by one strong man.

We extend to Mr. Rex Croker our congratulations and good wishes.

DAUDET'S PARABLE.

DAUDET'S first book was, I believe, the "Lettres de Mon Moulin." There was in it one gem, an almost flawless short prose tale. Little David has done nothing better since that time, nothing in which there is such abundant gentleness. This was the story of M. Seguin's nanny goat. I wonder whether you remember it? M. Seguin, you know, had never had much luck with his goats. He lost them all in the same way. Some fine morning they would break the tether and wander away into the mountains to be eaten by a wolf. However, M. Seguin did not lose heart. After having lost six goats he bought a seventh. Only this time he selected a very young one, so that he might teach it not to wander away from the safety of home.

And what a pretty little creature she was!

"She was very pretty, with gentle eyes and a beard like a young non-com.; her shoes were black and shining; she had horns like a zebra, and her long, white hair covered her like a greatcoat; she was almost as charming as Esmeralda's kid—and then so docile, caressing, a little love of a goat."

M. Seguin picketed her in the little garden, back of the house, which was shut in with a hawthorn hedge. He took care to give her plenty of cord, and now and again he visited her to see how she got on. The little goat was happy, and browsed on the grass in a way that did M. Seguin's heart good.

"At last," thought the poor man, "here is one who will not be bored here with me."

But M. Seguin deceived himself; the little goat was bored.

One day she looked up at the mountain and said: "How I should like to go up there! What joy it would be to frolic in the heather! to get away from this cursed tether which burns my neck! It is all right for oxen and asses to mow away in a shut-up field. We goats need liberty, the open—"

And so she pined and grew thin, and the milk she let down was a disgrace to her sex. One day she said to M. Seguin (in her patois) after much thought: "Listen, M. Seguin, I'm terribly bored here with you. Let me go up to the mountain."

"Ah, Mon Dieu! She, too!" cried the poor man, stupefied. Then sitting down on the grass beside the little goat, he said:

"Do you really wish to leave me, Whitey?"

"Yes, M. Seguin."

"Isn't the grass good here?"

"Oh, yes, M. Seguin."

"Are you tied too short? Shall I lengthen the cord?"

"That is not the trouble, M. Seguin."

"Then what is the matter? What do you want?"

"I want to go up to the mountain."

"But my unhappy little one, do you not know there is a wolf on the mountain—what will you do when he comes?"

"I will strike him with my horns."

"The wolf will laugh at your horns. He will eat you as he has eaten so many others, horns and all. You know old Foxy, the goat I had last year.

She was a terrible creature, strong and wicked as a buck. She fought with the wolf all night—in the morning he ate her."

"Poor old goat; but that has nothing to do with me; let me go up into the mountain, M. Seguin."

But M. Seguin shut her up in a dark stable and double-locked the door. Unfortunately he left the window open and he had hardly turned his back before the little goat was on her way to the mountain. Dear Lord! how happy she was as she wandered there, among the heather and the fresh grass. And then the flowers all red and purple! And the great silver torrents shivering over the ledges in spun foam! When she thought of the good M. Seguin, who fancied her locked up in the dark stable, she laughed until she cried; it was too funny. But all at once the wind freshened; purple shadows crept over the mountain; the fields were drowned in twilight; M. Seguin's garden far below disappeared—she could only see the roof of the house and a little wisp of smoke fluttering from the chimney. She was sad. A falcon flew overhead with noisy wings. She trembled. Then a long, low growl came down the mountain.

"Hou! Hou!"

For the first time she thought of the wolf. At the same moment a horn sounded far down the valley. It was the good M. Seguin making his last effort. Whitey wanted to return, but when she thought of the little garden, the stake and the cord, she hesitated.

Behind her she heard a noise of rumpled leaves. In the shadow she saw two pointed ears, two shining eyes, all red—it was the wolf. Enormous, motionless, squatting on his haunches, he was there, watching the little white goat and digesting her in anticipation.

"Ha! ha!" said the wolf, "M. Seguin's little goat," and he moistened his lips with his red tongue.

Whitey knew that she was lost; of a sudden she recalled the story of old Foxy, who had fought all night, to be eaten in the morning; perhaps it would be better to be eaten at once; then, with a sudden change of mood, she lowered her horns and rushed at the wolf. She had no hope of killing him—goats do not kill wolves—but at least she would fight as long as old Foxy. And all night the struggle went on. One by one the stars went out. Then a pale light shone along the horizon. Far away a cock crew.

"At last!" said the poor little goat, who had only waited for the dawn to die, and she threw herself on the ground.

Then the wolf leaped on the little goat and ate it.

Even in the short sketch I have given you, may see how altogether charming is the parable.

V. T.

A STATEMENT FROM THE TRUST.

THE theatrical trust has hit back. It has issued a formal statement in which it denies specifically the charges that have been made against it by the *World* newspaper, the *Dramatic Mirror* and a number of actors and actresses. From a summary of this statement, which appeared in the *Times*, we extract the following paragraph:

The men who compose the alleged trust have strenuously denied any intention to create a monopoly. They say that their combination was formed with the idea of economizing the expenses attendant upon the booking of their organizations, and that, if any excuse were needed, it might be found in the enormous and needless expense which has hitherto been encountered in taking companies on extended tours, by reason of a lack of co-operation. The combination was entered into, they maintain, in order that long routes might be booked from New York in the theatres which they control, thereby saving needless commission expense, and avoiding vexatious and costly loss of time. They say, in addition, that it is not their policy to discriminate against theatres other than their own in cities in which they are represented.

In other words the theatrical trust is founded on the same basis as the milk trust, sugar trust, oil trust and the hundred and one trusts that manage the business of the country. All of these concerns work in the same way. All of them aim at the same end. We have said time and again that the trust is the natural outcome of the present organization of American society. The people want it. The public will has declared for it.

The sooner the actors and actresses recognize this the better for them. The employés of the sugar trust and the other great monopolies objected in vain. What organized labor could not accomplish with all its immense power and influence, it would be absurd to imagine a lot of scattered, headless, unled players could accomplish. It is a hard lesson, but it must be learned.

The trust is the flower of American civilization.

The theatrical trust is as legitimate as any other trust.

The sooner the theatrical folk kneel and kiss the rod the better it will be for them and for the trust.



AND so the brave, little, cheery hearted man, who worked so faithfully and well, is dead at last. A brave heart, this Daudet!

For nearly a decade he has been—like Browning's grammarian—"dead from the waist down," but there was never a chill in his heart or coldness in his eyes. The world is all the better for the half century he lived in it. He never wrote a line he need have wished to blot out—though there was gall in his pen at times when he was buzzed about by fools; but such anger is not unrighteous. Had not Daudet hated a fool he could not have loved so well the men of gentle will.

A brave heart!

Nearly forty years ago he came up from the Midi—a dapper, joyous, curly-headed youngster—armed with a poem, to conquer Paris withal.

I have forgotten the title of that poem, though I either read it or heard it years ago. It was a gracious little thing—fragrant as a rose, whimsical as a butterfly. A young Jew had fallen in love with a young Christian girl. By reason of their religions the parents forbade the match. And so for a little space darkness falls over the idyll, and in the darkness one hears the splashing of tears and little far-off heart-broken cries.

But see, then, how marvelous a thing is love!

The young Jew determined to sacrifice the God of his Fathers for the small blond girl he loved so well. He had himself received into the Church. In the meantime his pale sweetheart had found that the Church was a poor substitute for love: she went to the synagogue and had herself received into the Jewish faith. Here was a delightful predicament.

I have forgotten how it all ended. Only I know the lovers were united—in some way—by some rite—and life was redolent of love and violets.

This was the poem Daudet had in his pocket that raw morning when the train from Languedoc set him down in Paris. In another pocket he had 2 frs.

"Fortunately my brother was rich," he used to say; "he had a salary of \$35 a month from some old gentleman, whose memoirs he was copying. We lived on that and dreamed of fame—no, we waited for it."

You should read that charming book, "Les Débuts d'un Homme des Lettres," would you see with how light a heart he faced the world. A few days after his arrival he discovered the

"Brasserie des Martyrs," famous in its day. There he met Rolland, Rabou, Bataille, Plouvier and many other half forgotten poets and journalists. He read his verses to them, and they cheered him—this little, black, curly fellow, in whom there was such an immense fund of enthusiasm.

And so he got to work.

It is an odd name, Daudet. One night he said:

"I suppose my ancestors were Jews of Provence. The original name was David. It became corrupted to Davidet—that is Davidkin, or little David. The popular pronunciation soon made this Daudet."

There was a great deal of the Jewish race in him, as you may see from his portraits—the enormous mass of hair (white when he died), the short stature, the high Semitic shoulders, the prominent nose, the black eyes that burned as did the eyes that looked out on the gardens of Solomon, the heavy lips, the thick, bipartite beard.

Surely he was one who had come from the desert of Horeb, this little David.

He was doing journalistic work of one kind and another when he met the Duc de Morny, at that time the president of the Corps Législatif. The inter-

view between the first minister of the Empire and the young Provençal has already become a legend. Probably, like all legends, it is at once true and at once false.

Daudet, backed by a few friends, had applied for a position. He presented his letter to M. de Morny.

"Well, what can I do for you?" the duke asked.

The little poet squared himself on his heels, and threw up his head like a cock about to crow.

"Before all, M. le Duc, I should warn you that I am a Royalist."

"Tut, tut," said de Morny, "the Emperor is more of a Royalist than you are."

And he made him his private secretary.

Daudet's "Le Nadab" is almost a biography of de Morny. It can hardly be said his time in the Corps Législatif was wasted.

It was when he wrote "Jack" that people began to call him the Dickens of France, but, if Daudet is to be got at in this easy way, it would be better I think to call him the Goldsmith of France. He had much of Goldsmith's rare humanity, his gentleness, his kindly humor, his limpidity of style, and, as well, I need hardly say, many qualities so essentially French that they have never crossed the Channel.

His married life was singularly happy; his wife was the authoress of a sweet volume of girlish verse, and her influence on his life and art was very great. His son, Leon, is a brilliant writer.

I need not tell you of Alphonse Daudet's books; you know them—all of them, I trust. For my part I think his surest passport to literary immortality is the joyous Tartarin series.

A brave heart, a charming talent, one who had the art of summoning laughter and tears, and who made the world better.

In France they would not give him the green and gold coat of one of the Immortals.

Well—he is an Immortal now.

It was Charles Lamb's great aunt, I believe, who read with great satisfaction the "Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman." Even the best tempered of us, I fear, find some pleasure in this sort of reading. I must admit that it was not with becoming reverence that I read the account of the unfortunate lady who attended the performance of "A Ward of France" at Wallack's Theatre. As the *Sun* said quaintly: "Toward the end of the first act she threw up her hands, cried 'Oh, Lord!' and fell dead."

I wonder how many first-nighters have felt like following the example of that unfortunate lady, now and then, at this theatre or that.

I see that Fleming, the artist, has been recording his impressions of first nights. He has a right to his impressions, and the dear Lord knows he must have a headful of them. Had he and I a roseleaf for every first night we have attended we could establish a factory for attar of roses.

The shocking murder of William Terriss at the stage door of the Adelphi Theatre seemed almost incredible at first. Only a madman could have killed him. He was a man of clean life, loyal to his friends, charitable to all. There are many better actors whom we could have better spared.

Many remarkable deaths have taken place on the stage itself. Perhaps as strange as any was that of Mr. Patterson, an actor long attached to the Norwich Company in England. The story is in the "Percy Anecdotes." In October, 1758, he was performing the Duke in "Measure for Measure." Mr. Moody was the Claudio. In the third act, where the Duke, as the Friar, was preparing Claudio for execution the next morning, Mr. Patterson had no sooner spoken the words

"Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,"
than he dropped into Mr. Moody's arms and died instantly.

William Terriss was not as well-known, even in London, as he might have been had he followed the example of the actor-managers—against whom

YE FIRST NIGHT.
Ye Author awaits
a certain call.



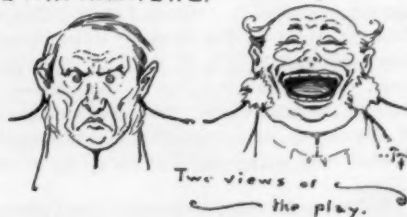
A FIRST NIGHTER IN BAD FERM.



On Ye First Night
ye manager
gleefully
hangeth out
ye S.R.O.
sign.



YE FIRST NIGHTERS.



Clement Scott rages. He did not advertise himself, but was, one might say, an advertisement for his managers.

I remember the late Sir Gus Harris' theory of this matter.

"I am a business man," he once said, "and why should I expend my time in advertising some star or other? Look at the Gyes! They made Adelina Patti, and where are they now? Look at Colonel Mapleson! How many stars did he make, and, pray, what has it brought him to? On the other hand, look at Carl Rosa. He kept himself and his work to the front—Carl Rosa's Opera Company—and he was Carl Rosa the world over. No, sir—I'll let my stars advertise Gus Harris and I won't advertise them."

This is Mr. Charles Frohman's policy, as it was that of Gus Harris. It is a question, though, how well it will work in the long run. Gus Harris died before his "luck had turned" and there's many a turn in managerial luck.

He's a wise man who can always guess how the cards will run. V. T.

THE STAGE ABROAD.

M. DE LORDE and M. Eugene Morel had lately produced at the Theatre des Escholiers a piece entitled "In the Night." The night in question is the night of incurable blindness, and the subject of the piece is the jealousy of a blind husband. I have a notion that this idea is not quite new, and that it has been developed in some novel which now (for who can remember all the novels that afflict the world?) escapes my memory.

ACT I.—Jean is married to Marthe. She loves him truly, but still has a kind of affection for a friend of her childhood, André. Soon after marriage Jean for no assigned reason loses his sight. As far as I remember, the Jean of the novel loses his sight by accident while fencing with André. But this is another question. Jean in the play loses his sight, and his wife, who is a born nurse, welcomes with enthusiasm the prospect of a life devoted to aid and consolation of the man she loves.



cries out, "Light, some light!" The actor who had the part of Jean unfortunately played without much delicacy. He gave the impression of an approach of madness rather than of blindness.

ACT II.—Now we see the doctors attending on Jean; they come to the conclusion that the blindness is incurable. Marthe and André, however, think it better to conceal from the patient this medical verdict, and refer the question to his father, M. Walther, a respectable gentleman of severe principles, who says, like a Chinese proclamation, "Let truth always be spoken." With these sentiments he tells his son the sad truth. Poor Jean exclaims, piteously:

"I am blind for life!"

"Yes, my son, for this life only," is the father's reply.

ACT. III.—Some time has passed. Marthe attends to Jean with the utmost devotion, but—there is necessarily a "but" in such a piece—she lets her old love for André crop out again. They love each other. Now comes the great moment. Marthe has torn up a letter into little bits, and sits down to her desk and begins to write. So far it is commonplace, but the authors have forgotten to what extent blindness sharpens the other senses of the victim. The blind man hears the scratching of the pen and cries:

"What are you doing there?"

"I am reading."

"That is false; I hear you writing. Give me the letter," and Jean tears it from her hands.

Now when the blind man has secured the "fatal paper" what can he do with it? Men who have the use of their eyes, when they find their wives writing letters secretly, without their knowledge and consent, are always assumed in French literature to have their suspicions of the lady aroused,



if not to be quite convinced of her infidelity. Consequently, the audience, which has its eyes and judges by the ordinary French standards, wonders what Jean wants to know. It is sufficient to know that his wife has written a letter, and the audience draws its conclusions as French officers do in the Dreyfus case. Never mind the contents of Marthe's note or *bordereau*. Consequently the audience asks, Why does Jean show the letter to his father, who opportunely comes in? The father, M. Walther, who believes that truth must always be spoken and is a man of honor, does not hesitate to read the note that Jean has taken from Marthe. He has had the courage to tell his son of his physical misfortune, but he dares not tell him of his domestic misfortune. He destroys the fatal paper. Now, then, has Jean any suspicions, and to what extent do they go?

ACT IV.—Jean and Marthe are alone. André never comes to the house. The old father never comes to the house. No reasons for the old gentleman's conduct are assigned, but we are told he is growing old, that he is depressed, that he is quite changed; that, like all France in these Dreyfus days, he believes in nothing any longer. What effect on Jean has his father's absence? As to André's absence, Jean remarks:

"What! André not here for a month? André going to the East Indies without bidding us good-bye; that's not natural, Marthe; that's not natural!"

Some of us think that when a man falls in love with a friend's wife the best thing he can do is to follow the example of Colonel Newcome at the Battle of Augram and run away as fast as he can. But this is not the French idea. The mysterious absence of André ought to turn suspicion into conviction.



ACT V.—Jean, the blind man, as we have said, has preternatural acuteness of hearing. He hears some sobbing and finds Marthe weeping on André's bosom, whereupon he exclaims:

"I know, I know, I have understood it all long ago! Go, get married. I consent. I take refuge in God!"

All of which the audience opines he might have said at the end of Act II.

The whole piece is intensely French of to-day. It is filled with disbelief of women's vows and of men's honor, and implies throughout that trifles light as air are confirmations sure as Holy Writ where a man's wife and friend are concerned.

The Royal Theatre at Berlin has just given a fourth performance of a piece of which the third performance took place nearly half a century ago. In the spring of 1850 Hebbel's "Mary Magdelene" had its three regular representations, and on November 26 last was given for the fourth time. The piece has no great theatrical merits; it has no good parts in the theatrical sense; it is misery piled on misery, degradation and cruel fate. The innocent son is arrested as a thief, the mother dies of terror, the daughter, after vainly begging her seducer to marry her, drowns herself, and the father, overcome with shame, takes his own life. Yet this drama of agony is logically constructed, the characters are deep rooted in reality, and weird conditions are treated with pitiless force.

"In the *Maîtres Chanteurs*," writes H. Moreno about the Paris performance, "the great German composer, when he wishes to be funny, has the grace of an elephant." The Parisians, however, are in ecstasies over the work, because they do not understand it. He is sure they would like still more if it was given in German. In a language utterly unknown the speeches might be imagined to be wise and witty, while a French translation deprives one of all illusions. The actors, also, are too French and give a false tone to the play from beginning to end. The god Wagner loses his splendor and awfulness when he is dragged out of the German shadows.



Scene: The Nouveau Cirque in Paris. Personages: A clown, a dog and a cat. The clown comes in hungry and is going to sit down to dinner. He places a plate with a steak upon it on the table, then he goes off to fetch some bread. The dog, who is chained up, has been watching. He wriggles his head through his collar, jumps on the table and devours the steak. Then he takes the cat in his mouth, jumps on the table, leaves the cat there, and wriggles back into his collar, and pretends to sleep with a serenity that comes of a good conscience. Re-enter clown. He is about to thrash the cat for the theft, but Grimalkin stands on his hind legs and seems to whisper in his master's ear, at the same time pointing with his paw toward the dog. The clown tries an experiment. Another steak is brought and left on the table, and the dog is caught *flagrante delicto*. It is not mere circus business, says M. Sarcey; it is drama.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

HATS, RIBBONS AND STAYS.

DO you know why Yankee Doodle whipped the British? Do you know what made Tommy Smith the cock of the school? Have you the smallest notion why Matilda Jane jilted you for that dry goods clerk? You may fancy you have, but, my dear fellow, you have not a glimmering of the truth. You may speak of the spirit of patriotism, of physical force, of female fickleness and such like skimble-skamble stuff; this sort of talk may satisfy the Philistine of the period, but the philosophers will smile at these childish reasons for such momentous results. He, the philosopher, knows that Tommy Smith was not the strongest boy in the school, nor the pluckiest, nor the smartest; he quite agrees with you in your private opinion of yourself, and eagerly hastens to assure you that you are no more to be compared to that dry goods clerk than Hyperion to a Satyr; he is quite aware that in discipline, equipment and numbers the Continental troops were inferior to the soldiers of His Most Gracious Majesty King George; and, as we have said, he smiles at your reasons, or what seem reasons to the thing you are pleased to call your mind.

We need not say that we are the Philosopher, who, from the towering heights of wisdom, mocks himself of your futile attempts to explain what is unexplainable by your methods, and who smiles serenely in the proud consciousness that he knows a thing or two more than you or any other man; but we take back that expression "any other man"; ingratitude is far from the philosophic bosom, and it would be the height of ingratitude if we were to refrain from acknowledging our deep obligations to the guide, philosopher and (may we add?) friend who first led us to the light of day.

For years questions such as we have now proposed had agitated our bosom, and destroyed our peace of mind; we, too, have had our heads punched cheerfully by a Tommy Smith, whose name was Willie Jones; we, too, have felt the pangs of despised love when our Matilda Jane deserted us for a long whiskered galoot (a term of endearment in the days of our hot youth) who votes the Democratic ticket, plays the trombone or some other d—d wind instrument (he always did blow his own trumpet), and be blown to him, and is president of a bank. May it "bust" right soon! Her name was Constance, such was the irony of the gods who presided over her godfather and godmothers at her baptism. But these recollections are too harrowing; we must be calm and eschew bad grammar and parenthesis, and return to our muttons.

After years of deep study which has worn us to a skeleton, while Constance then has bloomed into 250 pounds avoirdupois (this allusion to her is quite unintentional—there are chords in the human heart, &c.—and this is positively the last time); after then years of poring over the frivolous productions of Schopenhauer and Auerbach and the more profound lucubrations of Jonathan Edwards and Dawes, Spinoza and Anthony Trollope we were sinking into despair; we cried aloud, "Is the great Problem (with a big P) never to be solved? Is it true that all that we know is, nothing can be known," and so forth, in the most approved style of philosophical despairers, or despairists (as the printer's devil chooses), when we came upon Herr Lotze, who is or was

Professor at the University of Gottingen.

"What Kepler is to Astronomy, that am I to the Clothes-philosophy" exclaims Herr Lotze. Hence, vain Sartor resartus esau large, futile Herr Teufels-dröckhs—hide your diminished heads in your native Eutepuhl—or better, just raise your yellow bills above its green waters and listen to the words of the Master.

Man is the only animal that makes tools, the most anthropoid ape has never been able to invent a corkscrew or a bootjack. Now then, attentive student, perpend, for our precepts are like those of the ancient mariner Jack Bunsby, and you must remember Captain Cuttle's observation that "the bearing of these remarks lies in the application of them."

Now, when the tool making animal uses a tool, what are his sensations? In the first place he feels that he holds an instrument; in the second, he feels the action of that instrument. Thus, if you take a stick in your hand you have the sensation of holding a stick; if you apply that stick to the back of your fellow creature you experience in addition the exquisite sensation of its administering a good whack. N. B.—This experiment requires great caution—young students are advised not to make it on ward politicians of the anti-Tammany stripe. The pleasure of thus whacking our fellow beings arises from the expansion of soul which takes place during the experiment. Our senses are no longer confined to the tips of the fingers, they extend to the end of the stick. Perhaps, in the moment of thus using this simple instrument an electric fluid may pass from our nerves to the fibres of the hickory; who knows?

Again, if you take a stick by one end and let it hang down, you are only conscious of its weight; if you swing it you are conscious not only of its weight, but, by reason of its oscillations, become conscious of its length. So if you hold it out horizontally by one end, the same feeling of extension is perceived, from the muscular exertion necessary to support the stick in that position. Balance the stick on your finger and in the moment when it is in equilibrium you feel only its weight; let the upper end, however, decline from the perpendicular and thus compel you to move that hand which supports the lower end, you then become at once conscious of the distance of the free end from the point of support. In all these cases the consciousness of our personal existence extends itself to the extremity of the strange body with which it is in relation, and there arise feelings partly of an enlargement of our own, I (hold hard, Herr Lotze!); partly of a motion different in quantity and quality from what our natural organs are capable of; partly on an unwonted tension and firmness of attitude and carriage.

How, then, do these feelings first exhibit themselves? We reply, in our headdresses and the covering of our feet; for these extremities are especially adapted to aid us in adding a cubit to our stature. A hat worn straight on the head is like the stick balanced on the finger, it is merely so many ounces heavy; the feeling of expansion of the one then first begins, when either its height or shape throws the centre of gravity out of the perpendicular line and calls on us to counteract the fall by a balancing exertion of the muscles. We therefore place our hat on the side of the head that we may perceive the distance of its highest point from its point of support; then arises the sweet illusion that we ourselves, our life, our powers, extend to the crown thereof; and with every step that shakes it, with every puff of wind that sets it in motion, we feel a part of our own being gaily waving to and fro.

"How different," exclaims the professor, "do we feel in a cylindrical hat which satisfies these emotions than in a miserable cap! How easy is it now to understand the impulse which leads men in all stages of culture to deck their heads with waving plumes or bearskins, not to strike awe or awake admiration in the beholder, but to strengthen the wearer's own soul with the feelings of an existence towering in majesty toward heaven!"

This is Lotze's first law; for in emulation of Kepler he includes his principles in these laws; and, recognizing its profundity, cease thy idle jeers, dear reader. When the wife of thy bosom, *tarotis redimet capillis*, piles on her head plait upon plait of dead women's hair and all uncleanness, be glad that she is nobly seeking to extend her *I*; compassionate not the Old Guard when you see them sweltering down Broadway under cones of wickerwork, covered by the hide of some unknown beast; rejoice rather that thy fellow man feels himself majestically towering over earthly things. You can now answer the questions I erewhile propounded to you. Do not you remember how Tommy Smith cocked his old straw hat on one side before he gave you *toko*? How that dry goods clerk who robbed you of Matilda Jane always was swinging his cane to and fro to the great danger of your eyes? You see now that they were obtaining an augmentation of their personality.

To discuss all forms of head-dress would be too long a task; we may just point out the difference between the gallant sombrero of the cavalier and the pinched képi of modern days. High heeled boots, too, deserve attentive study, especially on the female foot; but we pass from this attractive topic, merely remarking that the ladies who could walk in those fashionable a couple of years ago were not only conscious of elevation above the sordid earth, but of consummate skill successfully exerted in walking at all.

We have lingered too long, we fear, over Herr Lotze's first law, so here goes for his second: If you suspend a ball by a string to your finger, you are only conscious of the weight; swing the ball around so that the thing makes on various points of your epidermis impressions of this changing tension and velocity in regular succession, then you at once perceive the length of the string—the radius of the circle of oscillation (these be brave words, O Professor Gottingensis) and the velocity with which it traverses the periphery of the curve. Here again we have our *I* augmented. Hence we explain the charm of the ribbons and fal-lalls which float and flutter around our belles. Hence we see our naughty little boys deck themselves with a tail which nature has cruelly denied them. As they run, in sportive haste, they feel its end, now tracing furrow in the mud or dust, now flying up in the air, and their little souls expand to a larger existence, as if a new organ had been really given them. Sensations from this source are especially capable of tasteful and poetic refinement. Kind nature gives us hair to collect it into flowing locks or waving masses. To surround the seat of thought with an orderly variety of charms moving in ceaseless play, was the first task of the fancy.

Actuated thus, Washington too wore his pig-tail and ailes de pigeon, Louis the Great, his monstrous peruke, with its ambrosial curls, which no human being, man, woman or child, ever saw him without, till Death, the great strip-off of shams, laid hold on him; hence the ladies of his brilliant court had their heads dressed now en chien fou, now en baton rompu, the hair now raised high on cushions, now hanging low on the neck. Hence the oscillating earrings of once of a time fashionable dame, the floating sash, the waving cloud, the swinging tassel, the pendulum-like sway of chain and cross. All these things give not merely the feeling of extended existence, but create the graceful illusion that the wearer's own self moves and wavers in company with these surroundings, rising and falling in rhythmical and melodious alternations.

In establishing his third principle Herr Lotze is not only philosophic, but gallant; he directs himself to the ladies. This experiment, mesdames, may be made in any crockery store. What do you do when you buy china? You place the bowl or plate on one hand and hit it smartly with the other; by this action you are conscious not merely of the size of the vessel, but also of the hardness and elasticity of the material as shown by the vibrations which communicate themselves to your fingers. Hence, you perceive, you experience more complicated feelings than those created by high heeled boots, which give, as we have shown, an elevated moral tone as well as an elevated stature; or those created by ribbons and false hair, which give you a feeling of higher organization, as if wings were about to be developed. These complicated feelings—but oh, Herr Lotze—Herr Lotze, you have led us into such delicate matters that we leave you to speak for yourself. We think of Acteon and his intrusion on the toilet of Diana, and if we could, we would think of many more mythological allusions, but as we cannot, we do not—we veil our faces and proceed.

"A corset," says the learned Dutchman, "is like the above-mentioned bowl or hollow vessel; with this difference, that the one is felt by the hand alone, the other by the whole surface of the body, at every movement the firmness and tension of this stiff envelope are felt and are felt as if they belonged to our own bodies. (The wretch says "our"). Without doubt, we thus experience a sensation of a more invigorated and more elastic existence.

Every waist belt, every bracelet repeats this feeling. In the tender embrace of her virgin corset the maiden feels all the lightness and suppleness of her undulating form; and the boy, as he struggles with his first pair of pants, is filled with the pride of manhood, and longs, if they are tight, for the iron mail of the warrior whose deeds he feels himself already prepared to emulate. Nay, even artificial substitutes for charms which have either been lost, or never existed, please not only the spectator but the wearer, for as the above three principles show, she feels her existence extended to the outer limits of these succedanea.

Thus far Herr Lotze: two subjects he has left untouched, to the elucidation of which we hope to devote our future years. First—why are hotel clerks supposed to wear diamonds of enormous value? The professor attributes to vanity the use of ornaments that merely glitter; but surely he will not accuse of vanity that noble creature. Second—why is it necessary in European courts for ladies to cut off the tops of their dresses and gentlemen the bottom of theirs? Why are pantaloons and high necked dresses forbidden? Why must the ladies be décolleté and the gentleman in breeches décolleté? Can anyone throw any light on this display of calf in the presence of royalty?

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